WESLEY'S HYMNS

AND A NEW

SUPPLEMENT

WITH TUNES

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Presented to F. W. Ducker (on the occasion of his leaving Australia to visit the old Country) by a loving sister whose earnest prayer is that he may have a safe and prosperous voyage, and be brought back to his native land in safety.

Geelong.
1883.

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A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

FOR

THE USE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED

METHODISTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.,

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

With a New Supplement.

EDITION WITH TUNES.

LONDON:

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD;

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1877.

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT.]

PREFACE.

1. For many years I have been importuned to publish such a hymn-book as might be generally used in all our congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. I have hitherto withstood the importunity, as I believed such a publication was needless, considering the various hymn-books which my brother and I have published within these forty years last past; so that it may be doubted whether any religious community in the world has a greater variety of them.

2. But it has been answered, "Such a publication is highly needful upon this very account: for the greater part of the people being poor, are not able to purchase so many books; and those that have purchased them are, as it were, bewildered in the immense variety. A proper Collection of Hymns for general use, carefully made out of all these books, is therefore still wanting; and one comprised in so moderate a compass, as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive."

3. It has been replied, "You have such a Collection already, (entitled 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs,') which I extracted several years ago from a variety of hymn-books." But it is objected, "This is in the other extreme: it is far too small. It does not, it cannot, in so narrow a compass, contain variety enough; not so much as we want, among whom *singing* makes so considerable a part of the public service. What we want is a Collection not too large, that it may be cheap and portable; nor too small, that it may contain a sufficient variety for all ordinary occasions."

4. Such a Hymn-book you have now before you. It is not so large as to be either cumbersome or expensive; and it is large enough to contain such a variety of hymns as will not soon be worn threadbare. It is large enough to contain all the important truths of our most holy religion, whether speculative or practical; yea, to illustrate them all, and to prove them both

by Scripture and reason; and this is done in a regular order. The hymns are not carelessly jumbled together, but carefully ranged under proper heads, according to the experience of real Christians. So that this book is, in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.

5. As but a small part of these hymns is of my own composing, I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors; particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure; for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

6. May I be permitted to add a few words with regard to the *poetry?* Then I will speak to those who are judges thereof, with all freedom and unreserve. To these I may say, without offence, 1. In these hymns there is no doggerel; no botches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. 2. Here is nothing turgid or bombast, on the one hand, or low and creeping, on the other. 3. Here are no *cant* expressions; no words without meaning. Those who impute this to us know not what they say. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense. 4. Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge, (these are the only competent judges,) whether there be not in some of the following hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by art and labour, but must be the gift of nature. By labour a man may become a tolerable imitator of Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton; and may heap together pretty compound epithets, as "pale-eyed," "meek-eyed," and the like; but unless he be *born* a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry.

7. And here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours; either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.

8. But to return. That which is of infinitely more moment than the spirit of poetry, is the spirit of piety. And I trust, all persons of real judgment will find *this* breathing through the whole Collection. It is in this view chiefly, that I would recommend it to every truly pious reader, as a means of raising or quickening the spirit of devotion; of confirming his faith; of enlivening his hope; and of kindling and increasing his love to God and man. When Poetry thus keeps its place, as the handmaid of Piety, it shall attain, not a poor perishable wreath, but a crown that fadeth not away.

JOHN WESLEY.

London, Oct. 20, 1779.

The New Supplement to "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists," originally published by John Wesley in 1780, has been compiled under the direction of a Committee appointed by the Conference in 1874.

The "Collection" of 1780 has been circulated by millions, and has been recognized as a priceless treasure, not only by Methodists, but by many other disciples of the One Master. As a testimony to Scripture doctrine and Christian experience, as a monument of piety, a manual of devotion, and a bond of fellowship, it can never cease to be precious to all who cherish the spirit of its authors, and wish well to that revival of religion of which they were the instruments; while, in instances almost innumerable, personal associations have invested portions of its contents with tender, and even sacred interest.

The Conference therefore determined that it should be retained in use, and, while generally revised, should undergo no alteration which would affect its substance or impair its identity. But as altered circumstances, often resulting from the growth of the Connexion, and occasions repeatedly arising in public, social, and domestic life have rendered additional hymns necessary, an attempt has been made to meet the want which has been long felt, and which was by no means adequately provided for by the valuable Supplement published about forty-five years since.

In this compilation the necessities of public worship have been first considered; and it is hoped that an ample supply of compositions suitable for mixed congregations is here furnished. In addition to hymns of adoration and thanksgiving, there will be found seventy versions of Psalms, or parts of Psalms, (besides those contained in the former Supplement,) by means of which that portion of Holy Scripture, which has supplied so large a share of the devotional exercises of Christians generally, will become more fully

available for the use of Methodists than it has been for a long time past. Many poems of Charles Wesley, also, which up to a late period only existed in manuscript, are now for the first time presented for congregational use; and by the force and sublimity of thought, the depth and tenderness of feeling, and the spirit of fervent piety displayed in them, will fully vindicate the judgment of John Wesley respecting his brother's poetical remains. Well does it become all the lovers of Scriptural Christianity, but especially the Methodists, to be thankful to the Author of every good gift for the endowments and labours of Charles Wesley, which were so long and faithfully consecrated to the promotion of vital and experimental religion, and by which that "power of godliness" which it is the mission of Methodism to spread, has been alike exemplified and vindicated. The full extent to which these labours have been rendered serviceable to the cause of Christ can only be known in the day when all secret things shall be revealed.

The Spirit of its living Head having never departed from the Church, it follows that those in all ages who by the Holy Ghost have called Jesus Lord should have been occupied with attempts to set forth his praise. As in the old time they still "prophesy and do not cease," so that our age is richer in good hymns than any that have gone before it. The Committee have been glad to avail themselves of the labours of both contemporaries and predecessors, and accordingly the present volume is enriched by a selection from the works of modern hymnologists as well as from the accumulated treasures of the past. The names of authors as presented in the "Index of First Lines" will help to exemplify the substantial unity between all believers in Christ, notwithstanding the many causes which at present hinder its full manifestation to the world.

It may be proper to add that the Committee, while mainly desirous to provide by this Supplement for the wants of congregations, have not restricted themselves to that object. "The People called Methodists" were supposed by their Founder to have many uses for good hymns besides singing them in public assemblies; and he selected for them accordingly. Here also will be found some adapted to personal and private, rather than to collective worship, or to praising the Lord "secretly among the faithful," rather than "in the congregation:" but none, it is hoped, which will not minister "to exhortation, edification, or comfort:" and for these objects they humbly invoke the blessing of God upon their work.

The Committee offer respectful thanks to the authors and publishers concerned, for permission courteously given to use hymns in which they have a copyright. A list of these, as far as known, is given below. If they have in any instance failed to seek for permission where they ought to have done so, such omission has been entirely unintentional, and they trust this apology for it will be accepted.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln; the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster; the Right Hon. and Rev. the Earl Nelson; the Rev. Sir

H. W. Baker, Bart.; the Rev. Sir G. Prevost, Bart.; the Rev. W. J. Hall, M.A., and the Rev. W. Josiah Irons, D.D., Prebendaries of St. Paul's; the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D., Canon of Ely; the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.; the (late) Rev. J. S. Monsell, LL.D.; the Rev. W. M. Punshon, LL.D.; the Rev. Messrs. J. Ellerton, M.A., J. M. Fuller, M.A., Arthur Tozer-Russell, M.A., the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A., the Rev. H. Twells, M.A., the Rev. Ed. Caswell, and the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A.; Sir Charles Reed; Richard Massie, Esq.; Granville R. Ryder, Esq.; Thomas Montgomery Foster, Esq.; T. Stamford Raffles, Esq.; George Rawson, Esq.; Miss C. Winkworth; Mrs. Lynch; and H. L. L. the Authors or representatives of the Authors of hymns; and Messrs. Murray, Longmans, Nisbet, Rivingtons, Masters, Hayes, Novello, Daldy, Isbister & Co., and the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, the publishers of the several volumes from which hymns have been selected.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION WITH TUNES.

THE task committed to the compilers of this Edition with Tunes was to provide suitable musical expression for each hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, and its New Supplement. In attempting this they have kept in view the variety of congregations who have the Hymn-Book in use,—a variety which arises, not only from great diversity of musical knowledge and culture, but from well-marked peculiarities of local taste and custom, with which the compilers had the advantage of being extensively familiar. This Collection does not, of course, profess to comply with the canons of any one school of Psalmody; the resources of most schools have been brought under contribution. Some of the tunes selected have been long unheard in many of our congregations: but, while these would have been refused by a severe taste, their exclusion would in certain localities have been deemed almost an affront to sacred associations. In the case of tunes wedded by general custom to particular hymns, the union has not been disturbed, although, in some instances, there was little plea but that of usage for their admission.

Tunes of long-established reputation have been carefully gathered, while no pains or cost has been spared to secure, *when possible*, compositions of more recent date, which have worthily risen into general favour. In addition to these, there will be found tunes now published for the first time, which will, doubtless, be regarded as a valuable contribution to our congregational and domestic psalmody.

It has not been considered expedient to encumber this Collection with marks of time or expression, since these are affected by the varying sentiment of the hymn and the character of the congregation, and must be regulated, from time to time, by good sense and religious feeling.

As the Hymn-Book contains some hymns intended solely for purposes of private devotion, and others which are used only on rare and special occasions: tunes suitable to these have been indicated by reference; while for certain other hymns more than one tune has been provided.

The form of the book has been decided after long and most careful consultation and enquiry. It has the great advantage of presenting at once both the hymn and its tune.

To ensure as high a degree of excellence as possible, the best editorial supervision has been obtained. In the first instance, the Committee secured the services of the late Dr. Gauntlett. But while the first pages were yet in the press, his sudden death deprived the book of the advantage of his rare knowledge and experience. The editorship was then placed in the skilful hands of Mr. George Cooper, of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, who conducted it with his well-known ability up to the time of his lamented decease.

Happily the compilers were then able to secure the invaluable services of Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church, under whose careful and learned superintendence the Book has been brought to completion.

In acknowledging the very important influence exercised on the work by Mr. Hopkins, it is due to him to state that he is not responsible for the selection of the tunes or their appropriation to the hymns.

The Harmony of all but copyright tunes has been carefully revised, but certain arrangements have been retained on the ground of their general use.

In conclusion, it is hoped that this Collection will realize the earnest purpose with which it has been compiled—to improve the "Service of Song in the House of the Lord," and to promote the devotional use of our hymns in the home and in the social circle.

The compilers take this opportunity of expressing their obligations to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; as also to the late Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., and the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" to the Rev. R. R. Chope, B.A., Proprietor of "The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book;" to the Proprietors of the "Bristol Tune Book," the "Wesley Tune Book," the "St. Albans' Tune Book," and the "London Tune Book;" to John Dobson, Esq., Proprietor of "Tunes New and Old;" to the Rev. Dr. Allon, and to Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co., for their generous permission to use valuable copyright tunes and arrangements from their several Collections.

The grateful thanks of the compilers are also due to the Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott, Mr. H. Bemrose, Mr. W. Bell Bentley, the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough, the Rev. E. W. Bullinger, Mr. Clough, Bradford, the late Mr. George Cooper, the Rev. T. Darling, M.A., Mr. J. W. David, Guernsey, the Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman, Sir George Elvey, the Rev. H. J. Foster, Mr. H. H. Fowler, of Wolverhampton (to whom they are indebted for four original tunes by Mr. A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.), Mr. Clarkson Garbutt, Mrs. Havergal, Dr. Henry Hiles, Mr. H. Lahee, Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Francis Orr & Sons, Mr. Alfred Pooley, Mr. Edmund Rogers, Mr. J. Hallett Sheppard, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mr. T. Worsley Staniforth, Mr. Turle, Mr. T. Wallhead, Mr. J. Wilson, the Rev. W. Windle, M.A., Rector of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, Mr. W. W. Woodward, Mr. J. Walch, and Mr. Clement H. Perrot, for free permission to use their original tunes, or tunes of which they hold the copyright.

The compilers have further to acknowledge their obligations to the

Rev. J. W. Blow, M.A., Mr. A. H. Brown, Messrs. Burns and Oates, Lady Victoria Evans-Freke, Mrs. Gauntlett, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Mr. A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac., Messrs. Masters, Messrs. Metzler & Co., Messrs. Novello, Mr. C. H. Purday, Messrs. Richardson & Son, Dr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. W. F. Trimmell, Dr. Waite, and the Family of the late Dr. S. S. Wesley, for permission to insert copyright tunes in their possession.

No labour has been spared in the endeavour to discover the authors and owners of tunes, and to obtain their permission to make use of them in this Collection. If the compilers have failed in any instance to ask permission where it should have been sought, they beg to apologize for the inadvertency.

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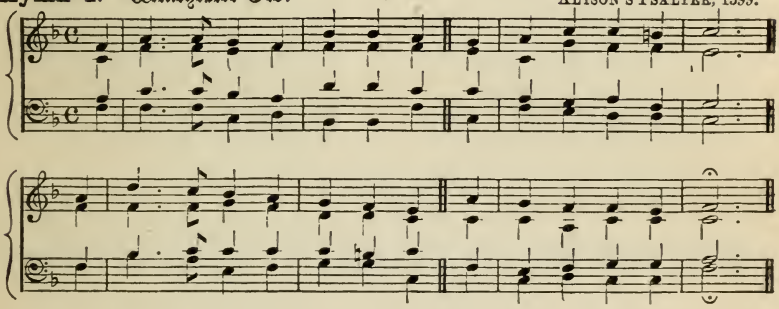
A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS WITH TUNES.

Hymn 1. **Winchester Old.** C.M. ALISON'S PSALTER, 1599.



1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

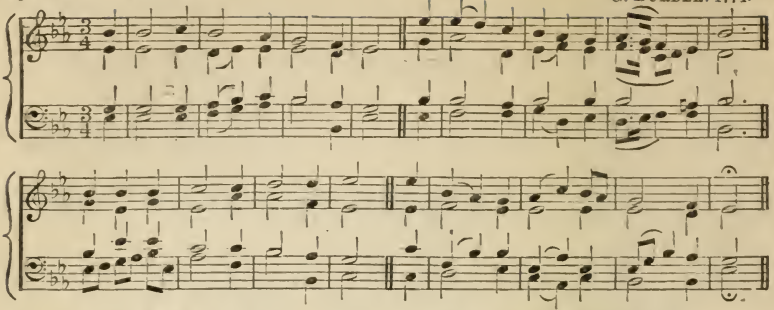
8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Hymn 2. Newhaven. L.M.

G. Burder. 1774.



1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to ALL:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 Come, and partake the gospel feast;
Be saved from sin; in Jesus rest;
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood!

5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified,
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

6 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

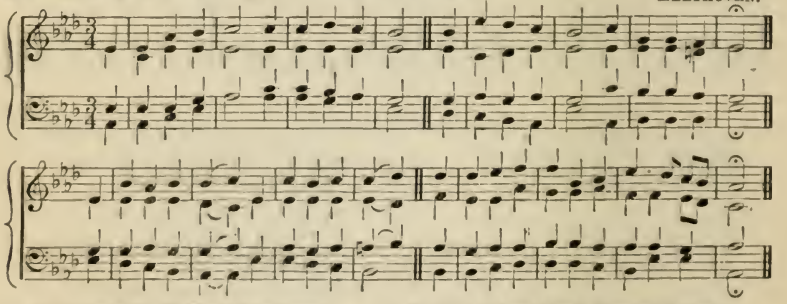
7 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel,
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

8 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

9 This is the time; no more delay!
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Hymns 3 & 5. Ethelberg. 10.10.11.11.

Beethoven.



1 O all that pass by, To Jesus draw near,
He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear! [hands;
From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out his
Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me,
May drink of my Spirit, Excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

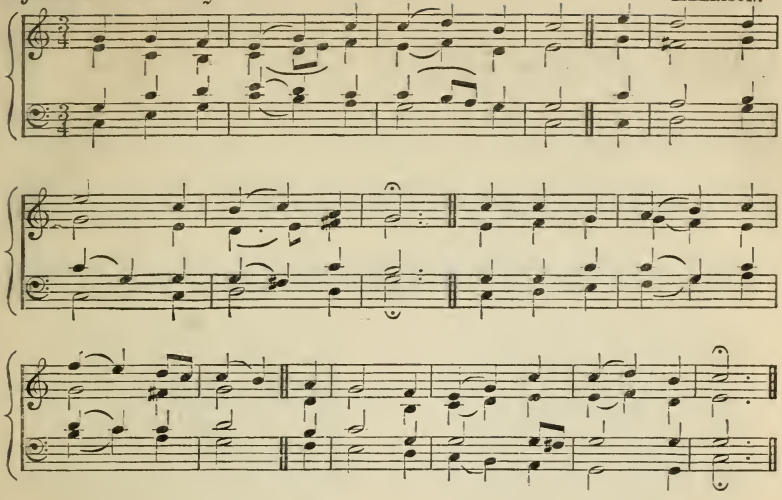
3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies.

4 My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey,
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay.
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour! Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love,
Of filial fear, Of knowledge and grace,
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy and of praise;

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood, [God,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us to
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain That washes us clean.

Hymn 4. Warrington. L.M. Harrison.



1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food,
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free,
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quickened your souls by faith divine
An everlasting life shall live.

Hymn 5. Ethelberg. 10.10.11.11.

1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, Each moment we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind!
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race,
The vilest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour Who come at his call,
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all!

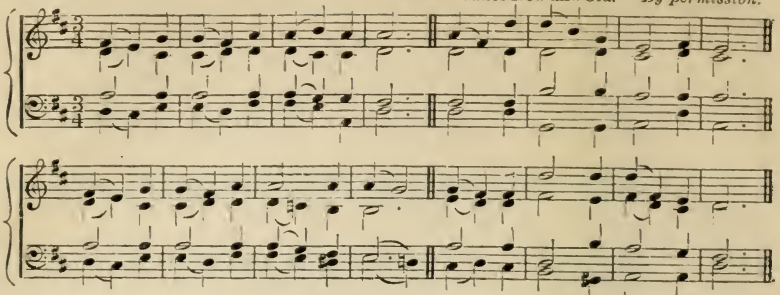
3 To save what was lost, From heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust In Jesus's name,
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free;
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me!"

4 O let me commend My Saviour to you,
The publican's friend And Advocate too,
For you he is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding For sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit His grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

Hymns 6, 7, & 8. Goshen. 7.7.7.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT.
From "Tunes New and Old." *By permission.*



1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands.
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin,
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

Hymn 7.

Goshen.

1 Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born,
You may all to God return,
Dwell with him above the sky;
Why will you for ever die?

2 You, on whom he favours showers,
You, possest of nobler powers,
You, of reason's powers possest,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God;
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

3 You, whom he ordained to be
Transcripts of the Deity;
You, whom he in life doth hold;
You, for whom himself was sold;
You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create;
Made by him, and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die?

4 You, who own his record true,
You, his chosen people, you,
You, who call the Saviour Lord,
You, who read his written word,
You, who see the gospel-light,
Claim a crown in Jesu's right;
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die?

Hymn 8.

Goshen.

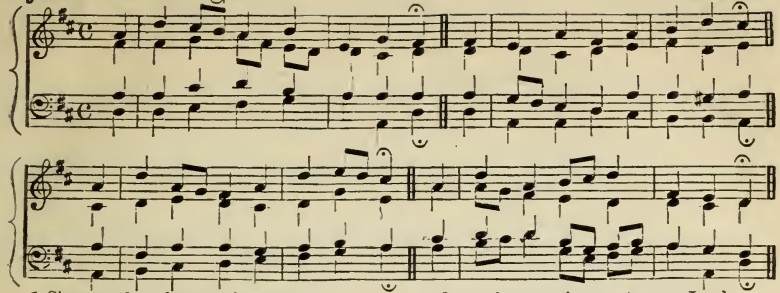
1 What could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
By his life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands,
Cries, Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me:
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps! believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

Hymns 9 & 11. Festus. L.M. GERMAN.



1 Sinners, obey the gospel-word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord!
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!
2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony to remove,
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"
6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:
7 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;
8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart,
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;
9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine, meek humility,
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"
10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

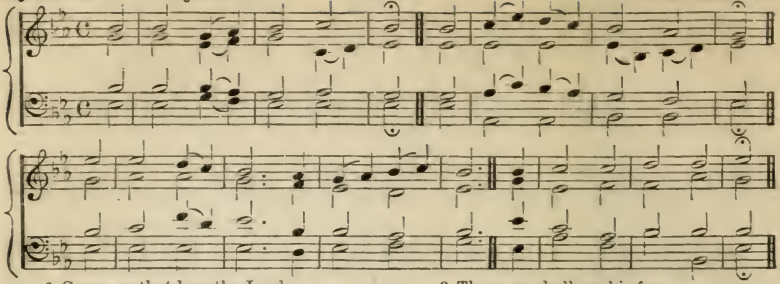
Hymn 11. Festus.

1 God, the offended God most high,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.
2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, intreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.
3 Our God in Christ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending goodness praise.
4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live!

Hymn 10. Beethoven. 10.10.11.11. L. BEETHOVEN.

1 Ye thirsty for God, To Jesus give ear, [near;
And take, through his blood, A power to draw
His kind invitation Ye sinners embrace,
Accepting salvation, Salvation by grace.
2 Sent down from above, Who governs the skies,
In vehement love To sinners he cries,
Drink into my Spirit, Who happy would be,
And all things inherit By coming to me.
3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe!
And come at thy call, Thy grace to receive;
The blessing is given Wherever thou art,
The earnest of heaven Is love in the heart.
4 To us at thy feet The Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit Thy Spirit, and live;
The weakest believers Acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers Of water divine.

Hymn 12. Silchester. S.M. Dr. Malan.



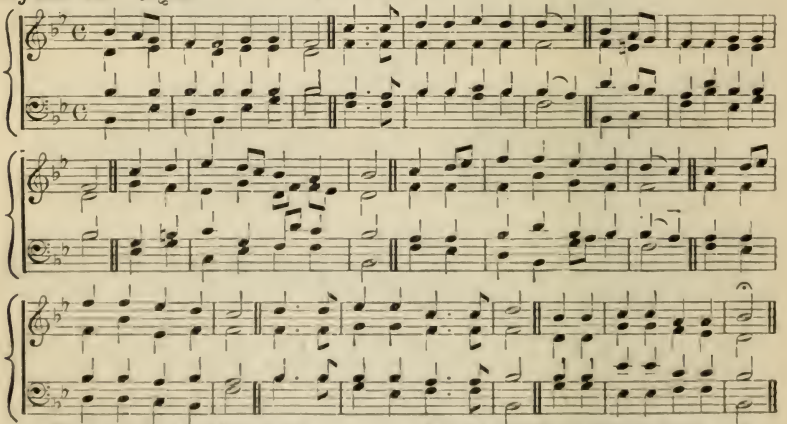
1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Hymn 13. Syria. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.



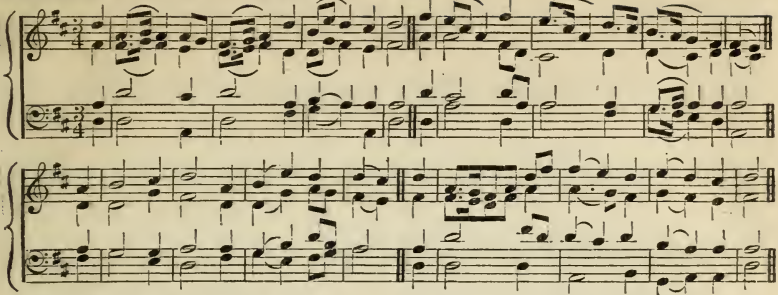
1 Happy soul that free from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care;
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh:
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near,
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care,
Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice,
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by thee to heaven!

Hymns 14, 16, & 17. Stockport. L.M.



1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows, The Saviour died for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

Hymn 16. Stockport.

1 Happy the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved,
Joined by the unction from above
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

5 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

6 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail;
Ah, join me to thy secret ones!
Ah, gather all thy living stones!

7 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye.
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

8 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

9 Join every soul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And all in all for ever live!

Hymn 17. SECOND PART. Stockport.

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses,
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below!

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old,
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O my God, might I be one!

6 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesu's witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

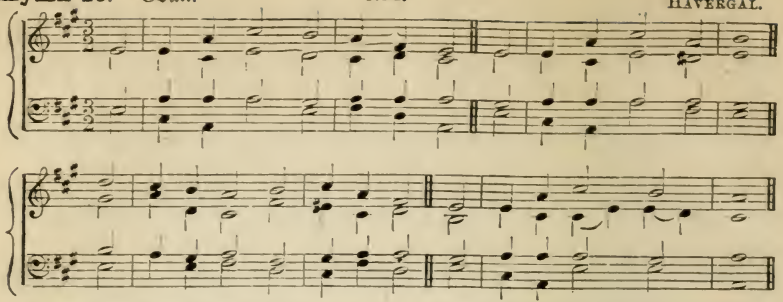
7 This only thing do I require:
Thou knowest 'tis all my heart's desire
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live;

8 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

9 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

Hymn 15. Eban. C.M.

HAVERGAL.



1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

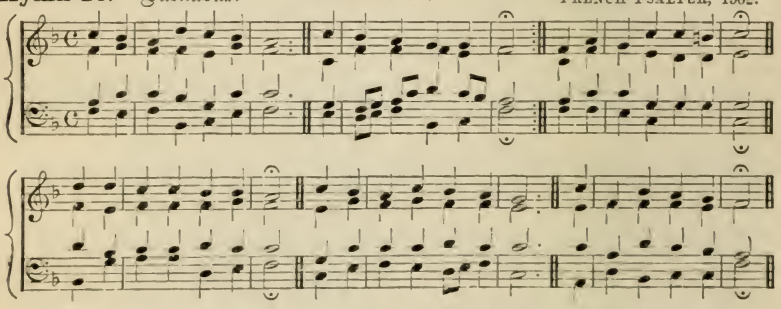
2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne,
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Hymn 18. Barnabas. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

FRENCH PSALTER, 1562.



1 Maker, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestowed
An immortal soul, designed
To be the house of God;
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove:
Make me just and good, like thee,
And full of power and love.

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new,
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too.
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest,
Should within the arms divine
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher
Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravished eyes I see,
Then I shall be filled with God
To all eternity!

Hymn 19. St. Magnus. 10.10.11.11.

1 Rejoice evermore With angels above,
In Jesus's power, In Jesus's love:
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.

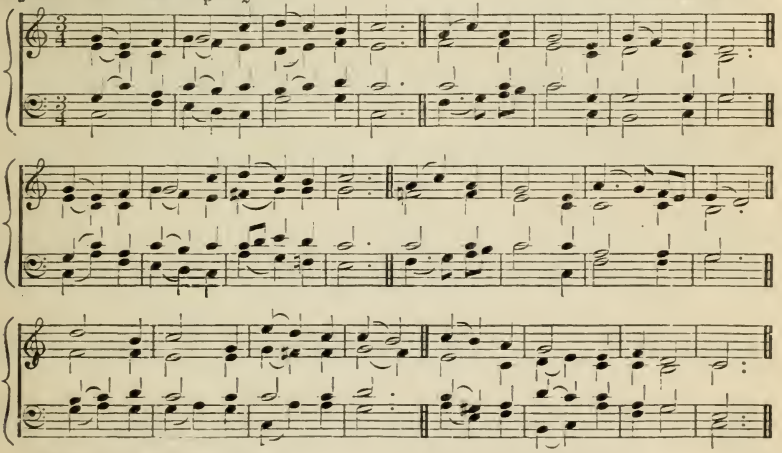
2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been:
Hast saved us from grief, Hast saved us from sin;
The power of thy Spirit Hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulness in thee;

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss That never shall cloy:
To us it is given In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join While sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight:
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love!

Hymn 20. Wellspring. 7.7.7.7.7.7. D. Bortniansky.



1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God!

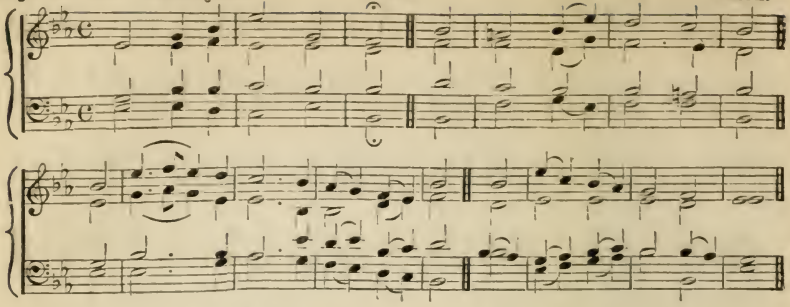
2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven,
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed,
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

Hymn 21. Watchman. S.M.

LEACH.



1 Ye simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2 Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath:
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death:
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie;
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things;
For He whose blood is all our boast
Hath made us priests and kings.

4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow:
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

5 Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace;
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our friend.

6 With him we walk in white,
We in his image shine,
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine;
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

Hymn 22. Windsor. C.M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

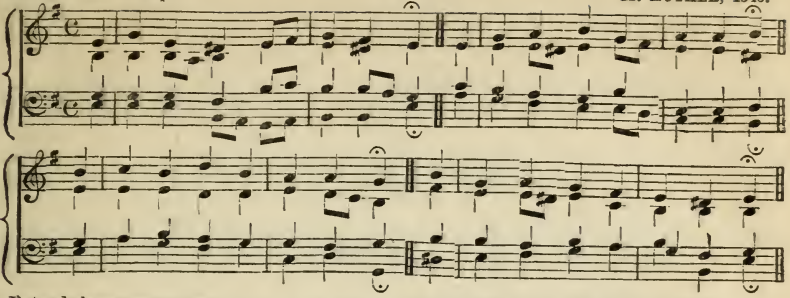
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Hymn 23. Spires. L.M.

M. Luther, 1543.



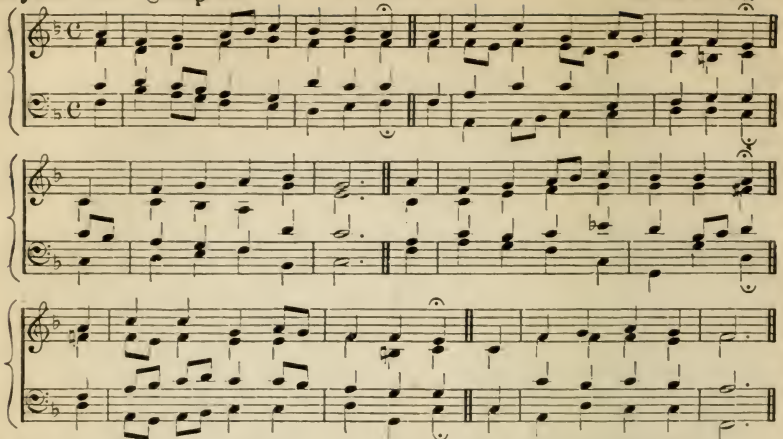
1 Extended on a cursed tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.
2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.
3 I, I alone, have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
6 My Saviour how shall I proclaim?
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
7 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!
8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God,
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!
9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Hymn 24. Illyria. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

W. David.

1 Saviour, if thy precious love
Could be merited by mine,
Faith these mountains would remove;
Faith would make me ever thine:
But when all my care and pains
Worth can ne'er create in me,
Nought by me thy fulness gains:
Vain the hope to purchase thee.
2 Cease, O man, thy worth to weigh,
Give the needless contest o'er;
Mine thou art! while thus I say,
Yield thee up, and ask no more;
What thy estimate may be,
Only can by him be told
Who, to ransom wretched thee,
Thee to gain, himself was sold.
3 But when all in me is sin,
How can I thy grace obtain?
How presume thyself to win?
God of love, the doubt explain:
Or if thou the means supply,
Lo to thee I all resign!
Make me, Lord—I ask not why,
How I ask not,—ever thine.

Hymn 25. Innspruck. 8.8.6.8.8.6. H. Isaac. 1492.



1 Stupendous love of God most high!
He comes to meet us from the sky
In mildest majesty:
Full of unutterable grace,
He calls the weary burdened race,
"Come all for help to me."

2 Tired with the greatness of my way,
From him I would no longer stray,
But rest in Jesus have;
Weary of sin, from sin would cease,
Weary of mine own righteousness,
And stoop, myself to save.

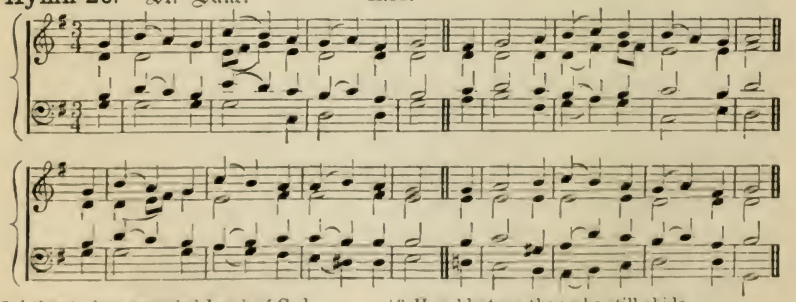
3 Weary of passions unsubdued,
Weary of vows in vain renewed,
Of forms without the power,
Of prayers, and hopes, complaints, and groans,
My fainting soul in silence owns
I can hold out no more.

4 Beneath this mountain load of grief,
Of guilt and desperate unbelief,
Jesus, thy creature see;
With all my nature's weight oppressed,
I sink, I die for want of rest,
Yet cannot come to thee.

5 Mine utter helplessness I feel;
But thou, who gav'st the feeble will,
The effectual grace supply;
Be thou my strength, my light, my way,
And bid my soul the call obey,
And to thy bosom fly.

6 Fulfil thine own intense desire,
And now into my heart inspire
The power of faith and love;
Then, Saviour, then to thee I come,
And find on earth the life, the home,
The rest of saints above.

Hymn 26. St. Luke. L.M.



1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe!
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

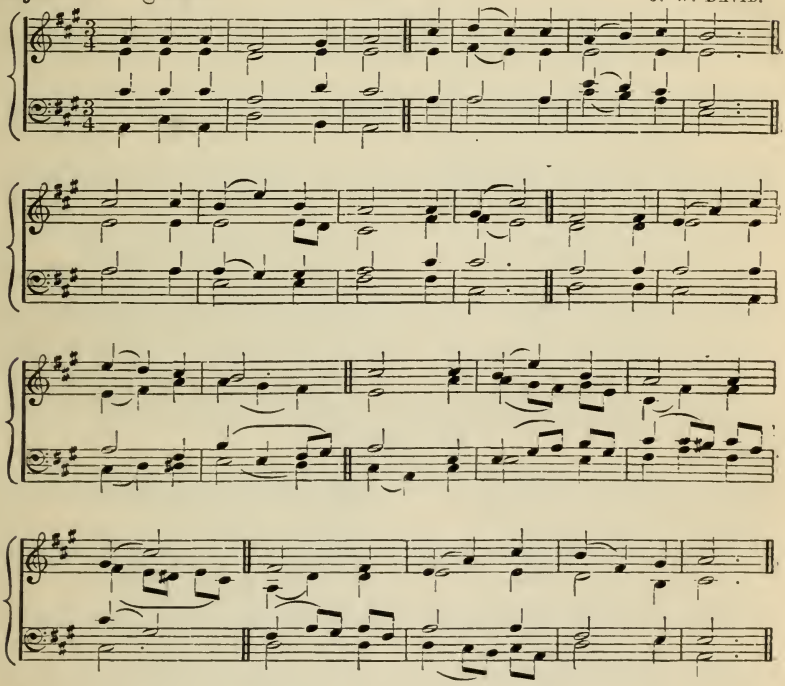
5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Hymn 27. Ilkestone. 6.6.7.7.7.7. J. W. David.



1 Saviour, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord; to thee I look,
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 'Tis done! my God hath died;
My Love is crucified!
Break, this stony heart of mine;
Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood;
Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
Catch, my heart, the issuing blood!

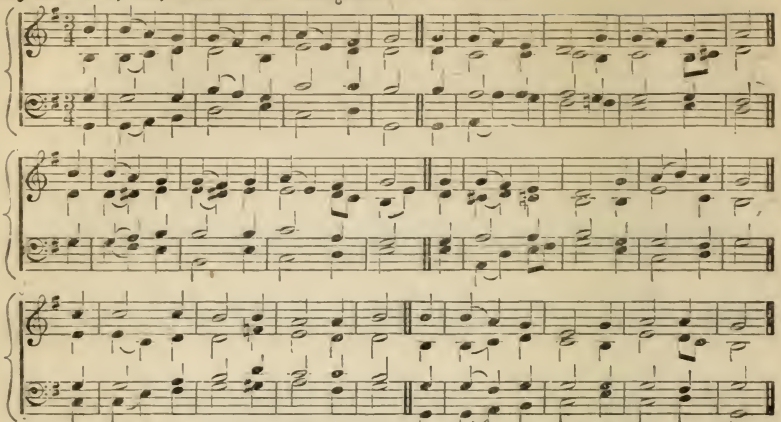
3 When, O my God, shall I
For thee submit to die?
How the mighty debt repay?
Rival of thy passion prove?
Lead me in thyself, the Way;
Melt my hardness into love.

4 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this;
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee, to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fixed in love;
Strengthened by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

6 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee,
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Filled with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in love!

Hymns 28, 30, & 31. St. Catherine. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 O love divine! what hast thou done!
The immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood,
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Hymn 30. St. Catherine.

1 Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 And shall I slight my Father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness to impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

4 No! though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war,
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
Them and their god alike I dare:
Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms to embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have:
He came the lost to seek and save.

6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home:
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!

7 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side,
Languished for you the eternal God,
For you the Prince of Glory died:
Believe, and all your sin is forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

Hymn 31. St. Catherine.

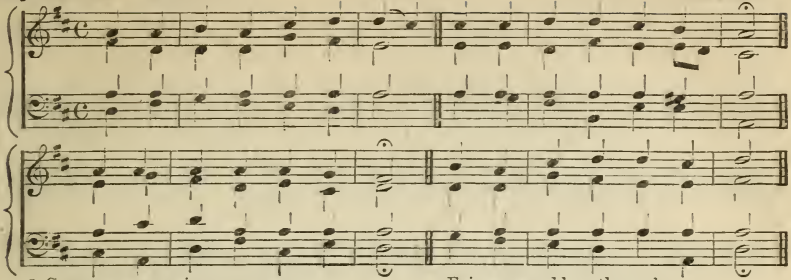
1 See, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all the apostate race
But may in him salvation find!
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death,—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay,
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home,
He all day long spreads out his hands,
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast,
Believe, and I will give you rest.

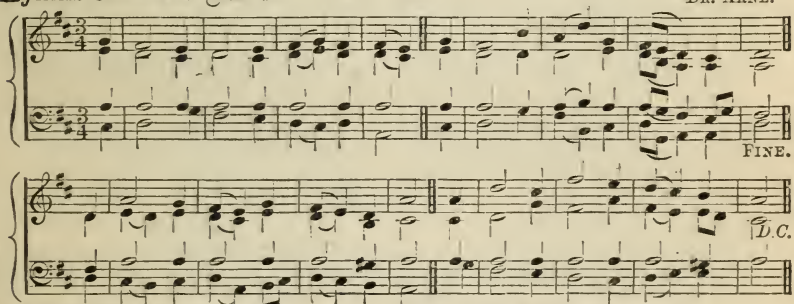
4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in no wise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny,
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

Hymn 29. Solicitude. 7.7.7.7. J. DANIELL.



1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God!
Come, ye guilty spirits oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will save you all."
2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away;
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our every care,
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.
3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art,
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Hymns 32 & 33. Arne's. 8.8.8.8.8.8. DR. ARNE.

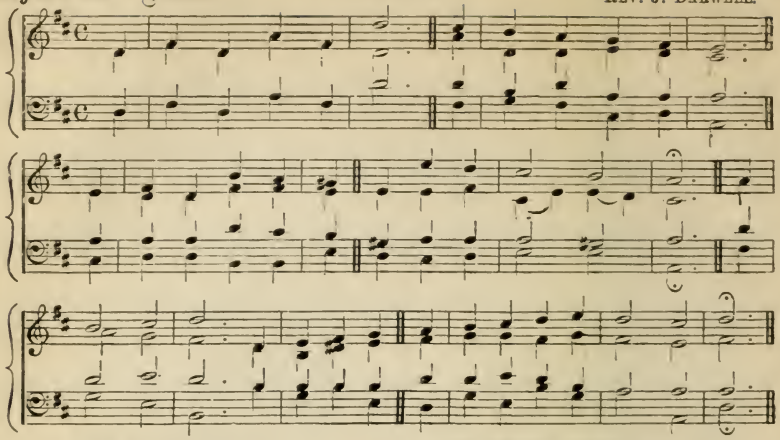


1 Sinners, believe the gospel word,
Jesus is come your souls to save!
Jesus is come, your common Lord;
Pardon ye all through him may have,
May now be saved, whoever will;
This man receiveth sinners still.
2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,
Flock to the friend of human kind,
And freely all accept their cure;
To whom did he his help deny?
Whom in his days of flesh pass by?
3 Did not his word the fiends expel,
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?
Did he not all their sickness heal,
And satisfy their every need?
Did he reject his helpless clay,
Or send them sorrowful away?
4 Nay, but his bowels yearned to see
The people hungry, scattered, faint;
Nay, but he uttered over thee,
Jerusalem, a true complaint;
Jerusalem, who shedd'st his blood,
That, with his tears, for thee hath flowed.

Hymn 33. Arne's.

1 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live!"
2 Adam descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quickening Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me!
3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away!
4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears!
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.
5 O let thy love my heart constrain!
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign everlasting love.

Hymn 34. Darwell's. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Rev. J. Darwell.



1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

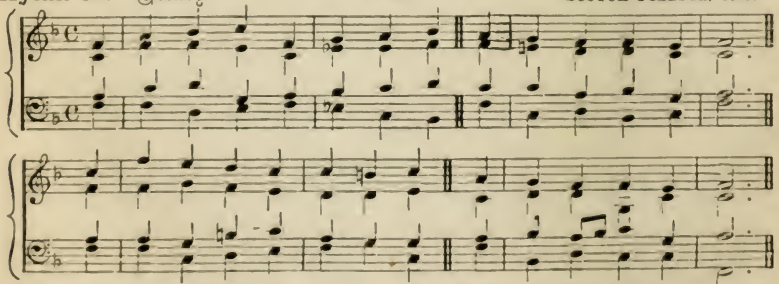
4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all;
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

Hymn 35. French. C.M. Scotch Psalter, 1615.



1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

Hymn 36. St. Ann. C.M.

1 Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain:
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
And shall he bleed in vain?

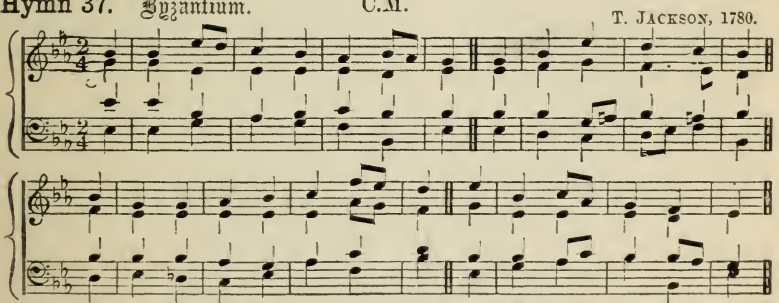
2 Misers, for you his life he paid,
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

Hymn 37. Byzantium. C.M.

T. Jackson, 1780.



1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus! the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

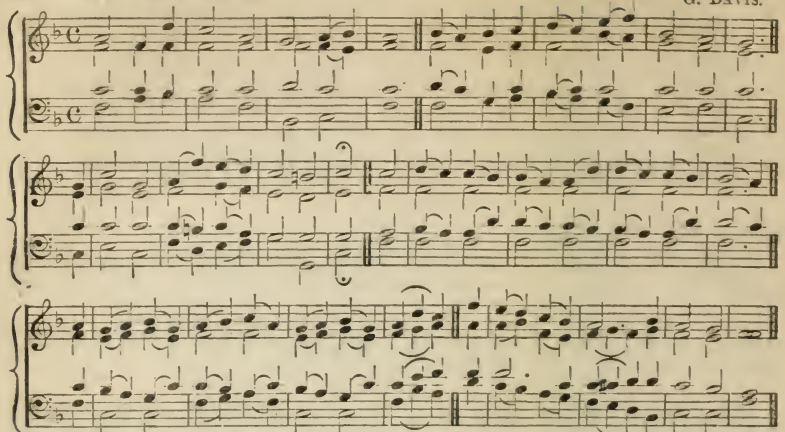
4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim,
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Hymn 38. Monmouth. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

G. Davis.



1 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive as thy sun's arise.

3 Astonished at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine?

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows;
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost thou require.

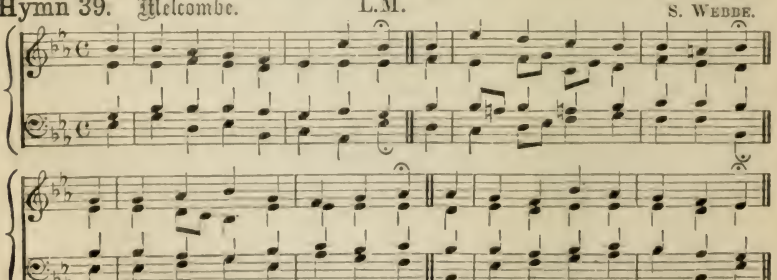
6 Primeval Beauty! in thy sight
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade:
What then to me thine eyes could turn,
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

7 Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And trembling own the Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky:
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?
'Tis God made man, for man to die!

8 O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

Hymn 39. Melcombe. L.M.

S. Webbe.



1 Father, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save;

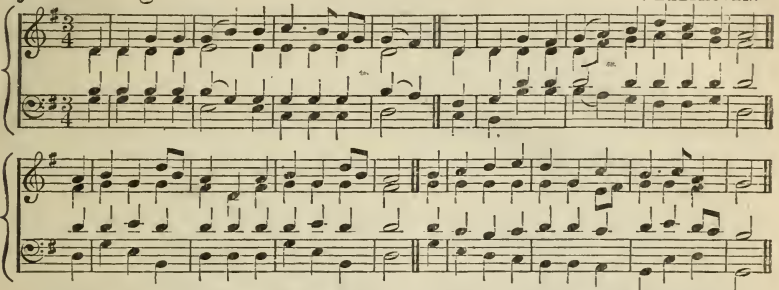
2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffered to redeem;
For all he hath the atonement made;
For those that will not come to him
The ransom of his life was paid.
5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all, thy bowels move,
But straitened in our own we are.
6 Arise, O God, maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call;
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

Hymn 40. Austria. 10.10.11.11.

L. BEETHOVEN.



1 Ye neighbours, and friends Of Jesus, draw near:
His love condescends By titles so dear
To call and invite you His triumph to prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.
2 The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
On every side Are gathered to him
The weary and burdened, The reprobate race;
And wait to be pardoned Through Jesus's grace.
3 The blind are restored Through Jesus's name,
They see their dear Lord, And follow the Lamb;
The halt they are walking, And running their race;
The dumb they are talking Of Jesus's grace.
4 The deaf hear his voice And comforting word,
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord,
"Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art;"
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.
5 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean,
The dead by his call Are raised from their sin;
In Jesu's compassion The sick find a cure,
And gospel salvation Is preached to the poor.
6 To us and to them Is published the word:
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days,
And mightily striving To save us by grace.
7 O Jesus! ride on Till all are subdued,
Thy mercy make known, And sprinkle thy blood;
Display thy salvation, And teach the new song
To every nation, And people, and tongue.

Hymns 41 & 42. Walsall. C.M.

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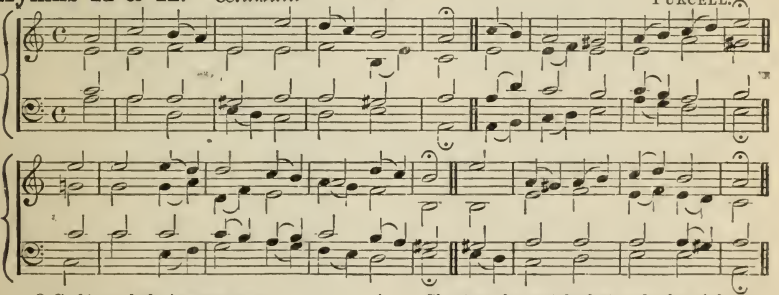

1 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
7 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

Hymn 42. Walsall. C.M.

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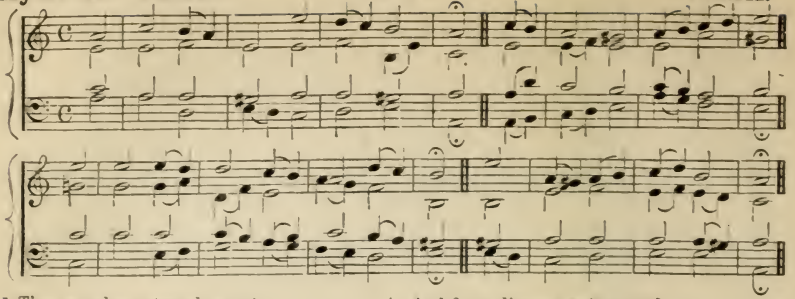
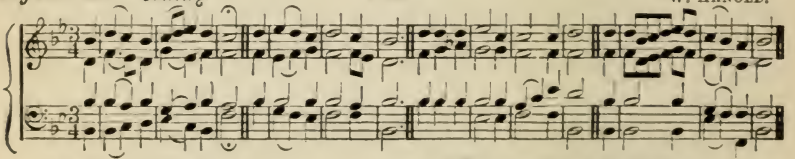


1 Thee we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!
2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Depends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Hymn 43. Sarah. S.M.

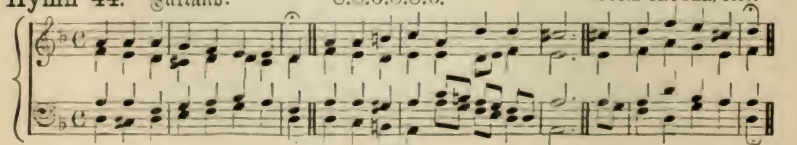
W. ARNOLD.

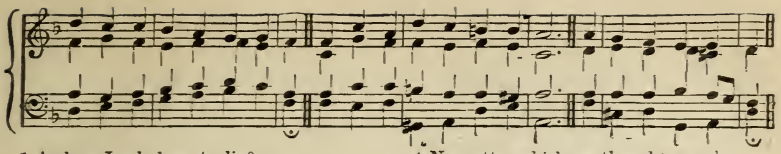


1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?
2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be;
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-hands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?
4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.
5 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.
6 Thou art thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

Hymn 44. Jutland. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

From CRÜGER, 1650.





1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity?

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against the fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

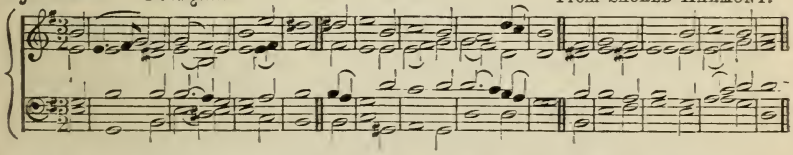
4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness;
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

Hymn 45. Ebesham. L.M.

From Sacred Harmony.



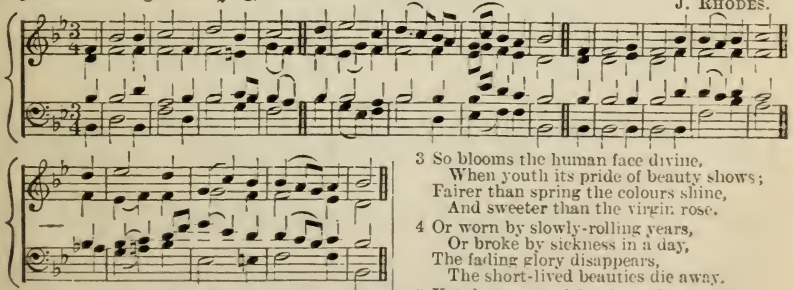
1 Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet,
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

Hymn 46. Morning Flowers. L.M.

J. Rhodes.



1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

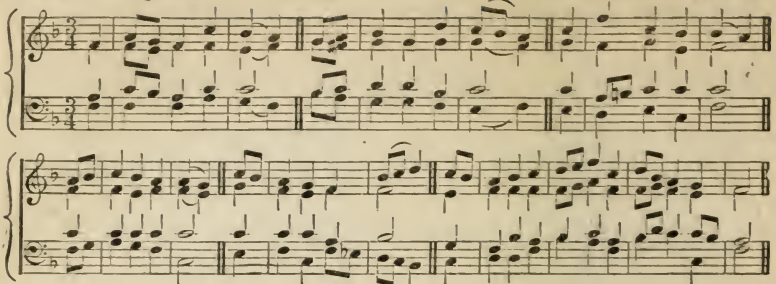
4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

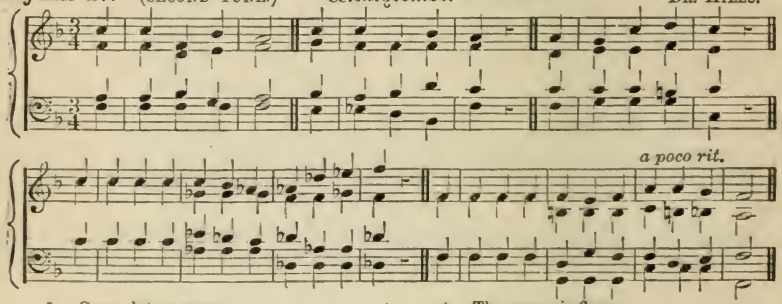
Hymn 47. Derby. 5.5.5.11.

From Sacred Harmony.



Hymn 47. (second tune.) Winchcombe. 5.5.5.11.

Dr. Hiles.



1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through, [do!"
I have finished the work thou didst give me to

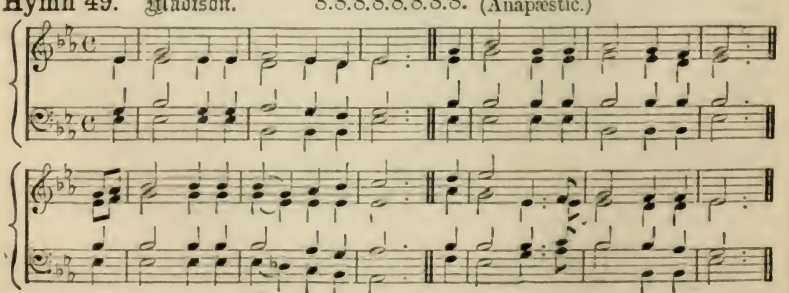
6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Hymn 48. (*See Hymn* 45.) Evesham.

1 Pass a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

Hymn 49. Madison. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)



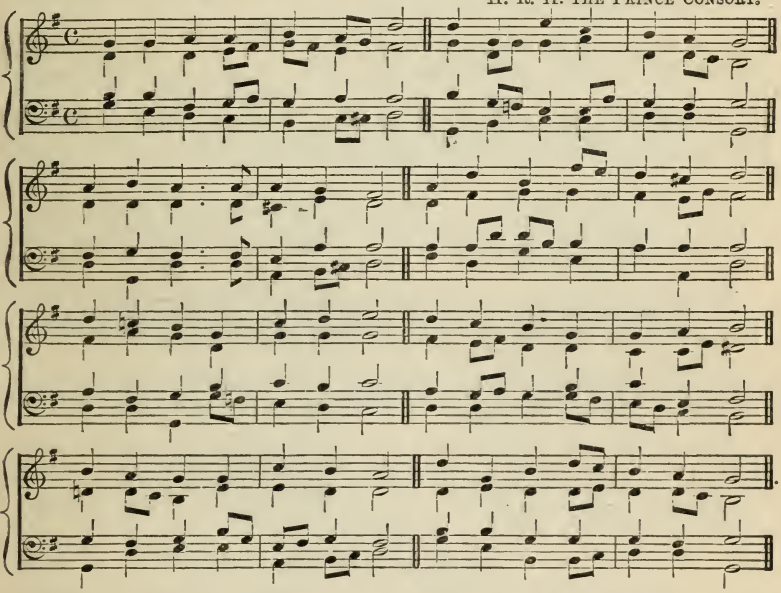
1 Rejoice for a brother deceased.
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Out-flying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

Hymn 50. Coburg. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.



1 Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

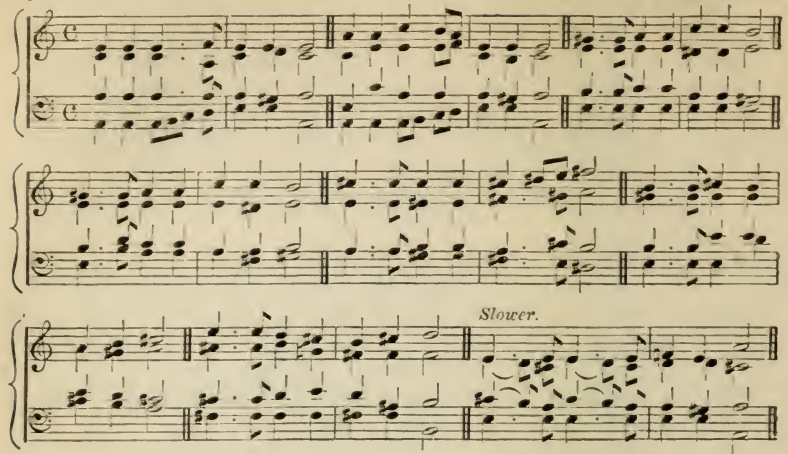
2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain,
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain;
Thou art entered into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

Hymn 51. Euclid. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7. A. H. Mann.



1 Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed;
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

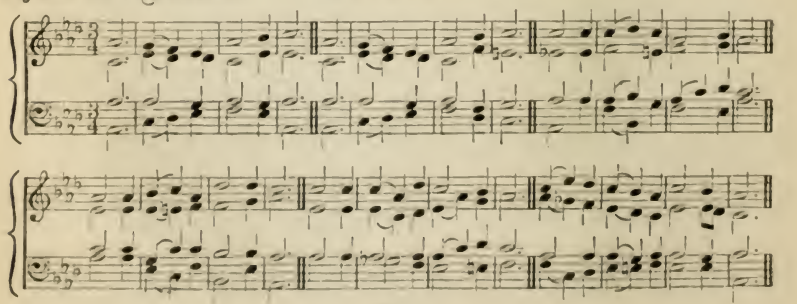
2 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven,
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

3 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet,
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet;
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou,
Enter, and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now."

5 Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just award:
Hail the heir with glory crowned,
Now rejoicing with his Lord:
Fuller joys ordained to know,
Waiting for the general doom,
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

Hymn 52. Damascus. 6.6.7.7.7.7.



1 Again we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail,
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian festival!

2 Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

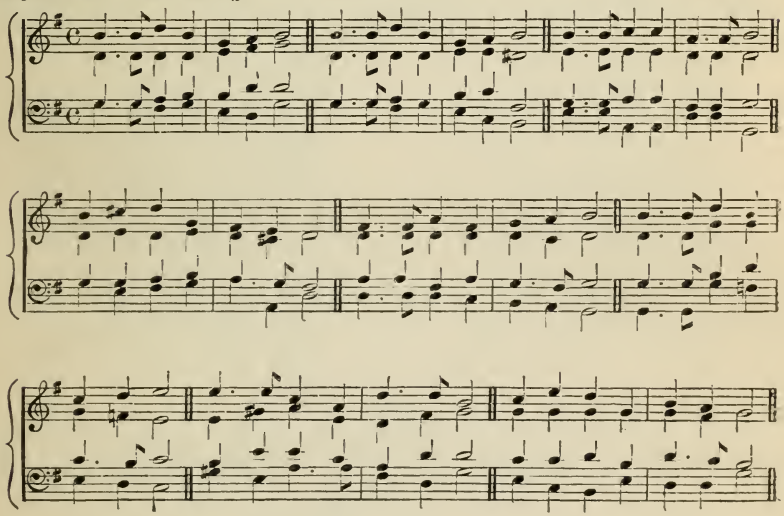
3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies!
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquered death:
Thou art crowned with life and love.

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time,
Suddenly from earth released;
Lo! we now rejoice for thee,
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share!
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now.

Hymn 53. St. George. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. SIR. G. J. ELVEY.



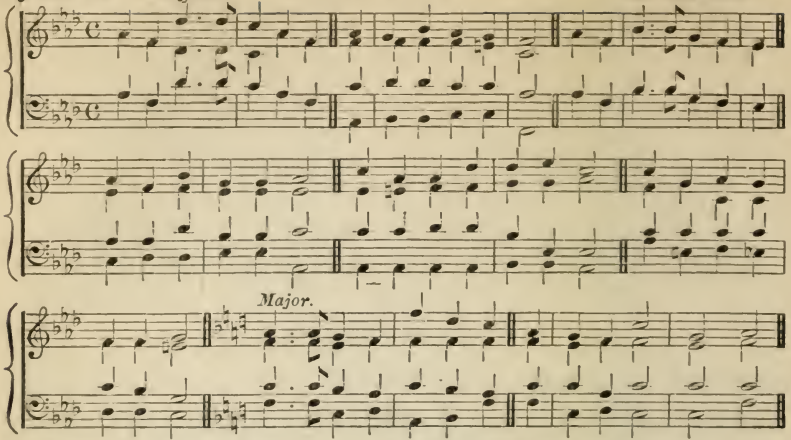
1 Glory be to God on high,
God in whom we live and die,
God, who guides us by his love,
Takes us to his throne above!
Angels that surround his throne
Sing the wonders he hath done,
Shout, while we on earth reply
Glory be to God on high!

2 God of everlasting grace,
Worthy thou of endless praise,
Thou hast all thy blessings shed
On the living and the dead;
Thou wast here their sure defence,
Thou hast borne their spirits hence,
Worthy thou of endless praise,
God of everlasting grace.

3 Thanks be all ascribed to thee,
Blessing, power, and majesty,
Thee, by whose almighty name
They their latest foe o'ercame;
Thou the victory hast won,
Saved them by thy grace alone,
Caught them up thy face to see,
Thanks be all ascribed to thee!

4 Happy in thy glorious love,
We shall from the vale remove
Glad partakers of our hope,
We shall soon be taken up;
Meet again our heavenly friends,
Blest with bliss that never ends,
Joined to all thy hosts above,
Happy in thy glorious love!

Hymn 54. Twyford. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Dr. Gauntlett.



1 Hearken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry;
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh;
Lo! he comes to keep his word,
Light and joy his looks impart;
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.

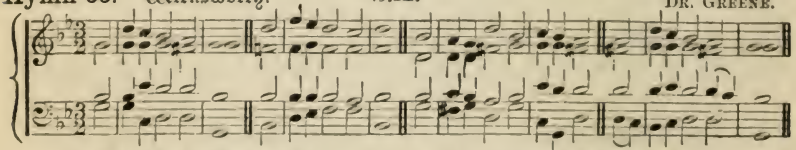
2 Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God,
He comes, and bids you hope:
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer;
Lo! he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth!
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white:
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come:
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:
Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise, and come away.

Hymn 55. Mirksworth. S.M. Dr. Greene.



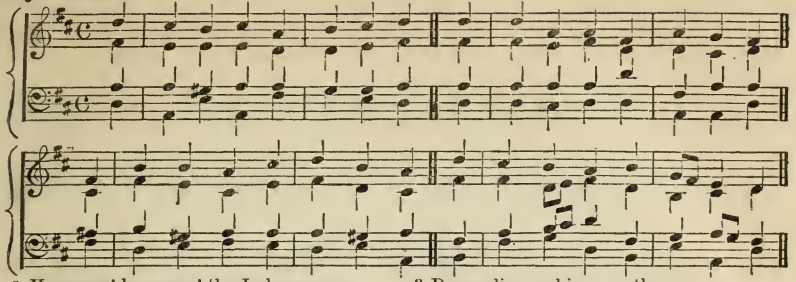
1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Hymns 56 & 57. Erfurt. L.M. LUTHER.



1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!
2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace!
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High!
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

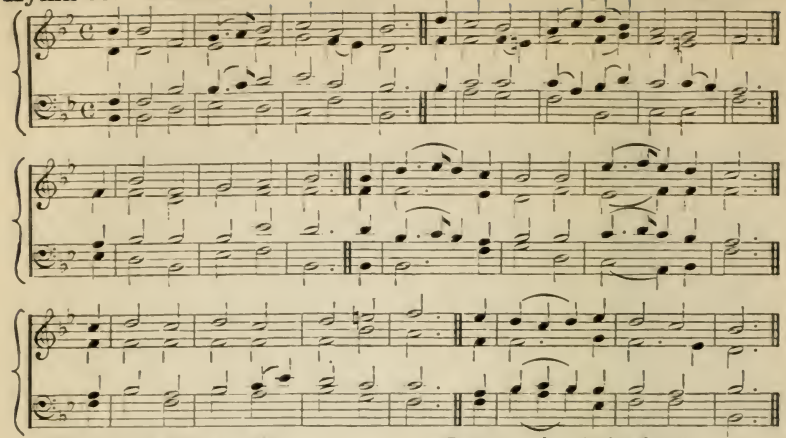
Hymn 57. Erfurt.

1 The great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of ages, sure.
4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.
5 The earth, and all the works therein,
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed,
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.
6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruined world look down;
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

Hymn 58. Jeshurun. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Jesus, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend:
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.
2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again:
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be,
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.
3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words;
Happy while on earth we breathe,
Mightier bliss ordained to know,
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

Hymn 59. Grosbenor. 8.8.6.8.8.6. E. Harwood.



1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

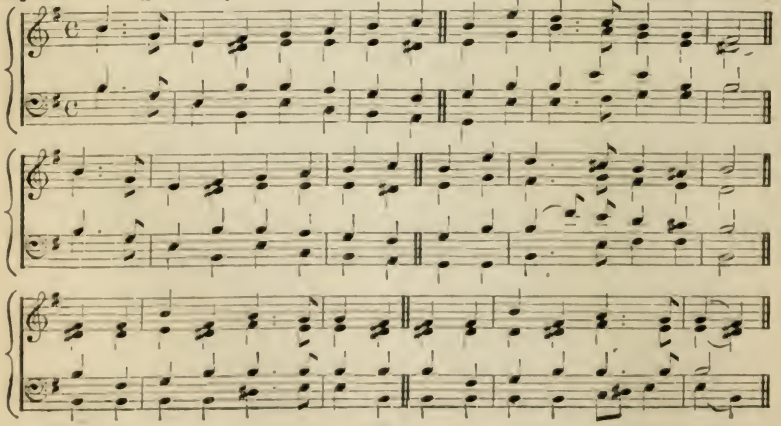
3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Hymn 60. Hamburg 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Mendelssohn.



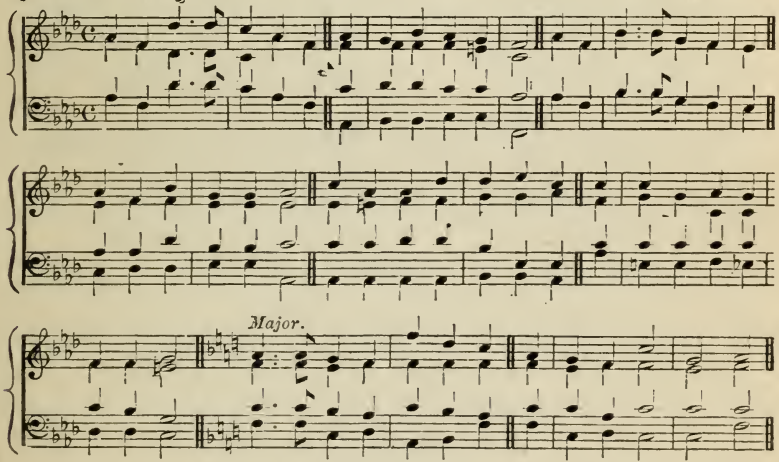
1 Righteous God! whose vengeful phials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy,
Mercy first and last be shown;
Plead thy cause with sword and fire,
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the world's desire,
Conquering all with sovereign love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
Must be suddenly restored:
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows,
Pass the former things away:
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story,
Throw this universe aside!
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend, and take thy bride!

Hymn 61. Twyford. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. Dr. Gauntlett.



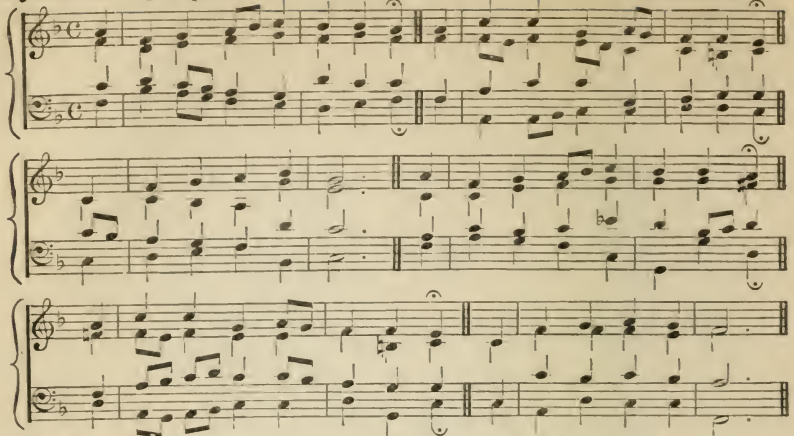
1 Stand the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just,
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun:
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

Hymn 62. Innspruck. 8.8.6.8.8.6. H. Isaac, 1492.



1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
Before the floods descend:
And while the bursting clouds come down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

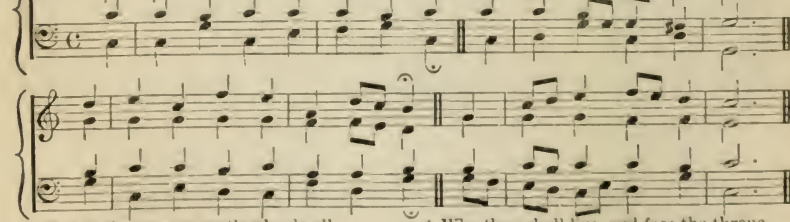
4 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims the Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power,
The famine all thy fulness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near;
His chariot will not long delay,
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
Triumphant Lord, appear!

6 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
Thy word and mystery to fulfil,
Thy confessors to approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on every face,
In glorious, heavenly love!

Hymn 63. St. James. C.M.

Courteville.



1 Woe to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down!

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers,
To meet your God prepare;
For, lo! the seventh angel pours
His phial in the air.

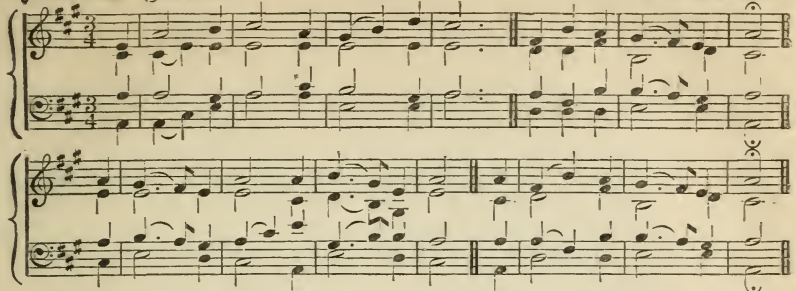
3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

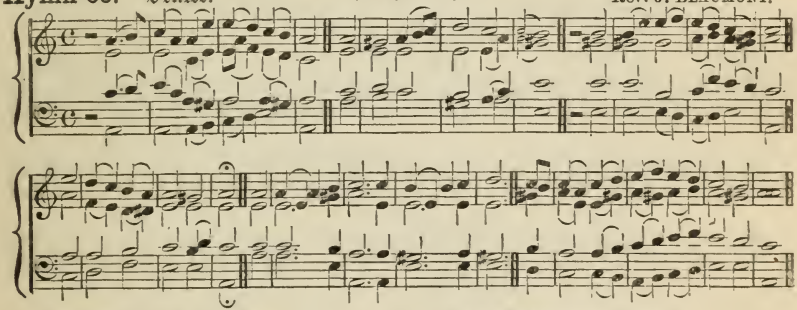
6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

Hymn 64. Burnett. C.M. J. B. Stewart.



1 By faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.
2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.
3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare,
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;
4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment-scroll,
And all in smoke expire!
5 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.
6 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the almighty word;
His *fiat* is obeyed! 'tis done:
And Paradise restored.
7 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies,
The new Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise!
8 Thy power omnipotent assume,
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

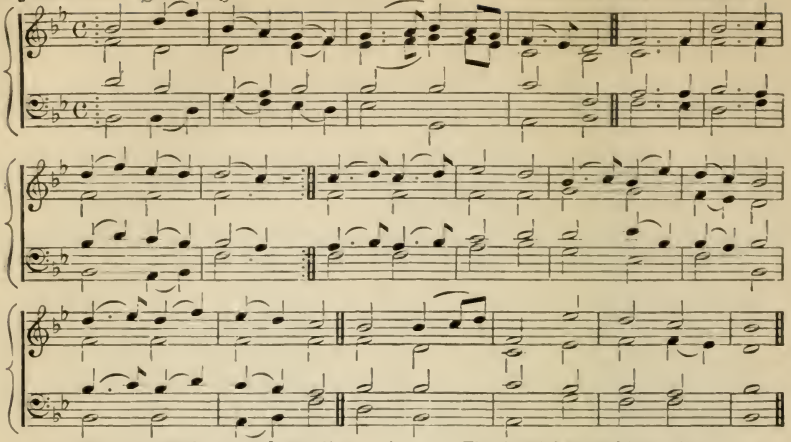
Hymn 65. Venice. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Rev. J. Beaumont.



1 Ye virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"
2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!
4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!
5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found:
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now!

Hymn 66. Helmsley. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

From The Lock Collection.



1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

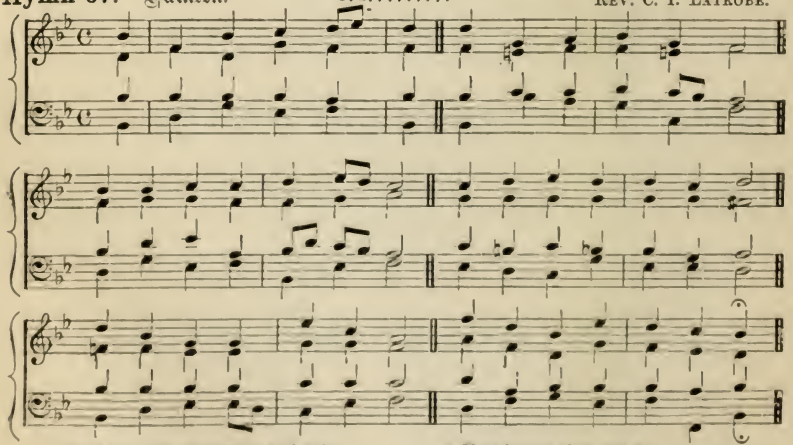
2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down!

Hymn 67. Fulneck. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

Rev. C. I. Latrobe.



1 How weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men!
Men who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shattered earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the Rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own
Which cannot be o'erthrown;
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

4 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand:
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there;
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

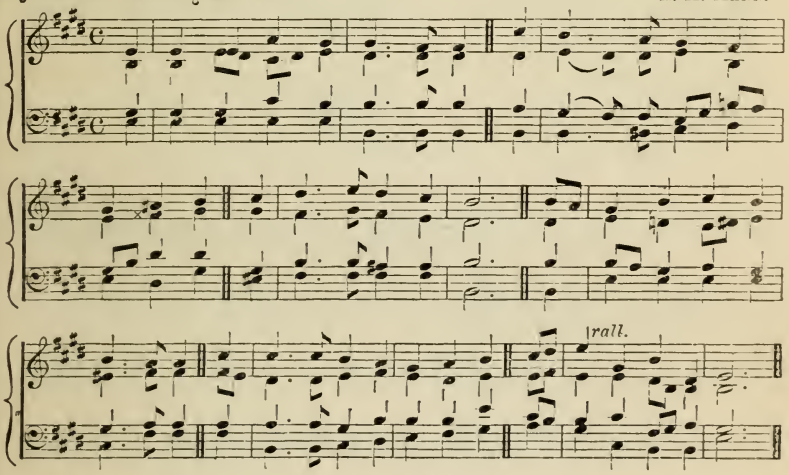
5 Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode;
From the founded world prepared,
Purchased by the blood of God.

6 O might we quickly find
The place for us designed:
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here;
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear!

7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down!
In the new Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end!

Hymn 68. Woodhouse Grove. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. H. Mann.



1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

Hymn 69. Jusatia. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.

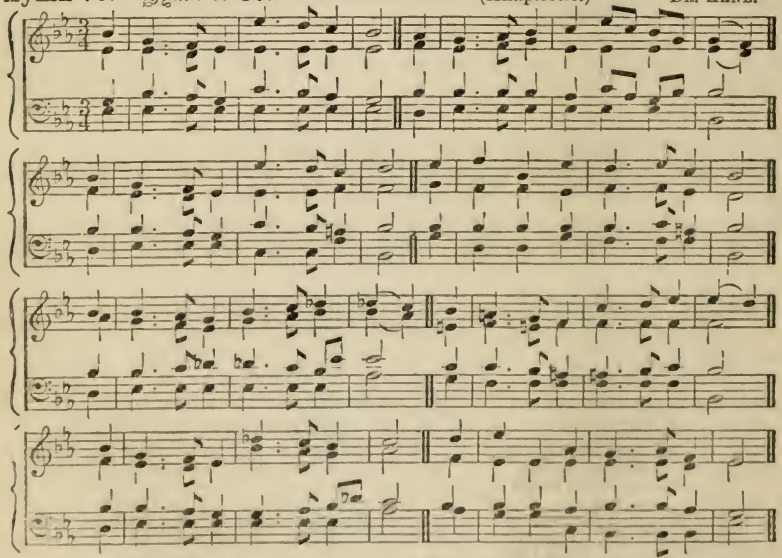
1 Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust thy truth, and love, and power
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe;
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then, thou searchest out in vain
What only conquest can explain.

Hymn 70. Hymn of Ebe. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.) DR. ARNE.



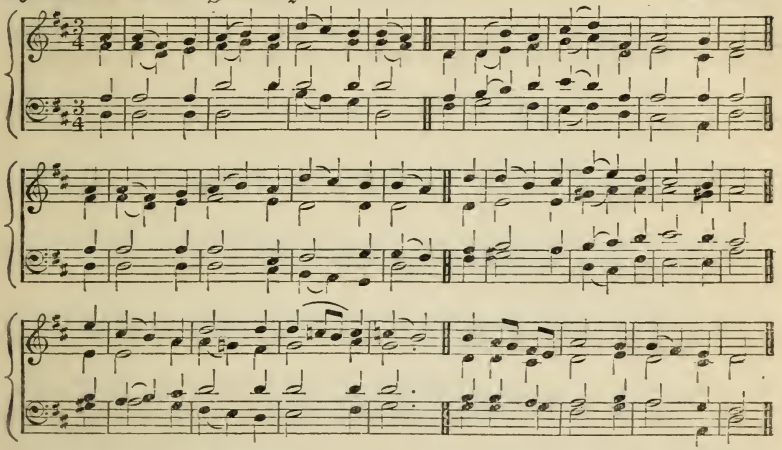
1 I long to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove!

Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

Hymns 71 & 72. Hamburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. E. Bach.



1 Leader of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place,
And hasten through the vale of woe;
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind:
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Hymn 72. Hamburg.

1 Saviour, on me the grace bestow
To trample on my mortal foe;
Conqueror of death with thee to rise,
And claim my station in the skies,
Fixed as the throne which ne'er can move,
A pillar in thy church above.

2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally o'ercome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome;
Of perfect holiness possessed,
For ever in thy presence blessed.

3 Write upon me the name divine,
And let thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
For ever like the God I see!

4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly new Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.

5 When thou hadst all thy foes o'ercome,
Returning to thy glorious home,
Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord;
And thus thy own new name obtain,
And one with thee for ever reign.

Hymns 73, 77, & 78. Tottenhall. S.S.S.S.S.S.S.S. (Anapæstic.) MANN.

1 Away with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light;
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

Hymn 77. Tottenhall.

1 The Church in her militant state
Is weary, and cannot forbear;
The saints in an agony wait
To see him again in the air;
The Spirit invites, in the bride,
Her heavenly Lord to descend,
And place her, enthroned at his side,
In glory that never shall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry,
O Jesus, in triumph appear,
Appear in the clouds of the sky!
Whom only I languish to love,
In fulness of majesty come,
And give me a mansion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

Hymn 78. Tottenhall.

1 The thirsty are called to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to see;
And, drawn by the power of his word,
The promise I know is for me:
I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the Spirit of love,
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above.

2 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come, in the spirit of prayer,
Thy joy in that happiest day,
Thy kingdom of glory, to share;
To drink the pure river of bliss,
With life everlasting o'erflowed,
Implunged in the crystal abyss,
And lost in the ocean of God.

Hymn 74. Franconia. S.M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1 We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay,
We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure:
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

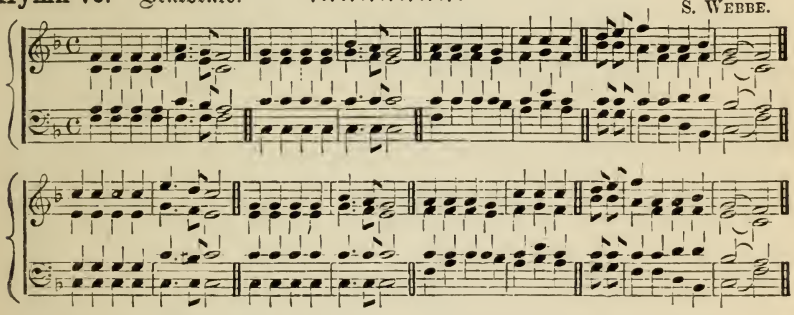
3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray:
O might the tabernacle fall!
O might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

5 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

Hymn 75. Benedetto. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

S. WEBBE.



1 Lift your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels joined in one;
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!
Each before his Saviour stands,
All in milk-white robes arrayed,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

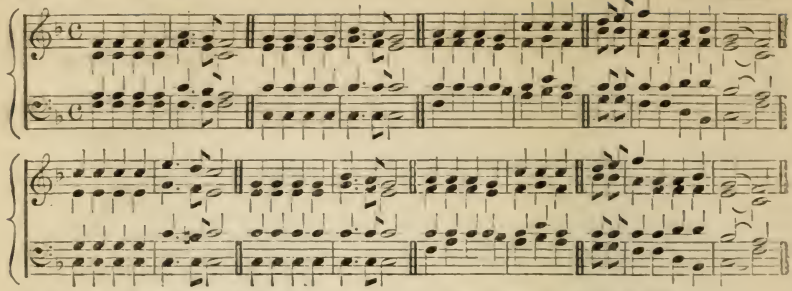
2 Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God, the glorious Saviour, praise:
All salvation from him came,
Him, who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they;
Lulled with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay,
Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

4 Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favoured race!
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

Hymn 76. Benebento. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

S. WEBBE.



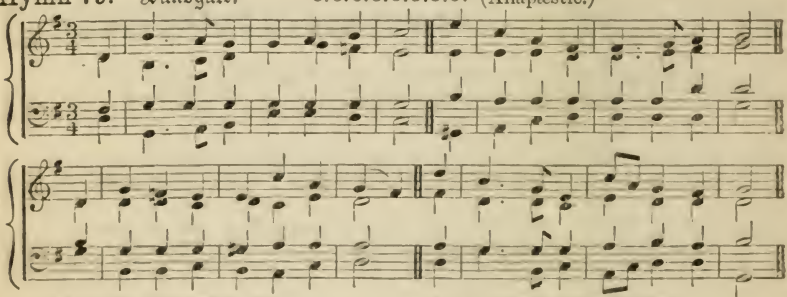
1 What are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

Hymn 79. Sandgate. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)

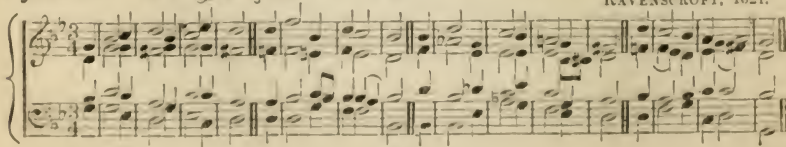


1 A fountain of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all, it is open and free.
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake;
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

Hymn 80. Old Manchester. C.M.

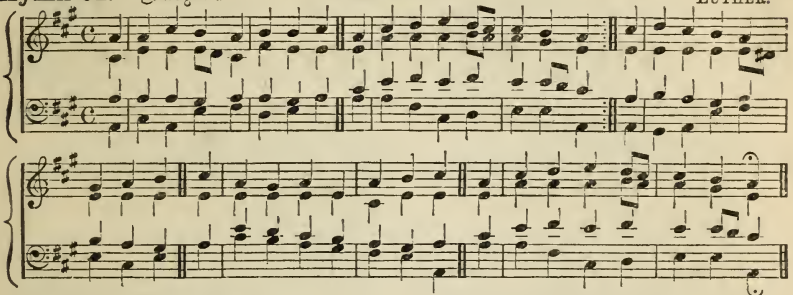
RAVENSCROFT, 1621.



1 Terrible thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved—shall I—
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?
2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive;
3 Shall I—amidst a ghastly band,
Dragged to the judgment-seat—
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?
4 Ah, no! I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.
6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with him in heaven.

Hymn 81. Luther's. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

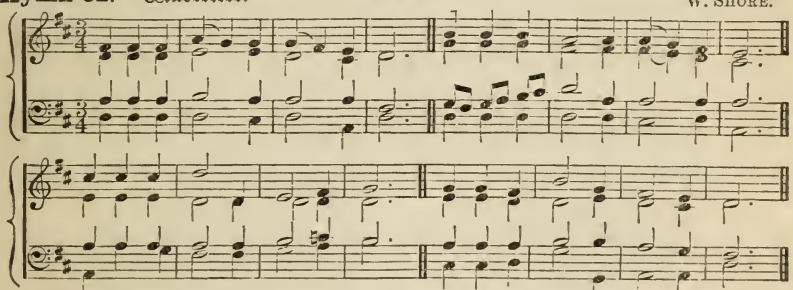
LUTHER.



1 Father of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.
2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire:
O that even now thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all!
3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins;
To-day, while it is called to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee!
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead:
Let all in thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

Hymn 82. Wabertree. L.M.

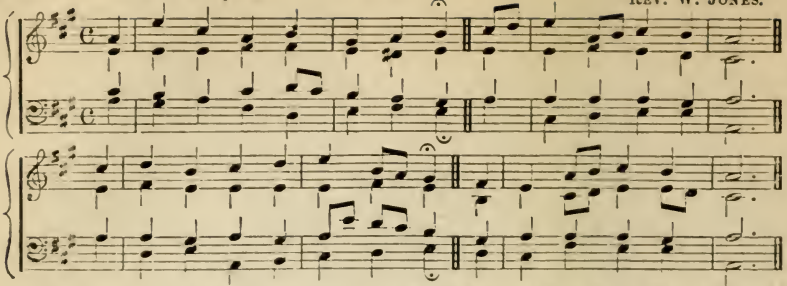
W. SHORE.



1 Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.
3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood
The Christian savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.
4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
5 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?
6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these,
O claim them for thy ransomed ones!
7 Extend to these thy pardoning grace,
To these be thy salvation showed:
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
8 Still let the publicans draw near:
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

Hymn 83. St. Stephen. C.M.

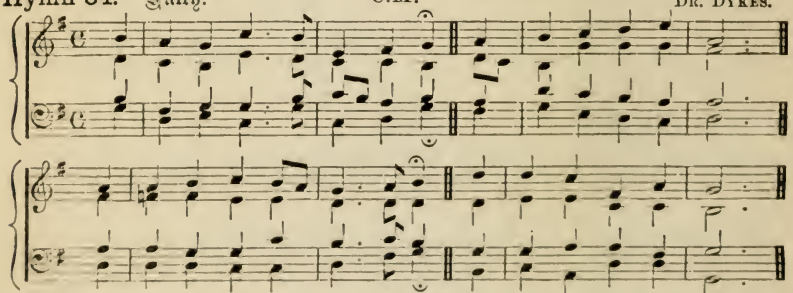
Rev. W. Jones.



1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?
7 "I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to awake;
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake:
8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

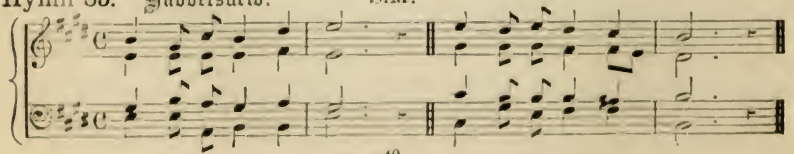
Hymn 84. Faith. C.M.

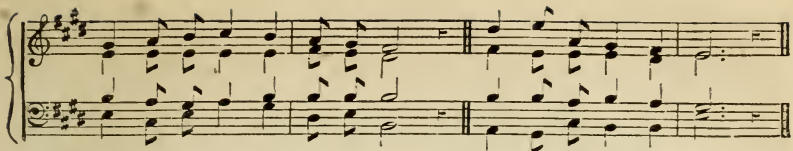
Dr. Dykes.



1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord!
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!
3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
4 Convince us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

Hymn 85. Huddersfield. S.M.





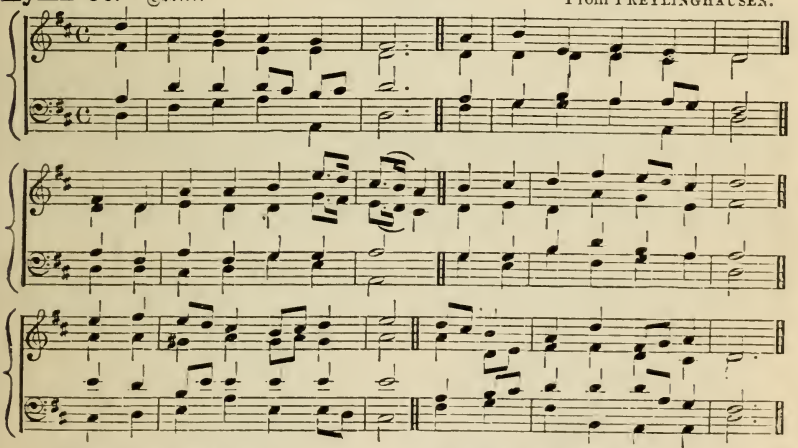
1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God:
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Hymn 86. Irene. 6.6.7.7.7.7. From FREYLINGHAUSEN.



1 Sinners, your hearts lift up,
Partakers of your hope!
This, the day of Pentecost;
Ask, and ye shall all receive,
Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

2 Ye all may freely take
The grace for Jesu's sake;
He for every man hath died,
He for all hath risen again;
Jesus now is glorified,
Gifts he hath received for men.

3 He sends them from the skies
On all his enemies;
By his cross he now hath led
Captive our captivity;
We shall all be free indeed,
Christ, the Son, shall make us free.

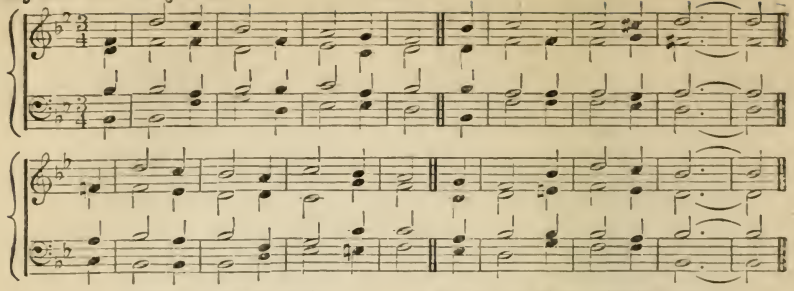
4 Blessings on all he pours,
In never-ceasing showers,
All he waters from above;
Offers all his joy and peace,
Settled comfort, perfect love,
Everlasting righteousness.

5 All may from him receive
A power to turn and live;
Grace for every soul is free,
All may hear the effectual call;
All the light of life may see,
All may feel he died for all.

6 Drop down in showers of love,
Ye heavens, from above!
Righteousness, ye skies, pour down!
Open, earth, and take it in!
Claim the Spirit for your own,
Sinners, and be saved from sin!

7 Father, behold, we claim
The gift in Jesu's name!
Him, the promised Comforter,
Into all our spirits pour;
Let him fix his mansion here,
Come, and never leave us more.

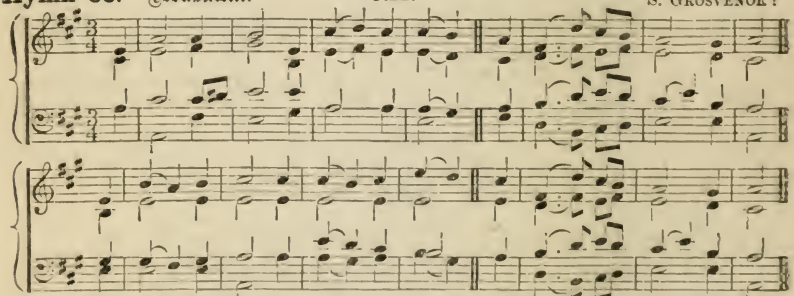
Hymn 87. Thorner. C.M.



1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.
2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke)
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine,
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

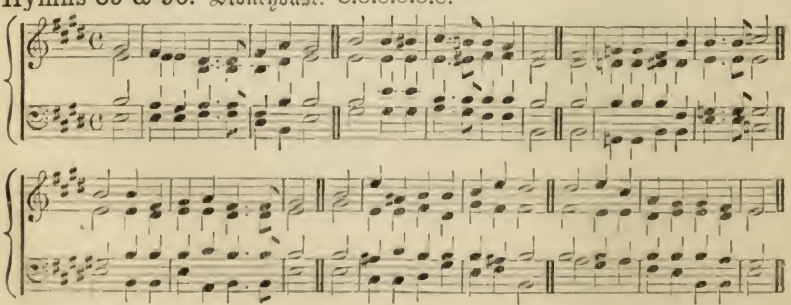
Hymn 88. Jerusalem. C.M.

S. Grosvenor?



1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know,
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Hymns 89 & 90. Stonehouse. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

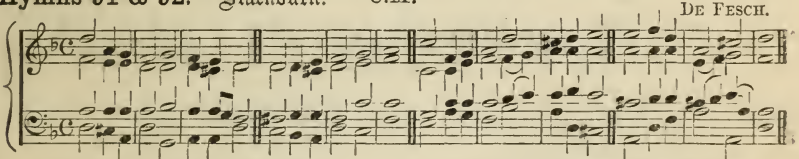


1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.
2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to awaken and inspire,
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace!
3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.
4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.
5 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

Hymn 90. Stonehouse.

1 Come, O thou Prophet of the Lord,
Thou great Interpreter divine,
Explain thine own transmitted word,
To teach and to inspire is thine;
Thou only canst thyself reveal,
Open the book, and loose the seal.
2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke
Concerning thee, O Christ, make known;
Chief subject of the sacred book,
Thou fillest all, and thou alone;
Yet there our Lord we cannot see,
Unless thy Spirit lend the key.
3 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darkened heart;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyself impart;
Our ear, our inmost soul, we bow,
Speak, Lord, thy servants hearken now.

Hymns 91 & 92. Blackburn. C.M.

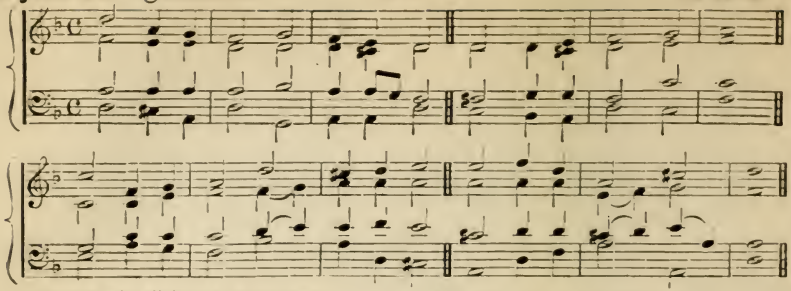


1 Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near thine altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?
5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new.

Hymn 92. Blackburn.

1 Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"
3 "Be still! and know that I am God!"—
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.
4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.
5 I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I cease;
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.
7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.
8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me;
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

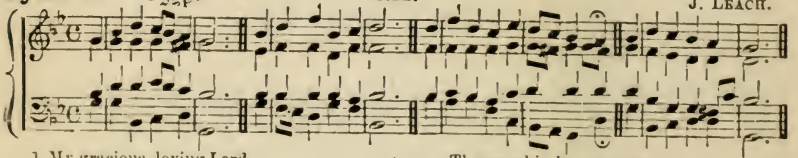
Hymn 94. Blackburn. C.M. De Fesch.



1 The men who slight thy faithful word,
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside!
2 The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.
3 The temple of the Lord—they pull
Thy living temples down,
And cast out every gracious soul
That trembles at thy frown:
4 O wouldst thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief,
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief!
5 The formalists confound, convert,
And to thy people join;
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence divine!

Hymn 93. Egypt. S.M.

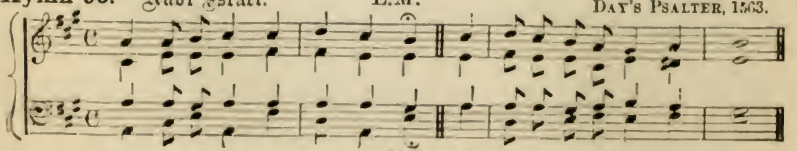
J. Leach.



1 My gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray!
Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want;
And thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.
2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear even to ask thy grace;
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mocked thee to thy face:
With all pollutions stained,
Thy hallowed courts I trod,
Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call thee God!
3 Nigh with my lips I drew,
My lips were all unclean;
Thee with my heart I never knew,
My heart was full of sin;
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorred,
Nor looked to be forgiven.
4 My nature I obeyed,
My own desires pursued;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallowed house of God.
The worship he approves
To him I would not pay;
My selfish ends and creature-loves
Had stole my heart away.
5 A goodly, formal saint
I long appeared in sight,
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturbed remained,
The strong man, armed with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reigned.
6 But O! the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger showed,
And claimed me for his own:
My spirit he alarmed,
And brought into distress:
He shook and bound the strong man armed
In his self-righteousness.
7 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower:
My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

Hymn 95. Judi Israel. L.M.

Day's Psalter, 1563.



1 Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame:
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same;

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

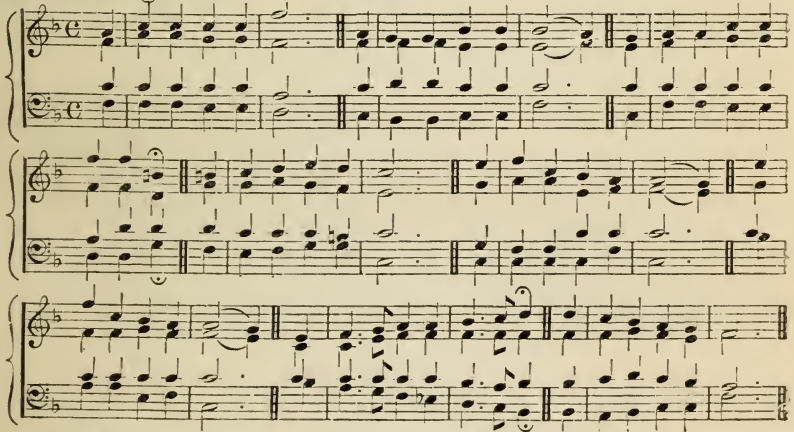
3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given,
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly:
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Hymn 96. Assurance. D.S.M. HAYDN.



1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

2 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied;
Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

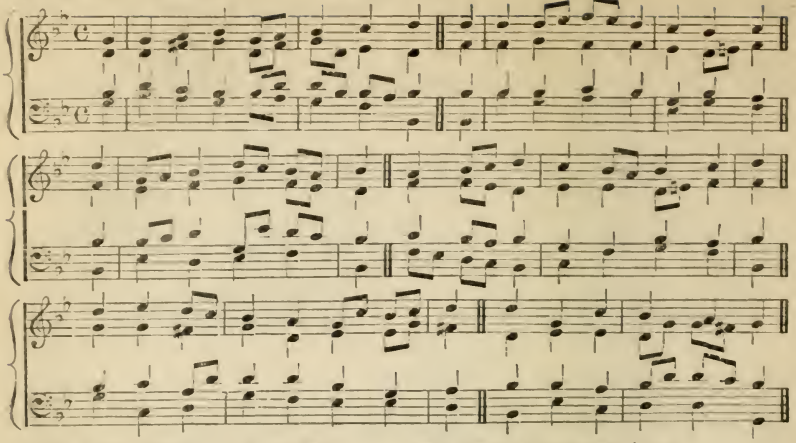
3 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death:
Stronger than death and hell
The mystic power we prove;
And conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

4 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed;
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

5 The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross:
Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours.

6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue:
His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Hymn 97. Latrobe. 8.8.6.8.8.6.



1 Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

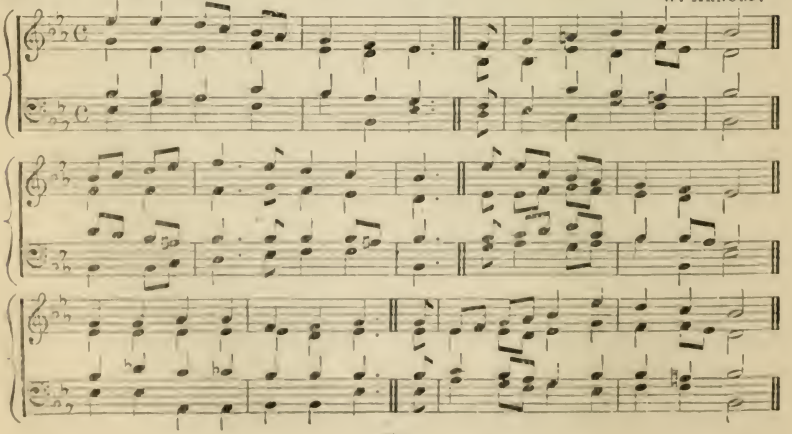
4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

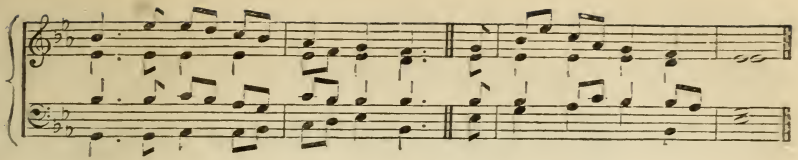
5 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart!

Hymn 98. Josiah. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

W. Arnold.



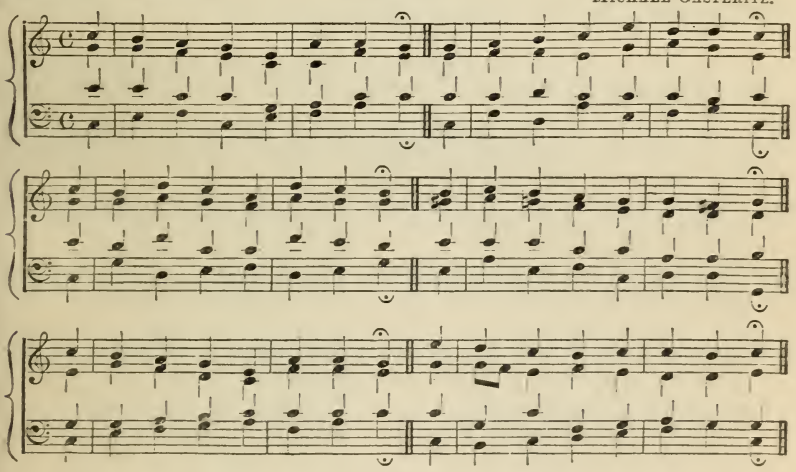


1 Upright, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made:
But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creature strayed;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fixed on God alone,
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease,
Jesus, speak our souls restored
By love's divine simplicity,
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

Hymn 99. Colmar. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

MICHAEL GASTERITZ.



1 Father of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry,
To thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

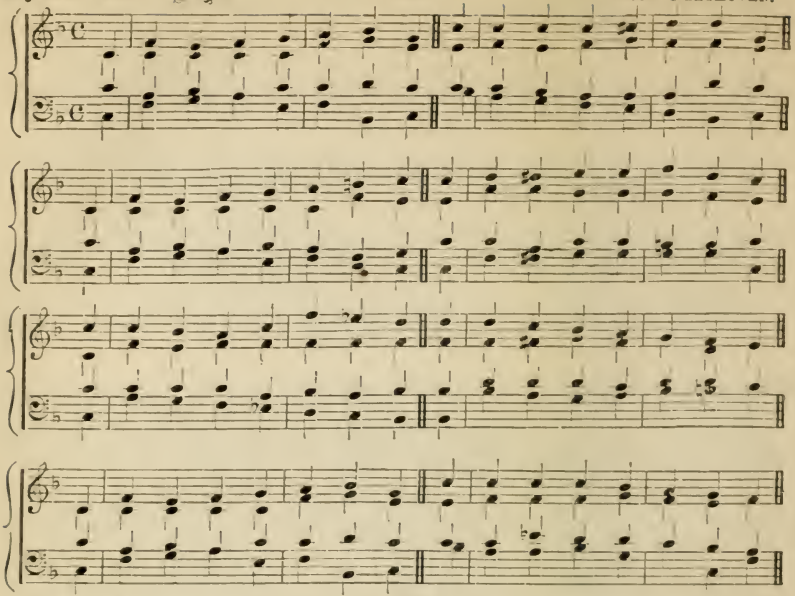
2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good and prone to ill;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love!

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see:
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business thus, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer.

Hymn 100. Hayes. D.L.M. From Beethoven.



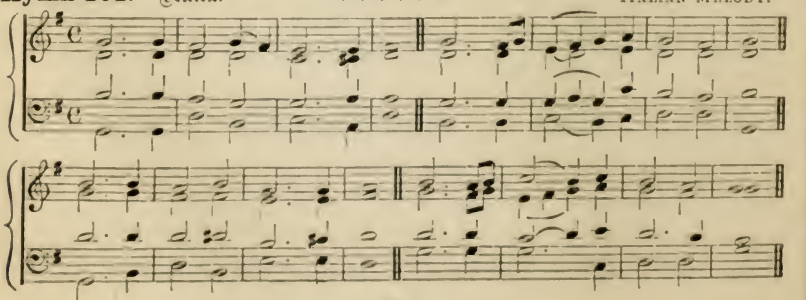
1 Jesu, my Advocate above,
My friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

2 Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel,
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God.

3 Jesu, my heart's desire obtain!
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee.

4 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death, from hell set free,
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am,
My life, my only heaven thou art,
O might I feel thee in my heart!

Hymn 101. Italia. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Italian Melody.



1 Saviour, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften this obdurate stone!
Stone to flesh, O God, convert;
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal,
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

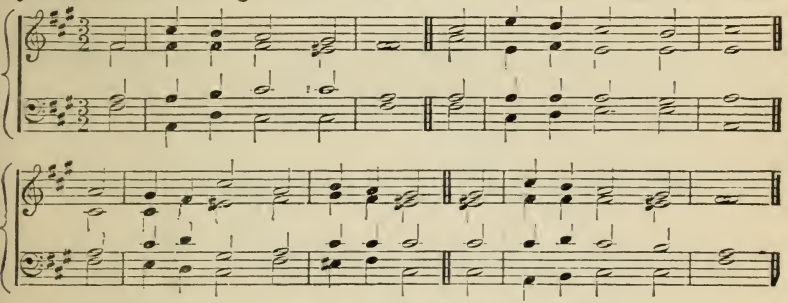
3 Jesu, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord!"

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican distrest,
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God, be merciful to me!"

5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale!
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me!

Hymns 102 & 103. Brentford. S.M.

GREENE'S PSALM TUNES. 1724.



1 O that I could repent!
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart;
A heart with grief opprest
For having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down,
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

Hymn 103.

Brentford.

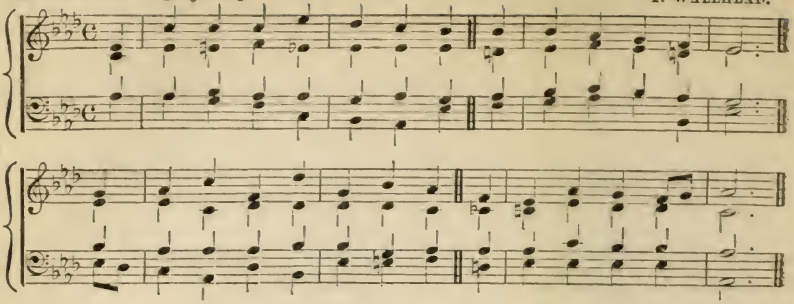
1 O that I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatenings move,
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head;
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed!
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

3 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
The tender, fleshly heart:
For Jesu's sake alone
The stony heart remove,
And melt at last, O melt me down
Into the mould of love!

Hymn 104. Nazareth. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.

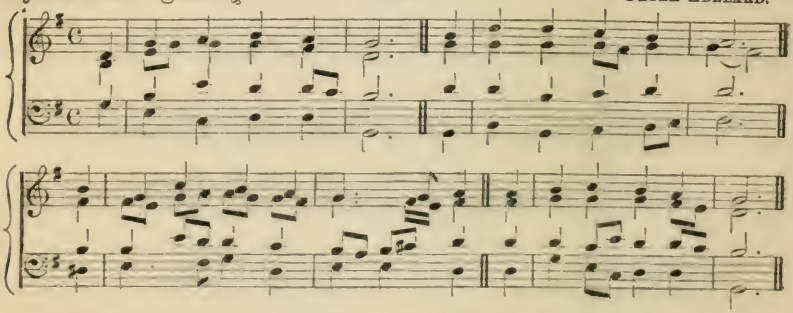


1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!
O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

Hymn 105. Beverley. S.M.

PETER ABELARD.



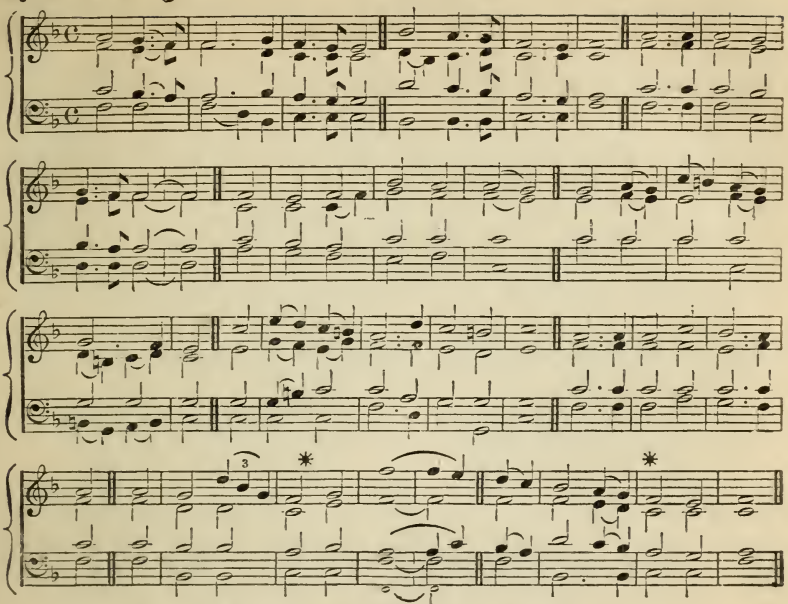
1 O that I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou by thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake
The cursed thing remove;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love:
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul;
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

Hymn 106. Alford. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.



*The notes between * and * may be omitted.*

1 Jesu, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

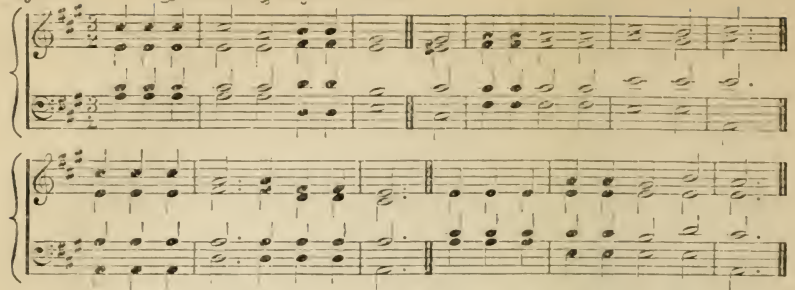
4 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,
Saw him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own in a strange land,
Forced to obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon sealed,
And bade her go in peace:
Vile, like her, and self-abhorred,
I at thy feet for mercy groan;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

7 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped) "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

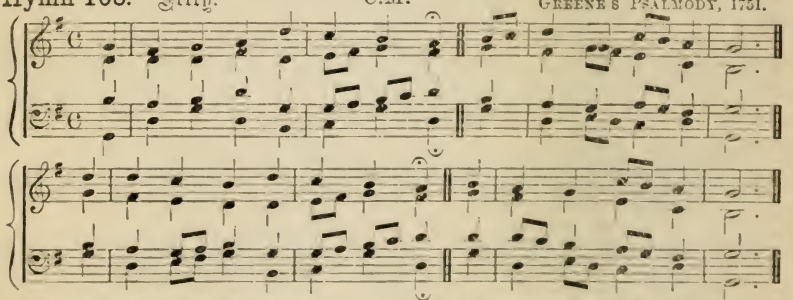
Hymn 107. Missionary Chant. L.M.



1 The Spirit of the Lord our God
(Spirit of power, and health, and love)
The Father hath on Christ bestowed,
And sent him from his throne above;
2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of peace,
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.
3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison-doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransomed all,
For every soul of man hath died.
4 'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest;
5 To help their grovelling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,
The oil of joy for abject grief,
Triumphant joy for sad despair;
6 To make them trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord below,
To spread the honour of his grace,
And on to full perfection grow.

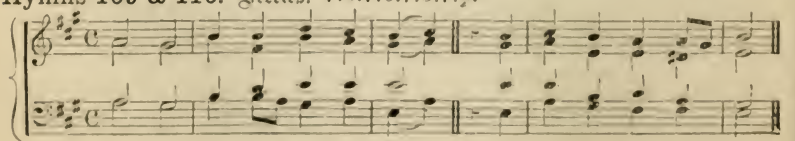
Hymn 108. Ferry. C.M.

GREENE'S PSALMODY, 1751.



1 Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good,
Father, our helplessness we own,
And trembling taste our food.
2 Trembling we taste; for, ah! no more
To thee the creatures lead;
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.
3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.
4 Grovelling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal;
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.
5 Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give,
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live!
6 The bondage of corruption break,
For this our spirits groan,
Thy only will we fain would seek
O save us from our own!
7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide,
Let all our actions tend
To thee their source; thy love the guide,
Thy glory be the end.
8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be,
Sense shall point out the road,
The creatures all shall lead to thee,
And all we taste be God.

Hymns 109 & 110. Beetles. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.



1 Wretched, helpless, and distrest,
Ah! whither shall I fly?
Ever gasping after rest,
I cannot find it nigh:
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all, in thee!

2 I am all unclean, unclean,
Thy purity I want;
My whole heart is sick of sin,
And my whole head is faint;
Full of putrefying sores,
Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
Looks to Jesus, help implores,
And gasps to be made whole.

3 In the wilderness I stray,
My foolish heart is blind,
Nothing do I know; the way
Of peace I cannot find:
Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
And take, O take, the veil away!
Turn my darkness into light,
My midnight into day.

4 Naked of thine image, Lord,
Forsaken, and alone,
Unrenewed, and unrestored,
I have not thee put on;
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above,
Let thy goodness be displayed,
And wrap me in thy love.

5 Poor, alas! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still,
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel;
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am filled with God.

6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint;
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

7 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me thy glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove,
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

Hymn 110.

1 Jesu, friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay;
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore!
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace,
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven;
Infinite my sin's increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

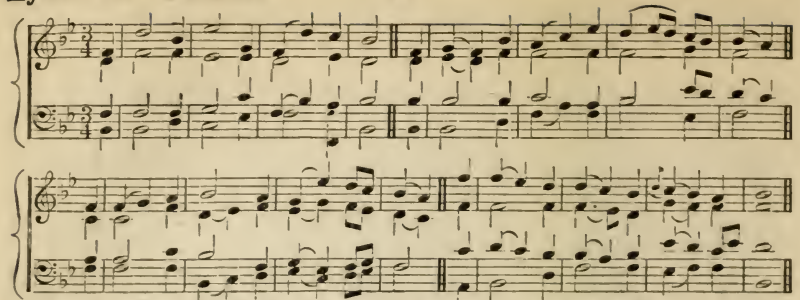
Beccles.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
This hardness shall depart;
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy softening power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

5 From the oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free:
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity;
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with pure desire;
Perfect me in holiness,
Thine image to my soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Hymn 111. Obedience. L.M.



1 Thus saith the Lord! Who seek the Lamb,
Who follow after righteousness,
Look to the rock from whence ye came,
The father of the faithful race.
2 Children of faithful Abraham these
Who dare expect salvation here,
The Lord shall give them gospel peace,
And all his hopeless mourners cheer;
3 Shall soon his fallen Zion raise,
Her waste and desolate places build;
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.
4 The barren souls shall be restored,
The desert all renewed shall rise,
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial paradise.
5 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving and the voice of praise;
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be filled with grace.
6 A law shall soon from him proceed,
A living, life-infusing word,
The truth that makes you free indeed,
The eternal Spirit of your Lord.
7 His mercy he will cause to rest
Where all may see their sins forgiven;
May rise, no more by guilt opprest,
And bless the light that leads to heaven.

Hymns 112 & 115. Atonement. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. J. Turle.

1 Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state,
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate?
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robbed me of my God,
Turned my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.
2 O thou good Samaritan!
In thee is all my hope;
Only thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up:
Hearken to my dying cry;
My wounds compassionately see;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help from thee.

3 Still thou journeyest where I am,
Still thy compassions move;
Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love;
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound,
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound.
4 Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me,
At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee;
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in;
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.
5 Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above,
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love,
Now, even now, I see thy face;
The balm of Gilead I receive;
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.
6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past;
O my Life, my Righteousness,
On thee my soul is cast!
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.
7 Perfect then the work begun,
And make the sinner whole;
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul;
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care,
Take me, Jesus, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

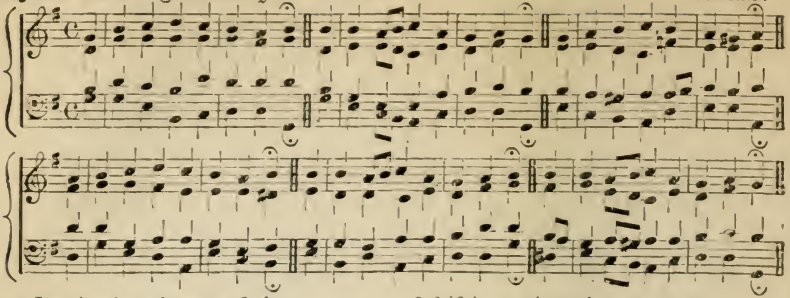
Hymn 115. Atonement.

1 Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
Unwatered still, and dry,
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
4 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need,
I cannot give up my hope,
Though I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came,
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
5 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me shalt live,
I shall feel thy death applied,
I shall thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Hymn 113. Luxemburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. GERMAN.

1 O thou whom fain my soul would love!
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all the goodness show;
Jesus, thyself in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.
2 Hast thou been with me Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, has I not known?
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue,
I pray thee, in a feeble groan,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And speak thy name into my heart!
3 If now thou talkest by the way
With such an abject worm as me,
Thy mystery of grace display;
Open mine eyes that I may see,
That I may understand thy word,
And now cry out—"It is the Lord!"

Hymn 114. Nuremburg. S.S.S.S.S.S. GERMAN.



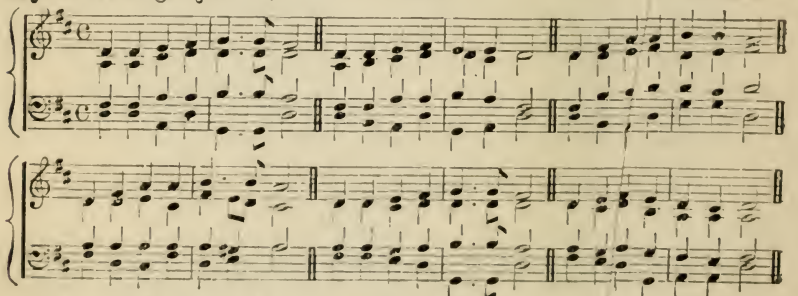
1 Jesu, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive,
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

Hymn 116. Redhead. (76.) 7.7.7.7.7.7. REDHEAD.



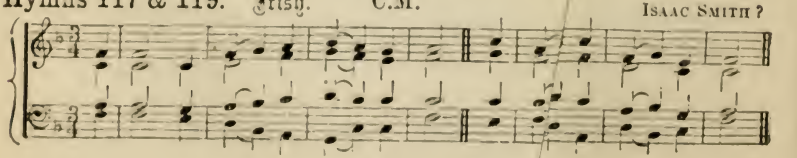
1 Saviour, cast a pitying eye,
Bid my sins and sorrows end;
Whither should a sinner fly?
Art not thou the sinner's friend?
Rest in thee I gasp to find,
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Haste, O haste, to my relief!
From the iron furnace take;
Rid me of my sin and grief,
For thy love and mercy's sake;
Set my heart at liberty,
Show forth all thy power in me.

3 Me, the vilest of thy race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin;
Me with arms of love receive,
Me, of sinners chief, forgive!

4 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end;
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

Hymns 117 & 119. Irish. C.M. ISAAC SMITH?



1 God is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown!
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad:
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

Hymn 119. Irish.

1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face,
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude,
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renewed.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power,
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require:
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire!

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend,
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

Hymn 118. Jutland. 8.8.6.8.8.6. From CRÜGER, 1650.

1 Author of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

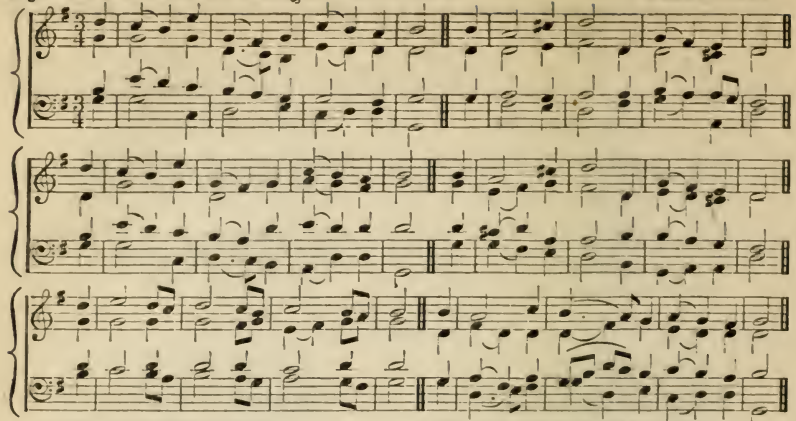
2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord,
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door to faith and love,
And take me into heaven.

Hymns 120 & 121. Carey's. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HENRY CAREY.



1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God!
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod,
And own, when now the cloud 's removed,
He only chastened whom he loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

Hymn 121. Carey's.

1 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love;
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill the illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

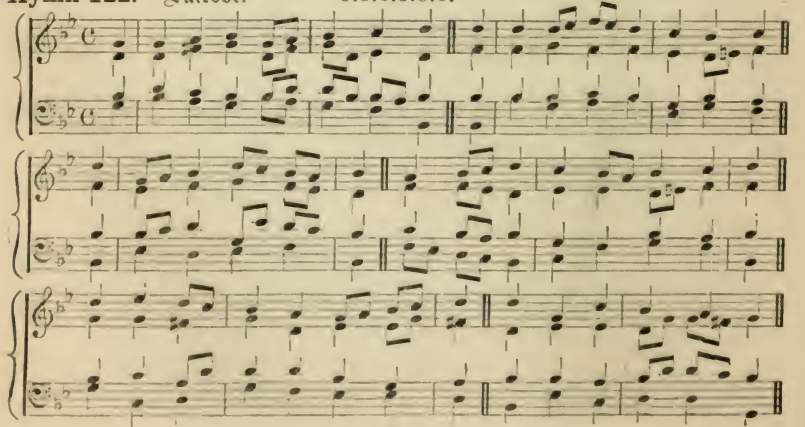
2 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be,
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious majesty;
And, by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that holy place
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known,
That living temple of thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple filled with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray,
And still we cry and wrestle on,
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

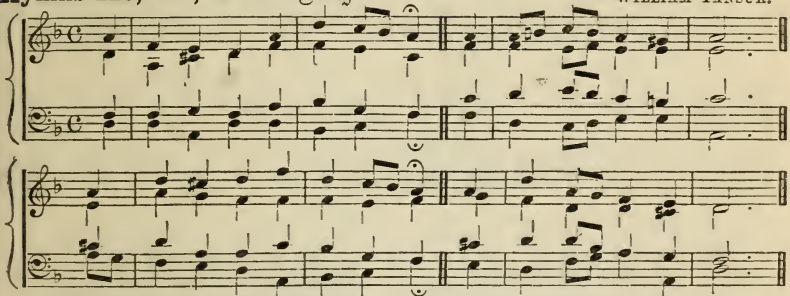
Hymn 122. Latrobe. 8.8.6.8.8.6.



1 O thou who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain,
Have pierced a thousand thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy mortal pain.
2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know thee, who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.
4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.
5 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die.

Hymns 123, 125, & 128. Bangor. C.M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



1 Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise
Till washed in Jesu's blood:
2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.
3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearing of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored;
4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.
6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there.

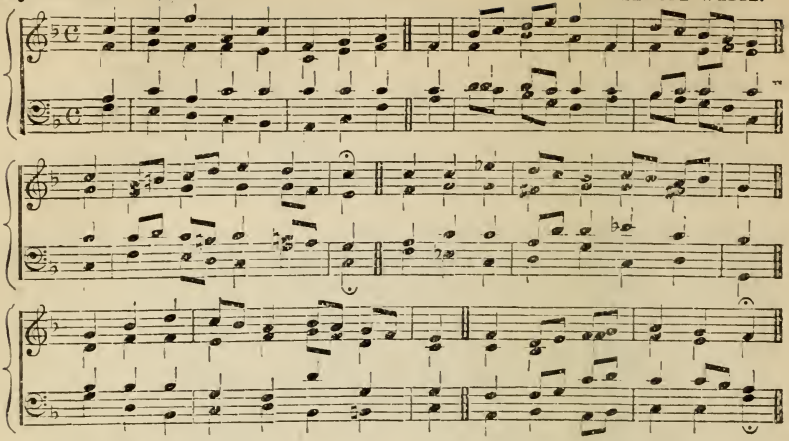
Hymn 125. Bangor.

1 O that I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem,
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life concealed in him!
2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!
3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!
4 Now if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.
5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Hymn 128. Bangor.

1 With glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart!
3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?
4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face.
6 Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified!
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied;
8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see,
And gaze, transported at the sight:
Through all eternity.

Hymn 124. Dort. 8.8.6.8.8.6. SAMUEL WEBBE.



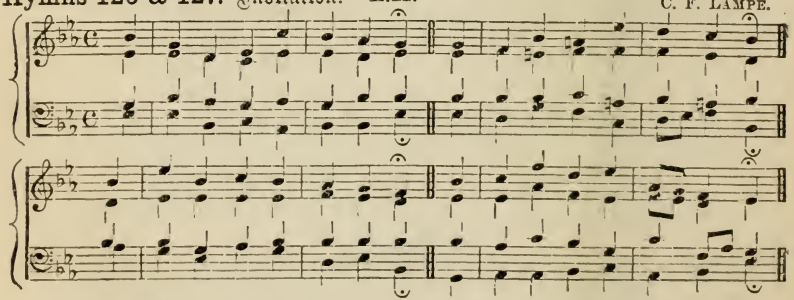
1 O that I, first of love possessed,
With my Redeemer's presence blessed,
Might his salvation see!
Before thou dost my soul require,
Allow me, Lord, my heart's desire,
And show thyself to me.

2 Appear my sanctuary from sin,
Open thine arms and take me in,
By thine own presence hide:
Hide in the place where Moses stood,
And show me now the face of God,
My Father pacified.

3 What but thy manifested grace
Can guilt, and fear, and sorrow chase,
The cause of grief destroy?
Thy mercy makes salvation sure,
Makes all my heart and nature pure,
And fills with hallowed joy.

4 Come quickly, Lord, the veil remove,
Pass as a God of pardoning love
Before my ravished eyes;
And when I in thy person see
Jehovah's glorious majesty,
I find my paradise.

Hymns 126 & 127. Inbitation. L.M. C. F. LAMPE.



1 Too strong I was to conquer sin,
When 'gainst it first I turned my face;
Nor knew my want of power within,
Nor knew the omnipotence of grace.

2 In nature's strength I sought in vain
For what my God refused to give;
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

3 But, for the glory of thy name,
Vouchsafe me now the victory:
Weakness itself thou know'st I am,
And cannot share the praise with thee.

4 Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone;
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave its palm before thy throne.

5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to abase,
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.

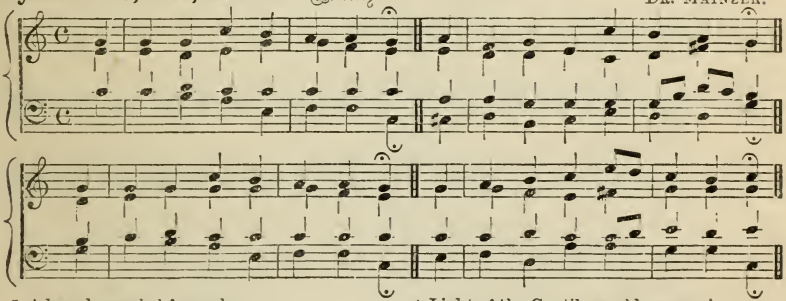
6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.

Hymn 127. Invitation.

1 Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?
3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.
7 Guilty I stand before thy face,
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just;—but O thy Son hath died!
8 Jesus, the Lamb of God hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bowed his head:
'Tis finished! he hath died for me!
9 See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer.
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there.
10 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

Hymns 129, 131, & 132. Mainzer. L.M.

DR. MAINZER.



1 Adam descended from above,
Federal Head of all mankind,
The covenant of redeeming love
In thee let every sinner find.
2 Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
The debt we to thy Father owed;
For the whole world atonement made,
And sealed the pardon with thy blood.
3 Thee, the paternal grace divine
A universal blessing gave,
A light in every heart to shine,
A Saviour every soul to save.
4 Light of the Gentile world, appear!
Command the blind thy rays to see;
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set thy plaintive prisoners free.
5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.
6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

Hymn 131. Mainzer.

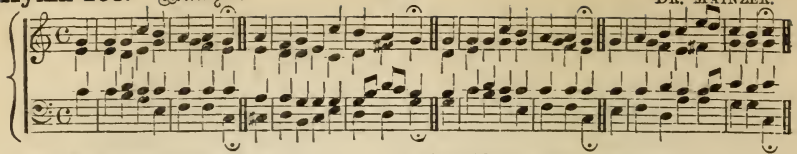
1 Lord, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.
2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.
3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Hymn 132. Mainzer.

1 Jesu, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.
2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fallen, till in me thine image shine,
And cursed I am, till thou art mine.
3 Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head;
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.
4 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean,
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then to thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only thine.
6 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am damned, but thou hast died."

Hymn 133. Mainzer. L.M.

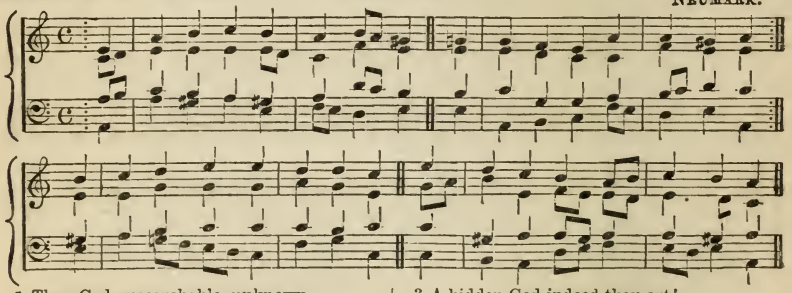
DR. MAINZER.



1 Jesu, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before thy presence stand;
2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?
3 Restore my sight! let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give;
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
So shall I see; yet seeing live.
4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth: see, my whole heart I bow:
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand, thou!"
5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"
6 I know thou canst not but be good;
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain?
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flowed
To save me from all guilt and pain.

Hymn 130. Bremen. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

NEUMARK.



1 Thou God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me,
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banished far from thee;
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.
2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.
3 A hidden God indeed thou art!
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Concealed, thou art a Saviour still;
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fixed on me.
4 My Saviour thou, not yet revealed,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld:
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine.

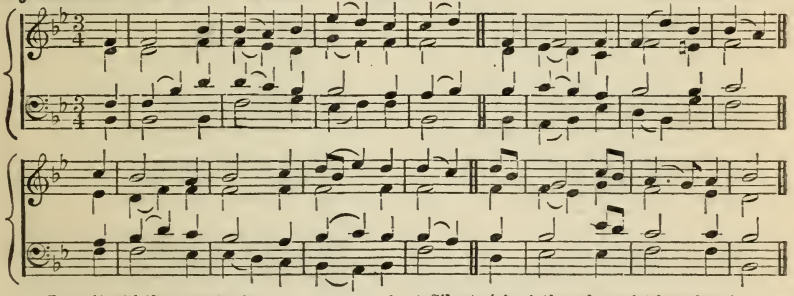
Hymn 134. Mukefield. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

F. J. HAYDN.

1 Jesu, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest;
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.
4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that thou and I are one.
5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
Light in thy light I then shall see,
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee,
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning 's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

Hymns 135 & 136. Wilts. C.M.

SIR G. SMART.



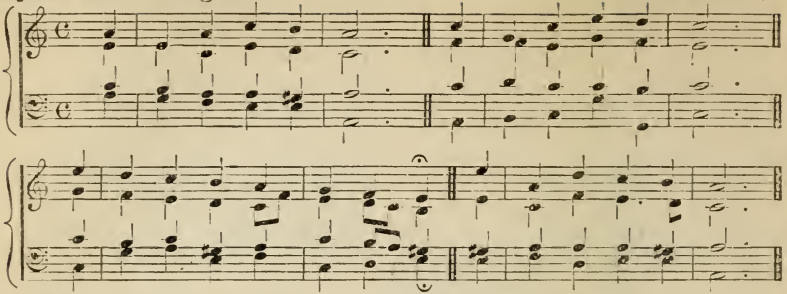
1 Jesu, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.
2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.
3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me
A leper at thy feet.
4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,
And lift it up in prayer.
6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
7 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
9 But thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find thee near!
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!
10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

Hymn 136. SECOND PART. Wilts.

1 While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.
2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak distempered soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole!
3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
4 To Jesu's name if all things now
A trembling homage pay,
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-necked will obey!
5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am,
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.
6 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
8 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.
10 I too with thee shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

Hymn 137. St. Bride. S.M.

DR. HOWARD.



1 When shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall!
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

9 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

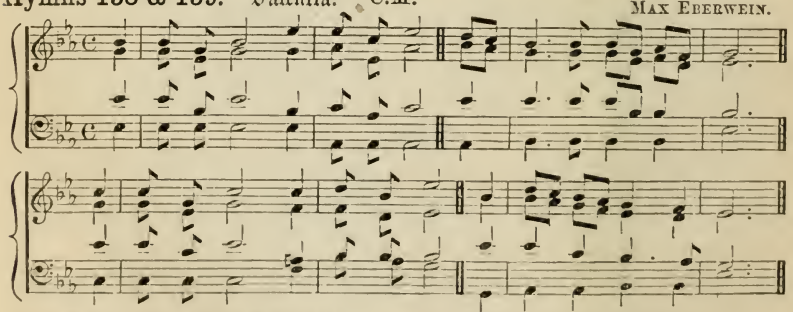
10 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

11 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know:
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Hymns 138 & 139. Valentia. C.M.

MAX EBERWEIN.



1 O that thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!

2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will:
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

6 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence,
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye,
Thy promised aid I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name.

9 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care:
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there!

Hymn 139. SECOND PART. Dalcntia.

1 Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me!

3 Faith to be healed thou know'st I have,
For thou that faith hast given;
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove,
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

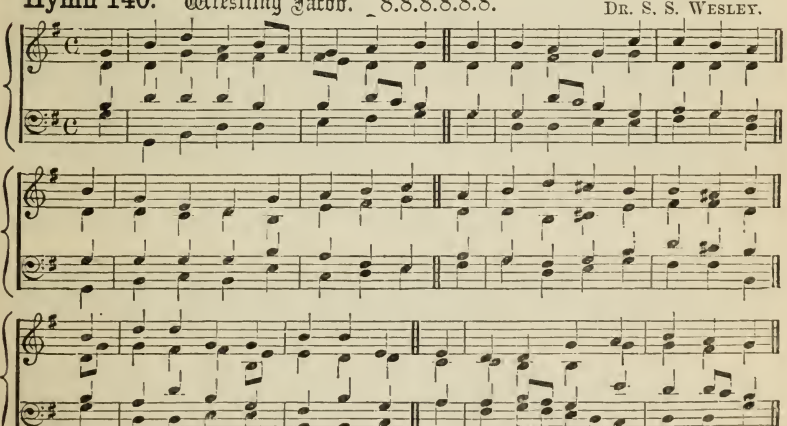
5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind his sight receive,
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
The heart of stone believe.

8 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy power,
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

Hymn 140. Wrestling Jacob. 8.8.8.8.8.8. DR. S. S. WESLEY.



1 Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

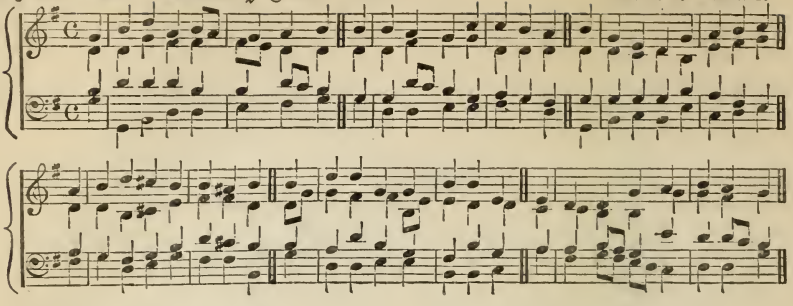
3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Hymn 141. Wrestling Jacob. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Dr. S. S. Wesley.



1 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end,
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

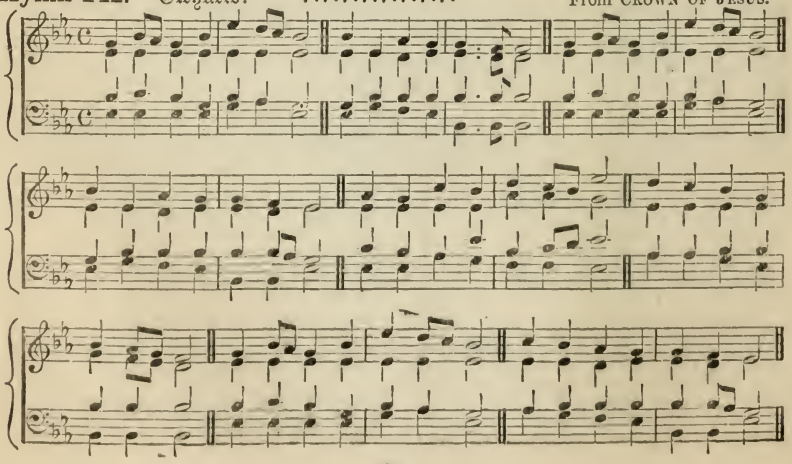
5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings,
Withered my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Hymn 142. Lichfield. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

From Crown of Jesus.



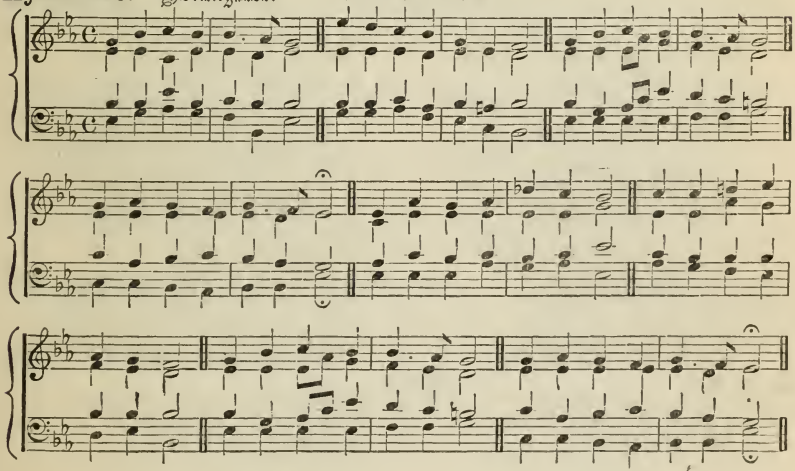
1 Drooping soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Every one that seeks shall find,
Every one that asks shall have,
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall his salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou;
Thou hast saved me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now,
Thou shalt save me evermore.

Hymn 143. Hollingside. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.



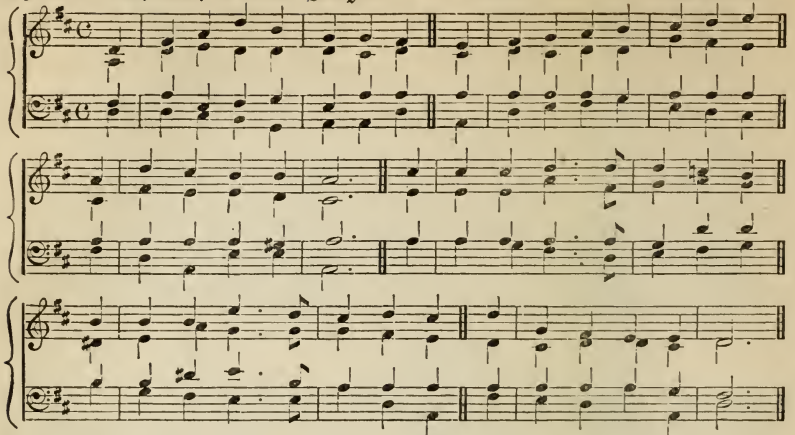
1 Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Hymns 144, 145, & 146. Kingston. 8.8.6.8.8.6. Dr. Hayes.



1 Thee, Jesu, thee, the sinner's friend,
I follow on to apprehend,
Renew the glorious strife;
Divinely confident and bold,
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,
Thee my eternal life.
2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart
Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
And at my tears relent;
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,
Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
My prayer omnipotent.
3 Give me the grace, the love I claim;
Thy Spirit now demands thy name;
Thou know'st the Spirit's will;
He helps my soul's infirmity,
And strongly intercedes for me
With groans unspeakable.
4 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And, calmly confident, I mourn,
And pray, and weep for thee:
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell,
Thy mystic name in me reveal,
Reveal thyself in me.
5 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
O Lord of hosts, thy glorious name,
The Lord, the gracious Lord,
Long-suffering, merciful, and kind;
The God who always bears in mind
His everlasting word.
6 Plenteous he is in truth and grace;
He wills that all the fallen race
Should turn, repent, and live;
His pardoning grace for all is free;
Transgression, sin, iniquity,
He freely doth forgive.
7 Mercy he doth for thousands keep;
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings his wanderer home;
And every soul that sheep might be:
Come then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come!

Hymn 145.

Kingston.

1 O Jesus, let me bless thy name!
All sin, alas! thou know'st I am,
But thou all pity art:
Turn into flesh my heart of stone;
Such power belongs to thee alone;
Turn into flesh my heart.
2 A poor, unloving wretch, to thee
For help against myself I flee;
Thou only canst remove
The hindrances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.
3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine!
O might he now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine!
4 What shall I do my suit to gain?
O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
I plead what thou hast done!
Didst thou not die the death for me?
Jesu, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.
5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,
My Ransom and my Peace;
Surety, who all my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my Righteousness.

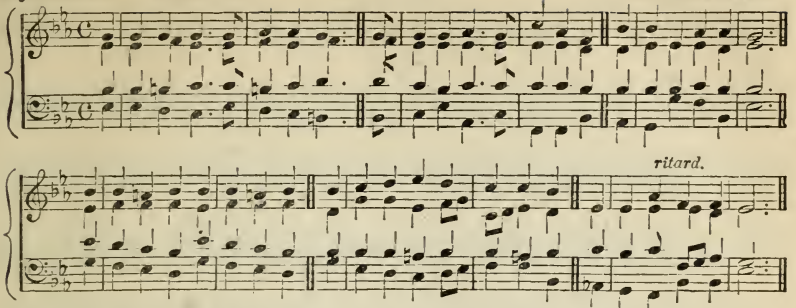
Hymn 146.

Kingston.

1 Still, Lord, I languish for thy grace;
Reveal the beauties of thy face,
The middle wall remove;
Appear, and banish my complaint;
Come, and supply my only want,
Fill all my soul with love.
2 O conquer this rebellious will!
Willing thou art and ready still,
Thy help is always nigh;
The hardness from my heart remove,
And give me, Lord, O give me love,
Or at thy feet I die!
3 To thee I lift my mournful eye:
Why am I thus?—O tell me why
I cannot love my God!
The hindrance must be all in me;
It cannot in my Saviour be,
Witness that streaming blood!
4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again;
Come then, my Lord, thy right assert,
Take to thyself my ransomed heart,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

Hymn 147. Gauntlett. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that with humbled Peter I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply
My faithfulness to prove,
"Thou know'st (for all to thee is known),
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love!"

6 O that I could with favoured John
Recline my weary head upon
The great Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Hymn 148. Lusatia. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

From FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.

1 Father of Jesus Christ the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who lived and died for me;
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

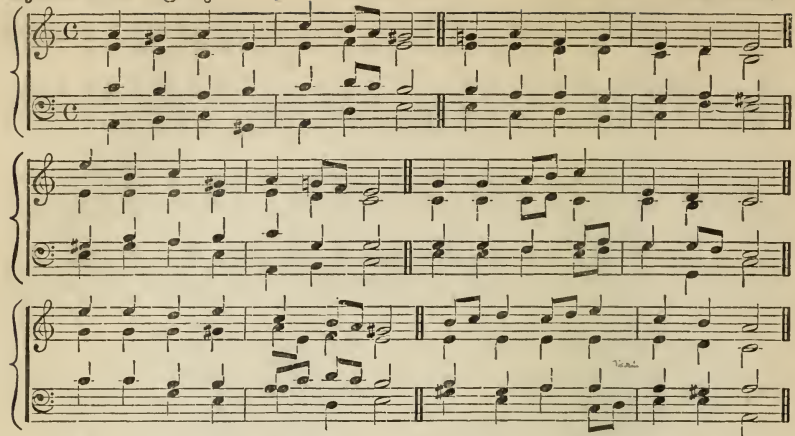
2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son, display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

4 Thee without faith I cannot please,
Faith without thee I cannot have;
But thou hast sent the Prince of peace
To seek my wandering soul, and save;
O Father, glorify thy Son,
And save me for his sake alone!

5 Save me through faith in Jesu's blood,
That blood which he for all did shed;
For me, for me, thou know'st it flowed,
For me, for me, thou hear'st it plead;
Assure me now my soul is thine,
And all thou art in Christ is mine!

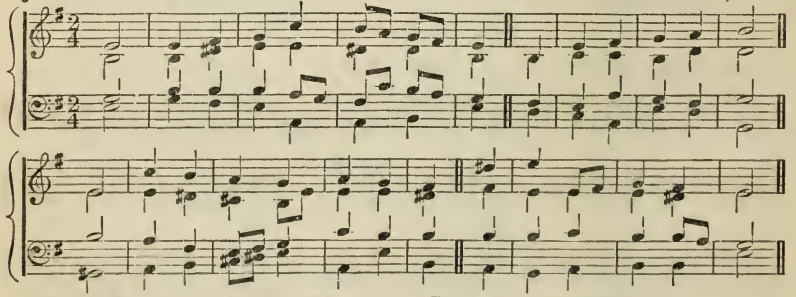
Hymn 149. Bach. 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. S. Bach.



1 Why not now, my God, my God!
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take possession of my heart?
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day
For thyself to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou still delay
Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

Hymn 150. Osborne. C.M. Henry Carey, 1743.



1 Thou hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer!
A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

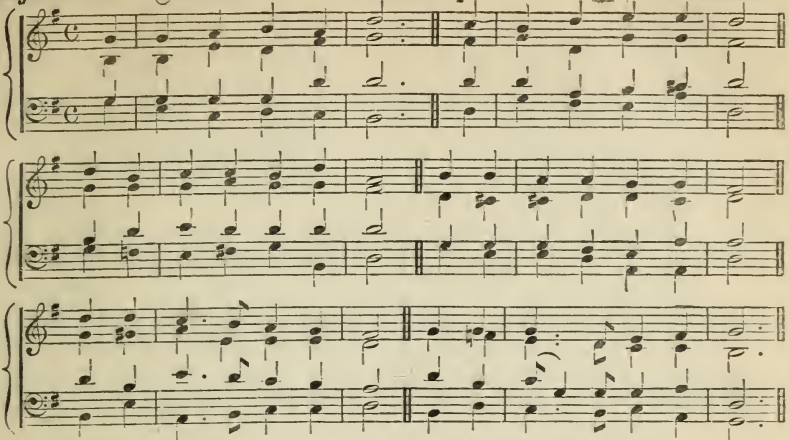
2 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
The darkness which through thee I feel
Thou only canst remove;
Thy own eternal power reveal,
Thy Deity of love.

3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know:
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford;
Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe submit,
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain!
Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love:
Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own!

Hymn 151. Devotion. 6.6.7.7.7.7. C. Garbutt.



1 Out of the deep I cry,
Just at the point to die;
Hastening to infernal pain,
Jesus, Lord, I cry to thee;
Help a feeble child of man,
Show forth all thy power in me.

2 On thee I ever call,
Saviour and friend of all;
Well thou know'st my desperate case;
Thou my curse and sin remove,
Save me by thy richest grace,
Save me by thy pardoning love.

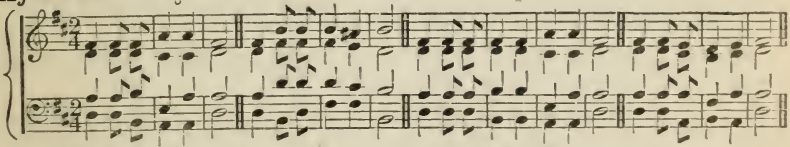
3 How shall a sinner find
The Saviour of mankind?
Canst thou not accept my prayer?
Not bestow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies? where
All the powers of Jesu's name?

4 I will not let thee go,
Till I thy mercy know:
Let me hear the welcome sound,
Speak, if still thou canst forgive;
Speak, and let the lost be found;
Speak, and let the dying live.

5 Thy love is all my plea,
Thy passion speaks for me;
By thy pangs and bloody sweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me, gasping at thy feet,
Save, O save, thy ransomed one!

6 What hast thou done for me!
O think on Calvary!
By thy mortal groans and sighs,
By thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying spirit's cries,
Take, O take, my sins away!

Hymn 152. Shawmut. S.M.



1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesu, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

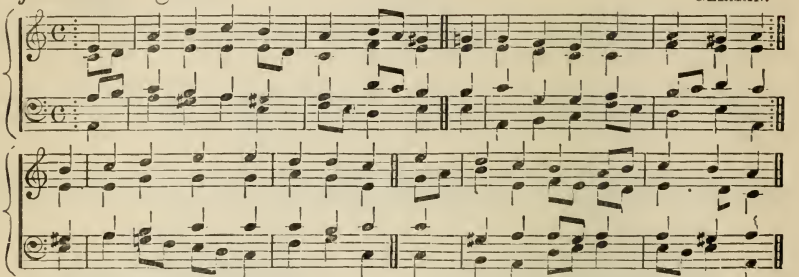
Hymn 153. (*See Hymn* 929.) Cheshire.

1 I seem desirous to repent,
But cannot without thee
Soften this hard heart, or lament
My own obduracy;
Gladly I would thy word believe,
My dear Redeemer know,
But neither can rejoice, nor grieve,
Till thou the power bestow.

2 I would, more sensibly distressed,
Throughout this evil day
Struggle to utter my request,
But cannot, cannot pray,
Until the Spirit from on high
His needful aid impart,
And raise a supplicating cry
Within my broken heart.

3 My want of thankfulness, and love,
And every grace, I own,
Nor will the mountains e'er remove
Till thou, my God, come down;
Till thou thine own desires fulfil,
Thyself to sinners join,
And kindly work in me to will
And do the will divine.

Hymn 154. Bremen. 8.8.8.8.8.8. German.



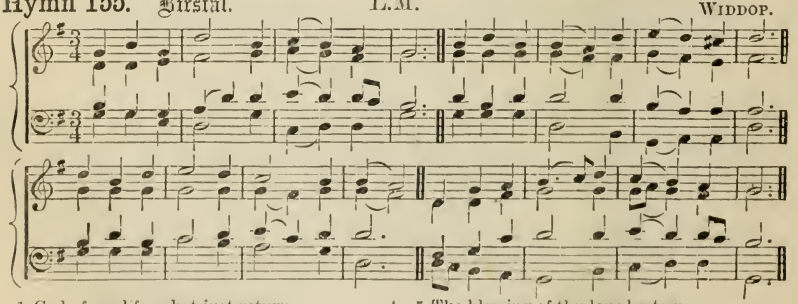
1 Fain would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode,
Where shadowy joy or solid woe
Allures or tears me from my God;
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possessed, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

Hymn 155. Birstal. L.M. Widdop.



1 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthened days;
While, marked with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed
Thine image in my soul to see;
Fill with thyself the mighty void,
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more!
Thy mercies to my soul reveal;
Alas! I see their endless store,
But O, I cannot, cannot feel!

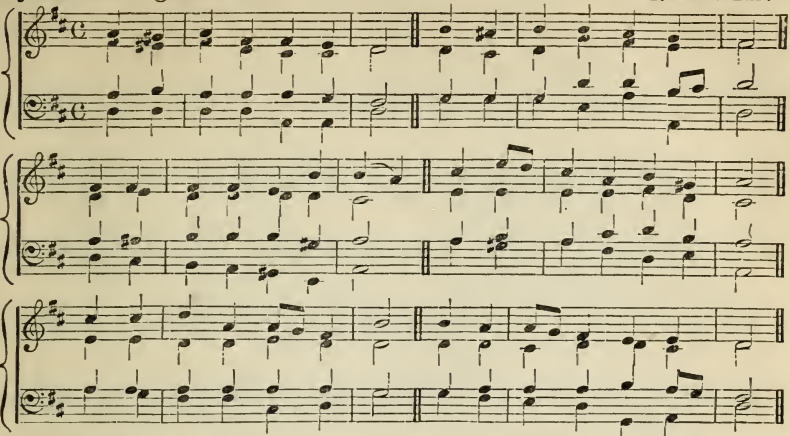
5 The blessing of thy love bestow,
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary thee with my complaint,
Here at thy feet for ever lie,
With longing sick, with groaning faint;
O give me love or else I die!

7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Thou with thy promised Father come!

8 Prepare, and then possess my heart,
O take me, seize me, from above!
Thee may I love, for God thou art!
Thee may I feel, for God is love!

Hymn 156. Bond Street. 7.7.7.7.7.7. T. Wallhead.

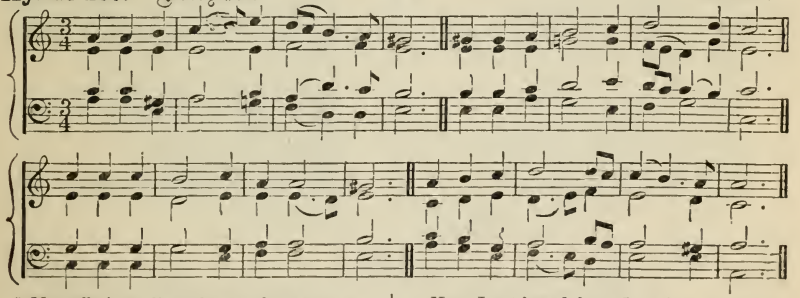


1 O disclose thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers;
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Well thou know'st I cannot rest
Till I fully rest in thee,
Till I am of thee possessed,
Till from every sin set free,
All the life of faith I prove,
All the joy and heaven of love.

3 With me O continue, Lord!
Keep me, or from thee I fly;
Strength and comfort from thy word
Imperceptibly supply,
Hold me till I apprehend,
Make me faithful to the end.

Hymn 157. Dorchester. L.M. Dr. B. Rogers.



1 My sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own,
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy pity answer me!

4 Art thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

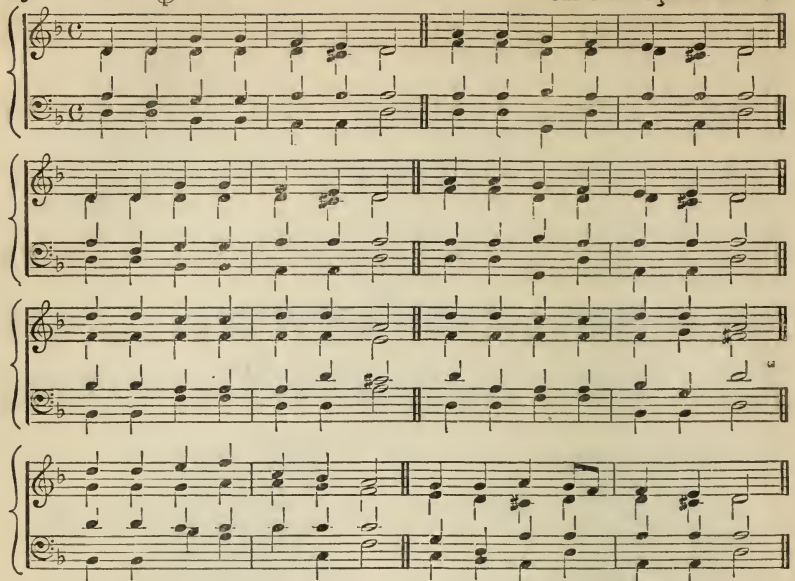
5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

7 The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

8 With labour faint thou wilt not fail,
Or wearied give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

Hymn 158. Provence. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Old Provençal Melody.



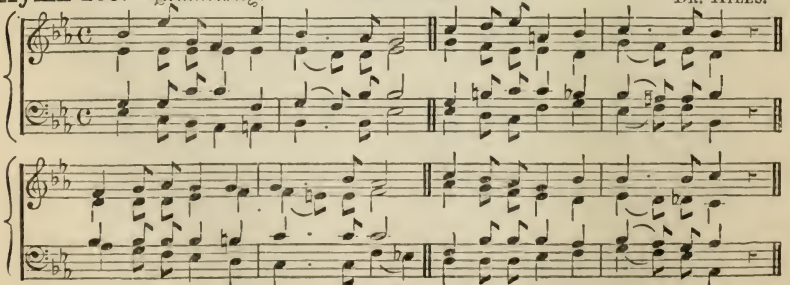
1 O my God, what must I do?
Thou alone the way canst show;
Thou canst save me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than my sinful heart,
All thy power on me be shown,
Take away the heart of stone.

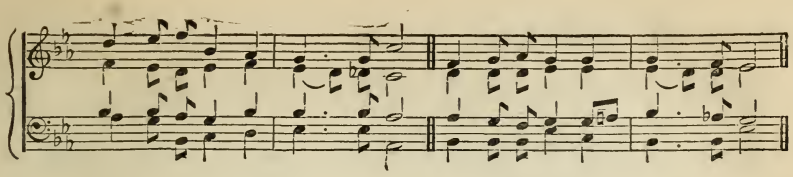
2 Take away my darling sin;
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
All thy goodness waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear these idols from my heart;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;
Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride,
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Speak, and bid the sun stand still;
Now thy love almighty show,
Make even me a creature new.

4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All my unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay the aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory;
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be saved by grace.

Hymn 159. Kinnersley. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Dr. Hiles.





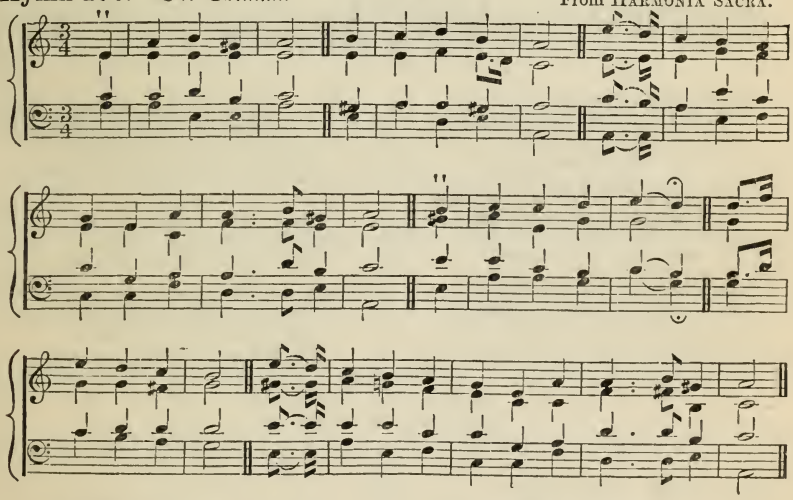
1 Lay to thy hand, O God of grace!
O God, the work is worthy thee!
See at thy feet of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see;
And let me all thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me,
My Æthiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeemed from all iniquity;
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name.

3 Thee I shall then for ever praise,
In spirit and in truth adore;
While all I am declares thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more,
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Hymn 160. Old German. 5.5.12.5.5.12.

From Harmonia Sacra.



1 O Jesus my Hope,
For me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's top,
The blood thou hast shed,
For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead.

2 Come then from above,
Its hardness remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love;
Thy love on the tree
Display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

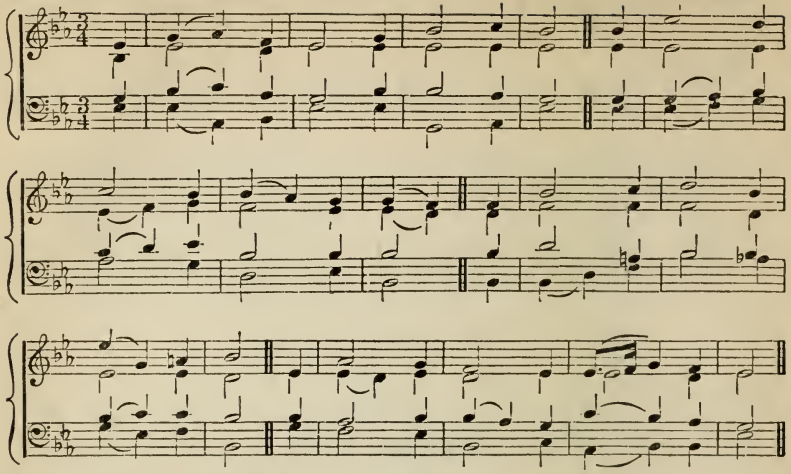
3 Neither passion nor pride
Thy cross can abide. [side;
But melt in the fountain that streams from thy
Let thy life-giving blood
Remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

4 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;
Let it hallow my heart,
And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

5 Each moment applied
My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide,
My Advocate prove
With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

Hymn 161. Rockingham. L.M.

DR. MILLER.



1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodnesss grieved;

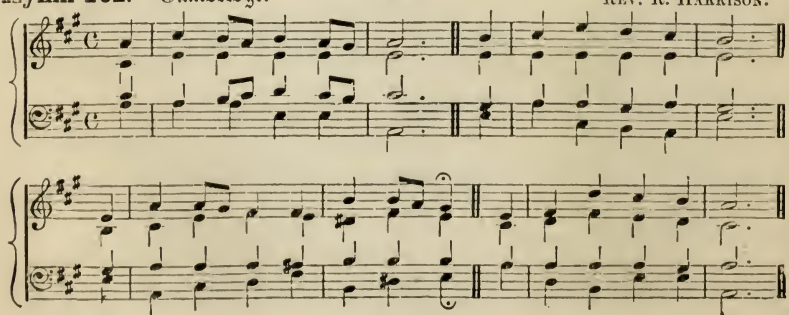
4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Hymn 162. Cambridge. S.M.

REV. R. HARRISON.



1 O my offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee,
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

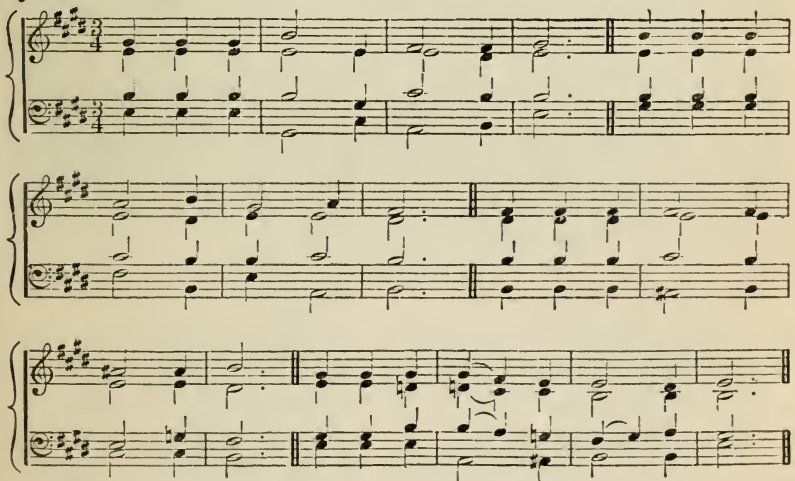
2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim;
All, all may to their God draw nigh
Through faith in Jesu's name;
Thou all the debt hast paid;
This is my only plea,
The covenant God in thee hath made
With all mankind and me.

3 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive:
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,
That all may know their gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole:
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God:
The covenant thou hast ratified,
And sealed it with thy blood.

5 He that believes in thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be saved eternally;
The covenant is sure:
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of thy general grace,
Thy all-redeeming love.

Hymn 163. Elim. L.M.



1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

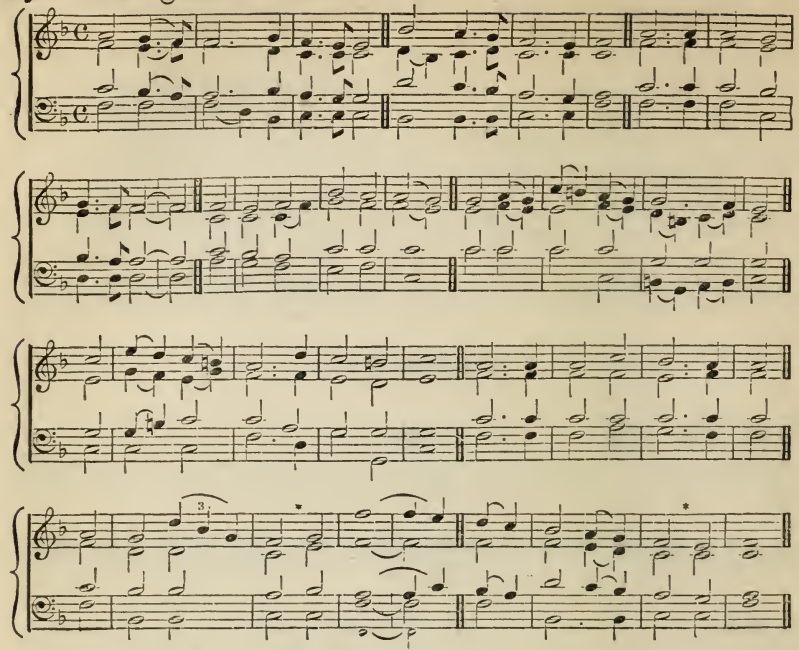
4 Whom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

6 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up!

7 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might,
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

Hymn 164. Alford. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.



*The notes between * and * may be omitted.*

1 Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A potsherd of the earth;
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth:
Save me from this tyranny,
From all the power of Satan save;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

2 To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their covenant:
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou cam'st to save,
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have!

3 Still I cannot part with thee,
I will not let thee go:
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show
Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee, importunate, I call,
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace,
Thy grace is free for all.

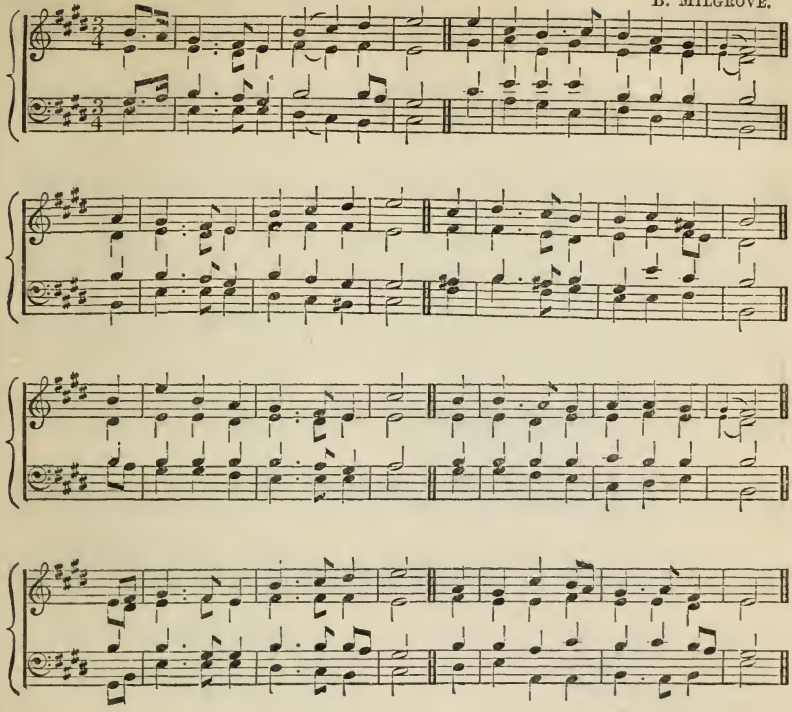
4 Nothing am I in thy sight,
Nothing have I to plead;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread:
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat
That from the master's table fall;
Let the fragments be my meat,
Thy grace is free for all.

5 Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil,
Let it now be done to me
According to my will!
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
My grace is free for all."

6 If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear;
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near;
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great!
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Hymn 165. Sion. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)

B. Milgrove.



1 Come holy celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest!
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Thy uttermost mercy exert,
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

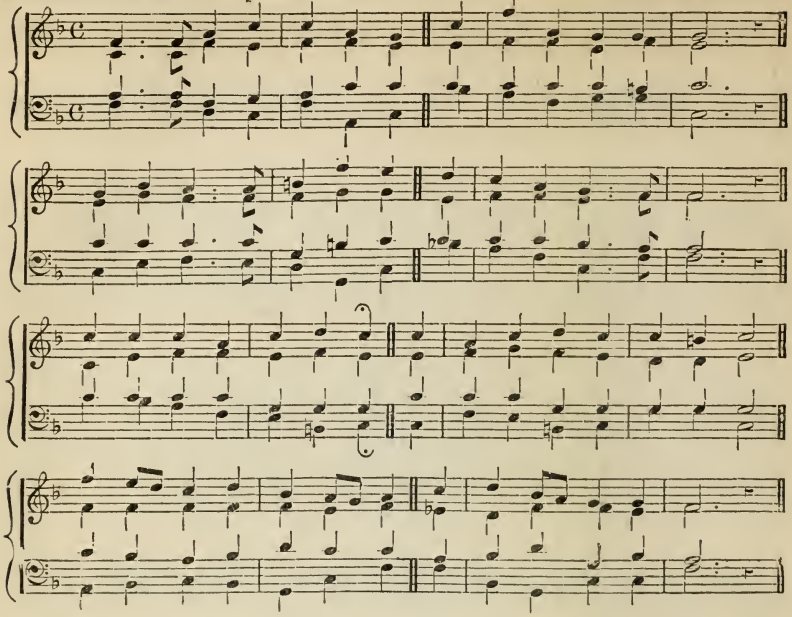
3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sighed from myself to get free,
And groaned the unspeakable groan,
And longed to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned;
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

Hymns 166 & 167. Palmerston. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

ALFRED POOLEY.



1 Jesu, take my sins away,
And make me know thy name!
Thou art now, as yesterday
And evermore, the same;
Thou my true Bethesda be:
I know within thine arms is room,
All the world may unto thee,
Their House of Mercy, come.

2 Mercy then there is for me,
(Away my doubts and fears!)
Plagued with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesu, cast a pitying eye!
Thou long hast known my desperate case:
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

3 Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distempered soul,
But I still refused thy love,
And would not be made whole;
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part;
Let my soul be fully healed,
And throughly cleansed my heart.

4 Pain, and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies:
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise!
Bid me bear the hallowed cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

Hymn 167.

Palmerston.

1 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away!
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be opprest,
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest.
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven:
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath;
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death.
Let it not my Lord displease
That I would die to be thy guest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

Hymn 168. Redhead. (47.) 7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not nearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable,
I, who yet am not in hell!
Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

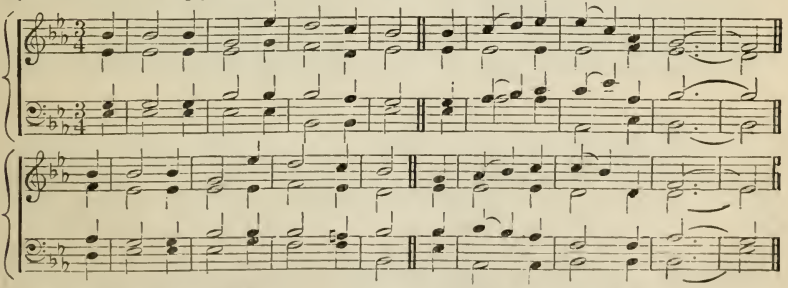
3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found:
"Hasten not to cut him down,
Let this barren soul alone."
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God;
Now my Father's bowels move,
Justice lingers into love.

4 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

6 Pity from thine eye let fall,
By a look my soul recall,
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart:
Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Hymn 169. Rephidim. C.M.



1 Jesus, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

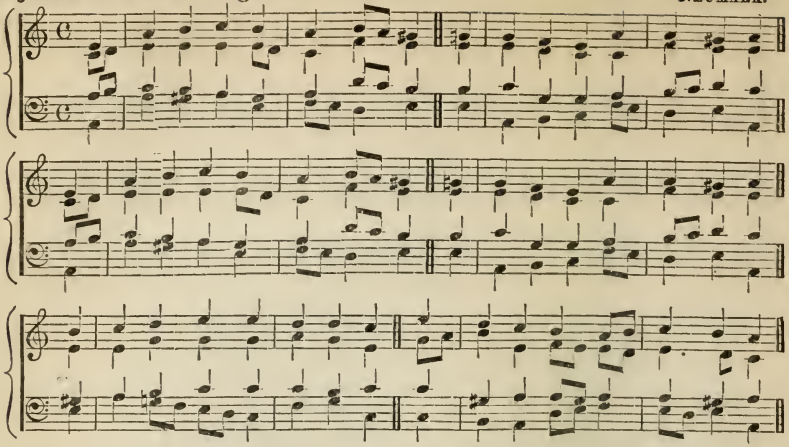
3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Hymns 170 & 171. Bremen. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

NEUMARK.



1 O 'tis enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan;
Me to thy Father's grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear;
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give,
O let me turn again and live!

Hymn 171.

Bremen.

1 O God, if thou art love indeed,
Let it once more be proved in me,
That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
For every child of Adam free;
O let me now the gift embrace!
O let me now be saved by grace!

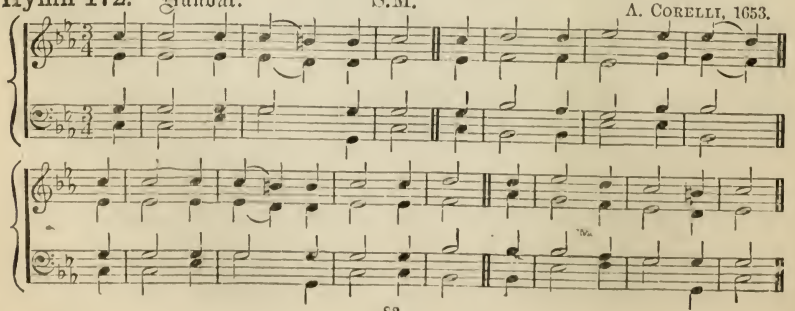
2 If all long-suffering thou hast shown
On me, that others may believe,
Now make thy loving-kindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Spirit of victory and power,
That I may never grieve thee more.

3 Grant my importunate request!
It is not my desire, but thine;
Since thou wouldst have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love.

4 Be it according to thy will!
Set my imprisoned spirit free;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

Hymn 172. Dunbar. S.M.

A. CORELLI, 1653.



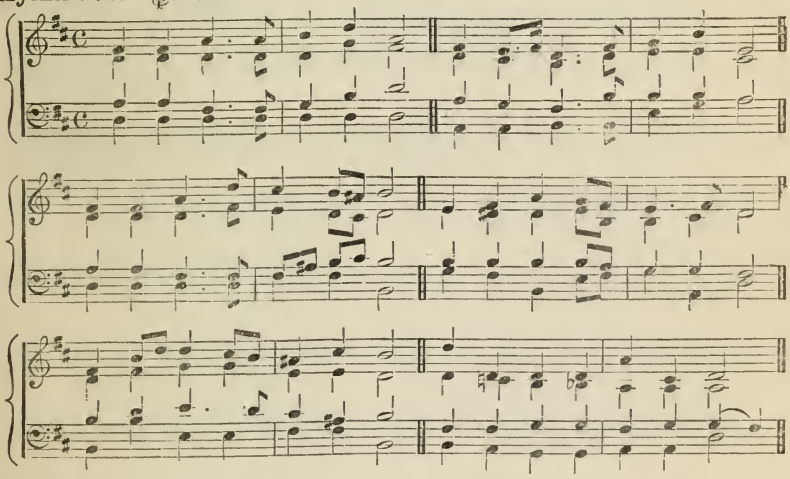
1 O unexhausted grace!
O love unsearchable!
I am not gone to my own place,
I am not yet in hell!
Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up!
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forced to hope.

2 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above,
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love;
The sanctifying grace
That makes me meet for home;
I hope to see thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.

3 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still;
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord!
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.

4 Lord, if thou hast bestowed
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here!
And that I never more
May from thy ways depart,
Enter with all thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

Hymn 173. Palestine. 7.7.7.7.7.7.



1 Jesus, I believe thee near,
Now my fallen soul restore!
Now my guilty conscience clear,
Give me back my peace and power,
Stone to flesh again convert,
Write forgiveness on my heart.

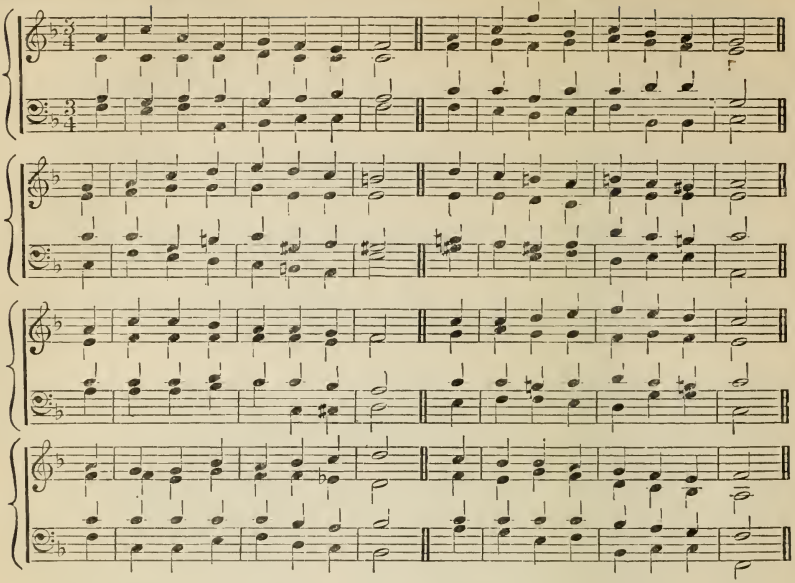
2 I believe thy pardoning grace,
As at the beginning, free;
Open are thy arms to embrace
Me, the worst of rebels, me;
In me all the hindrance lies;
Called, I still refuse to rise.

3 Yet, for thy own mercy's sake,
Patience with thy rebel have;
Me thy mercy's witness make,
Witness of thy power to save:
Make me willing to be free,
Restless to be saved by thee.

4 Now the gracious work begin,
Now for good some token give;
Give me now to feel my sin,
Give me now my sin to leave;
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
Bid me to thy arms return.

5 Take this heart of stone away,
Melt me into gracious tears;
Grant me power to watch and pray,
Till thy lovely face appears,
Till thy favour I retrieve,
Till by faith again I live.

Hymn 174. Chatham. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)



1 How shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

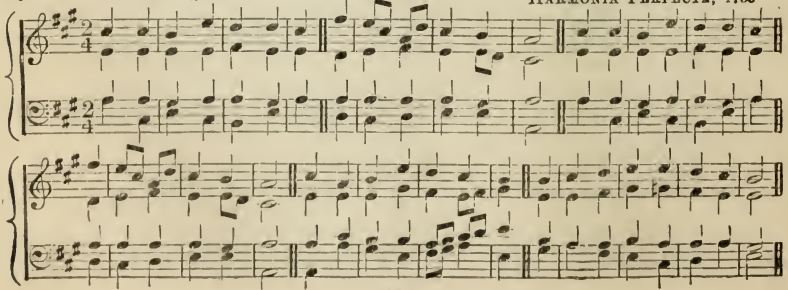
2 O Jesus! of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save?
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

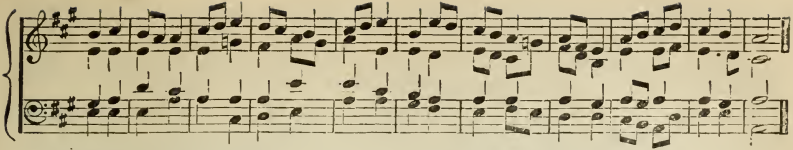
3 O Jesus! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole!
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save, or I sink into hell!

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below!
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore,
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner a sinner no more!

Hymn 175. Kingswood. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

HARMONIA PERFECTA, 1735





1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

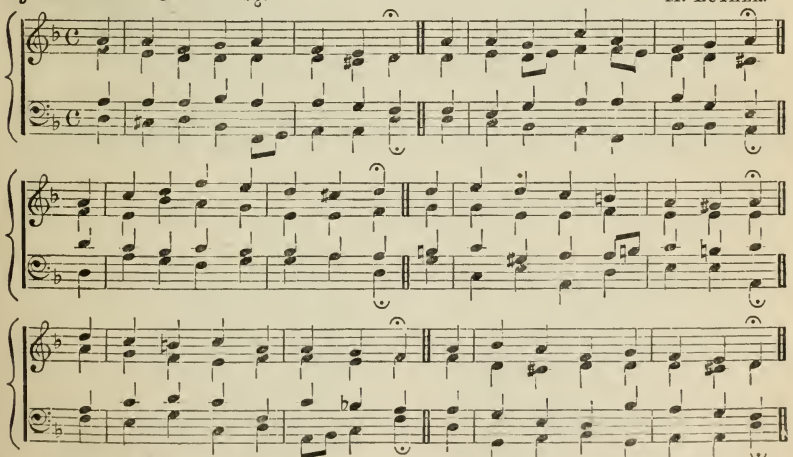
2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye!
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace:
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Hymn 176. Old 112th. 8.8.8.8.8.8. M. Luther.



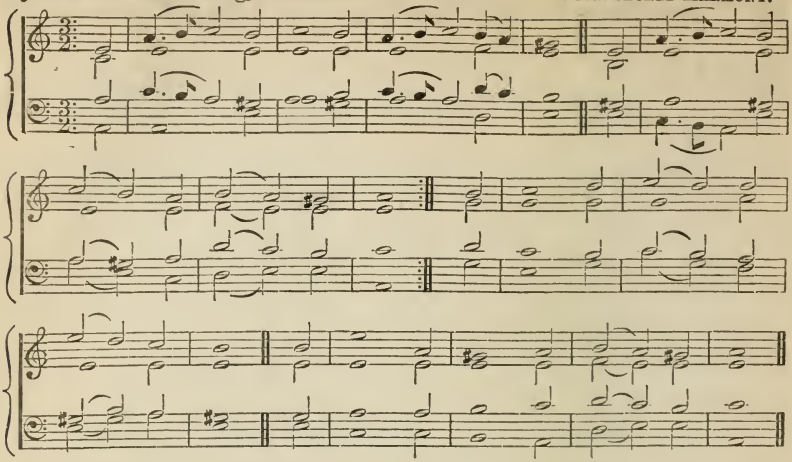
1 O God, thy righteousness we own,
Judgment is at thy house begun!
With humble awe thy rod we hear,
And guilty in thy sight appear,
We cannot in thy judgment stand,
But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy, pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved,
And done thy loving Spirit despite,
And sinned against the clearest light;
Brought back thy agonizing pain,
And nailed thee to thy cross again.

4 Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race;
But O! in tender mercy break
The iron sinew in our neck;
The softening power of love impart,
And melt the marble of our heart.

Hymns 177 & 178. Marienbourn. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From Sacred Harmony.



1 Jesus, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not concealed from thee;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close sheltered in thy loving heart.

2 How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray!
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

3 Weary and sick of sin I am;
I hate it, Lord, and yet I love;
When wilt thou rid me of my shame?
When wilt thou all my load remove?
Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
And speak the word of power, "Be clean!"

4 O Lord, if I at last discern
That I am sin, and thou art love,
If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
Give me a token from above;
And conquer my rebellious will,
And bid my murmuring heart be still.

5 Sin only let me not commit,
(Sin never can advance thy praise)
And lo! I lay me at thy feet,
And wait unwearied all my days,
Till my appointed time shall come,
And thou shalt call thine exile home.

Hymn 178. Marienbourn.

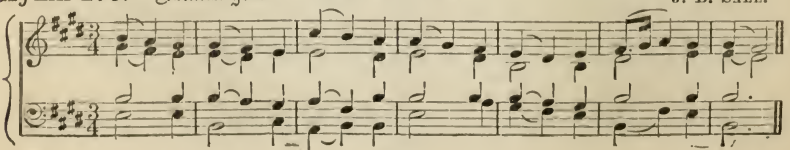
1 Yes, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be called thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

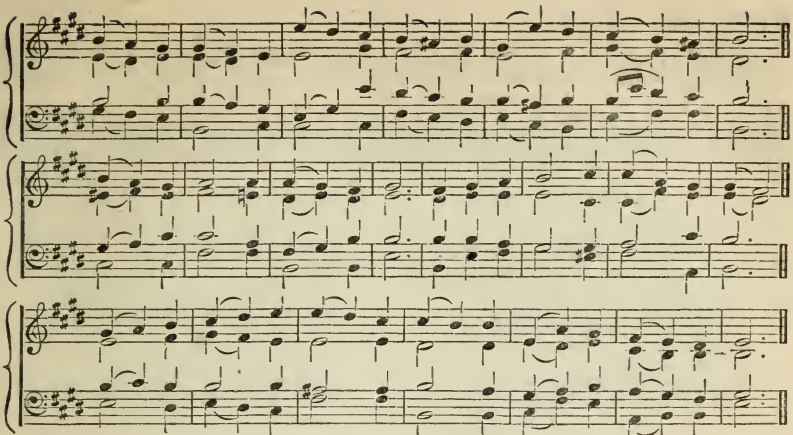
2 Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

3 Ah, canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued?
Ah, canst thou finally depart,
And leave thy creature in his blood?
Leave me, out of thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast willed me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!

Hymn 179. Leamington. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. J. B. Sale.



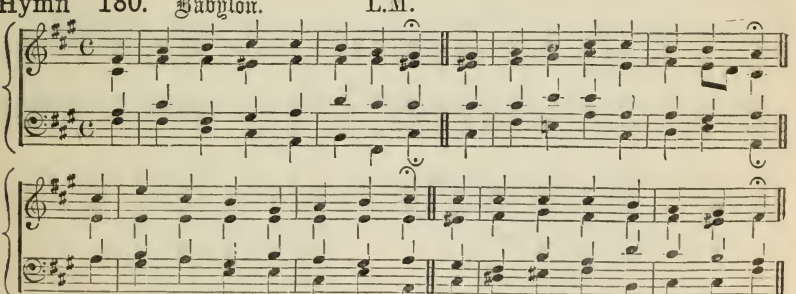


1 Father, if thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise thine humbled son;
Use the rod, and not the sword,
Correct with kind severity;
Bring me not to nothing, Lord!
But bring me home to thee.

2 True and faithful as thou art,
To all thy Church and me,
Give a new, believing heart,
That knows and cleaves to thee;
Freely our backslidings heal,
And, by thy precious blood restored,
Grant that every soul may feel,
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

3 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request;
Now, with willing heart entire,
Return to Christ our rest!
When we our whole hearts resign,
O Jesus, to be filled with thee,
Thou art ours, and we are thine,
Through all eternity.

Hymn 180. Babylon. L.M.



1 Saviour, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

3 I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And lived to the desires of men;
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

6 Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

7 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back,
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness.

8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

Hymn 181. Babylon. L.M.

1 Thou Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget!
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

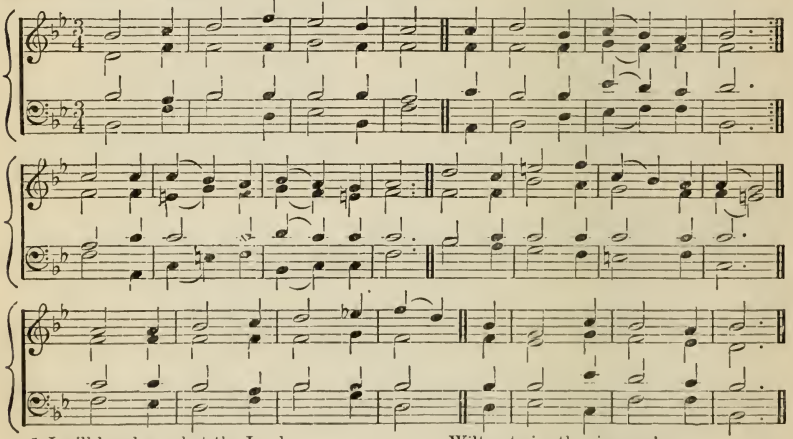
3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring,
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

Hymn 182. Weld. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.



1 I will hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me:
Hast thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on thee?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in thee have peace and power,
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve thee more.

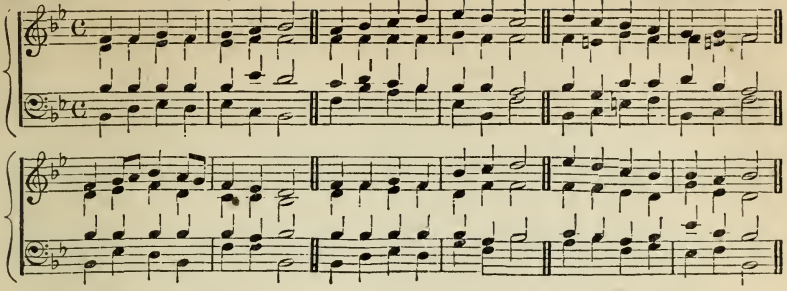
2 How have I thy Spirit grieved
Since first with me he strove,
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on thy love!
I have sinned against the light;
I have broke from thy embrace;
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

3 After all that I have done
To drive thee from my heart,
Still thou wilt not leave thine own,
Thou wilt not yet depart;
Wilt not give the sinner o'er;
Ready art thou now to save,
Bidd'st me come, as heretofore,
That I thy life may have.

4 O thou meek and gentle Lamb!
Fury is not in thee:
Thou continuest still the same,
And still thy grace is free:
Still thine arms are open wide,
Wretched sinners to receive:
Thou hast once for sinners died,
That all may turn and live.

5 Lo! I take thee at thy word,
My foolishness I mourn;
Unto thee, my bleeding Lord,
However late, I turn:
Yes, I yield, I yield at last.
Listen to thy speaking blood;
Me, with all my sins, I cast
On my atoning God!

Hymn 183. St. John. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Rev. R. Cecil.

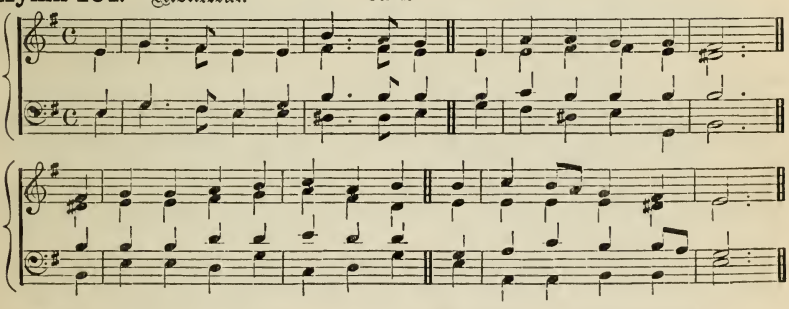


1 Jesu, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give,
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art, as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same;
Constancy to me impart,
Stablish with thy grace my heart.

3 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea,
Holy, purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be;
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

Hymn 184. Montreal. C.M.



1 My God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live;
The debt 's discharged, the ransom 's paid,
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are opened wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave?
So soon unfaithful prove!
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?

7 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

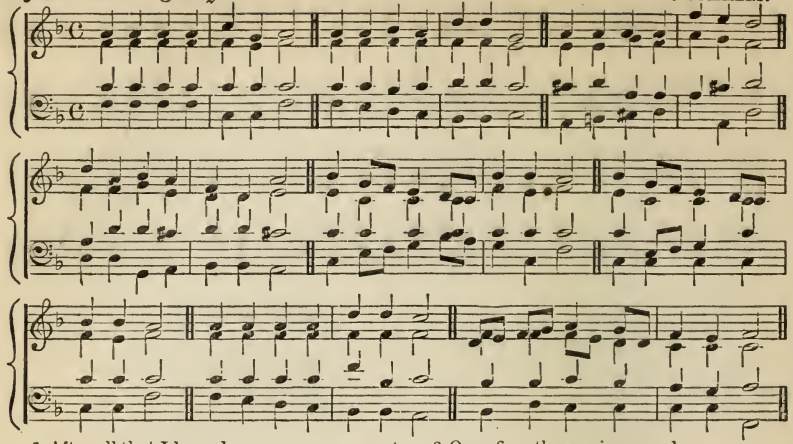
8 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

9 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!

10 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

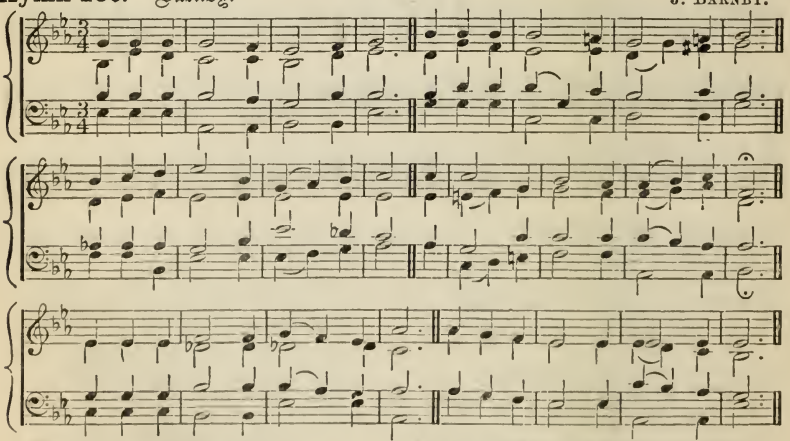
Hymn 185. Refuge. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. J. SUMMERS.



1 After all that I have done,
Saviour, art thou pacified?
Whither shall my vileness run?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide!
Let me sink into the dust,
Full of holy shame, adore!
Jesus Christ, the good, the just,
Bids me go, and sin no more.

2 O confirm the gracious word,
Jesus, Son of God and man!
Let me never grieve thee, Lord,
Never turn to sin again:
Till my all in all thou art,
Till thou bring thy nature in,
Keep this feeble, trembling heart,
Save me, save me, Lord, from sin!

Hymn 186. Barnby. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. BARNBY.



1 Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

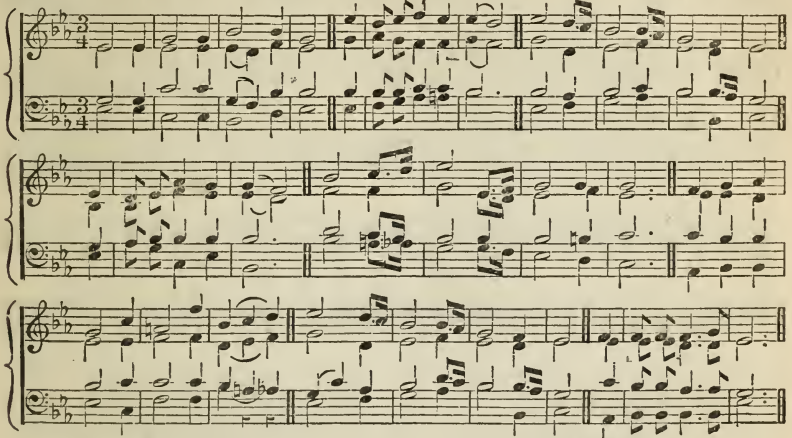
4 The stone to flesh again convert,
The veil of sin again remove;
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare to offend thee more.

Hymns 187 & 188. Earlston. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

J. W. David.



1 Son of God, if thy free grace
Again hath raised me up,
Called me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy lovingkindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorred;
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living Way;
My exceeding great Reward,
In heaven above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go!

Hymn 188.

Earlston.

1 Lord, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
O! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,
If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal,
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist, or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

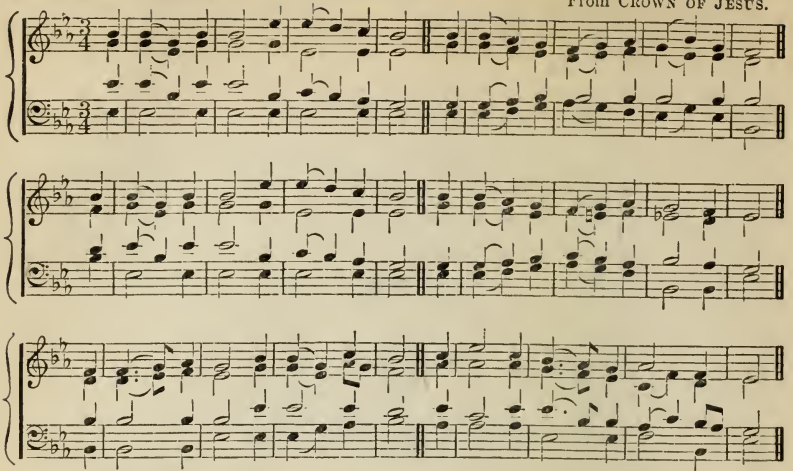
4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own;
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

Hymn 189. Stella. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

From Crown of Jesus.



1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far.
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

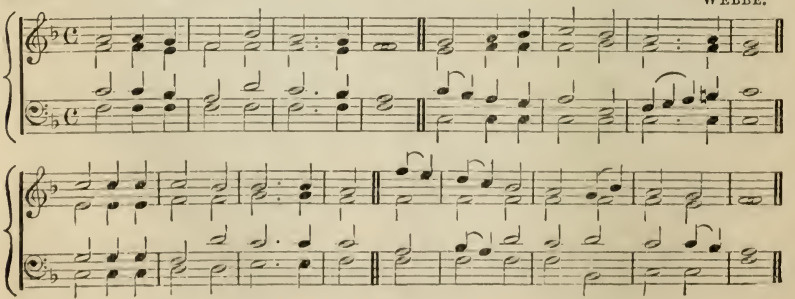
4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Hymn 190. Webbe. L.M.

Webbe.



1 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

7 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

8 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

9 Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word,
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

10 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

11 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness!

Hymn 191. Ettles. 6.6.7.7.7.7. BOGGETT.

1 Thee, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

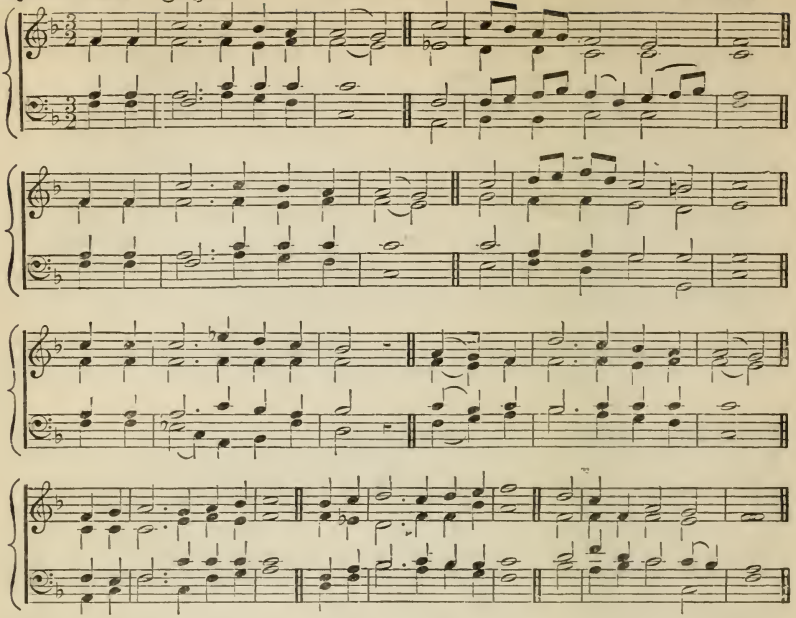
2 Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own;
Stranger long to thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity looked me near;
Me thy bowels yearned to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine!"

Hymn 192. Asylum. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

T. CLARK



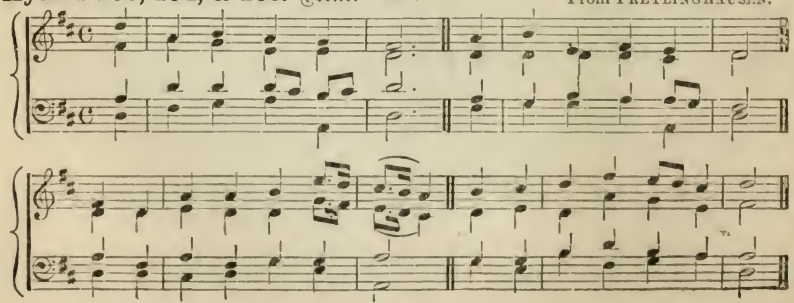
1 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the morning-star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeigned humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things:
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
(While Christ to me it brings)
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh;
In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

Hymns 193, 194, & 195. Irene. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

From FREYLINGHAUSEN.



1 O filial Deity,
Accept my new-born cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Take me now, possess me whole,
Who for me, for me, hast died!

2 Of life thou art the tree,
My immortality!
Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive;
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine;
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the fountain thou,
I know—I feel it now!
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou art in me; thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From thee I ne'er shall part;
Thou my keeper and my guide,
Make me still thy tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Sweetly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread;
O Christ, thou art my Head!
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me thy living member, flow;
Nourished I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will;
Never mortal spake like thee,
Human prophet like divine;
Loud and strong their voices be,
Small, and still, and inward thine.

7 On thee, my Priest, I call,
Thy blood atoned for all;
Still the Lamb as slain appears,
Still thou stand'st before the throne,
Ever offering up my prayers,
These presenting with thine own.

8 Jesu, thou art my King,
From thee my strength I bring;
Shadowed by thy mighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?
Faith supports; by faith I stand,
Strong in thy omnipotence.

Hymn 194. Irene.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God most high,
He laid his glory by;
He, the eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deigned to appear;
Object of his creatures' scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow,
The Almighty's Fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son!
Pleased he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

Hymn 195. SECOND PART. Irene.

1 High above every name,
Jesus, the great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell;
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel!

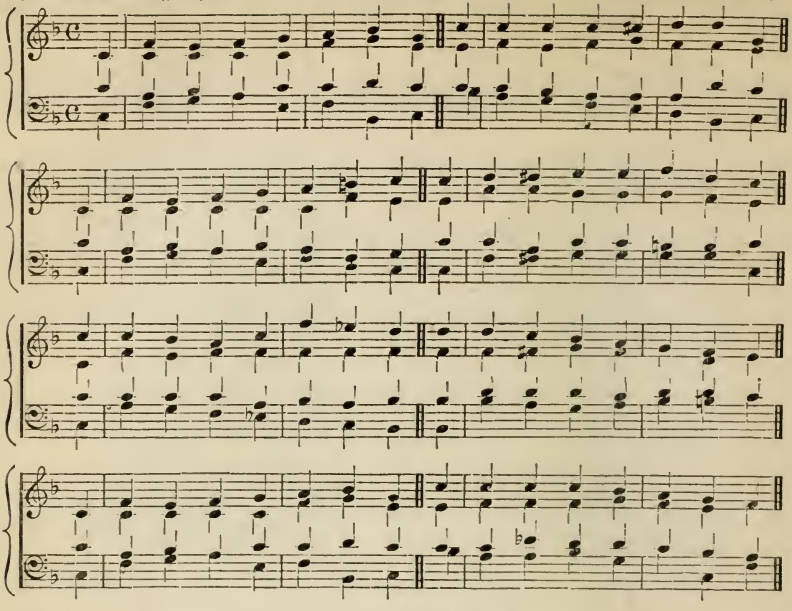
2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God vouchsafed a worm to appear,
Lord of glory, Son of man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not;
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deemed,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing,
Never shall my triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's friend,
Friend of publicans,—and me.

Hymn 196. Hayes. D.L.M.

From Beethoven.



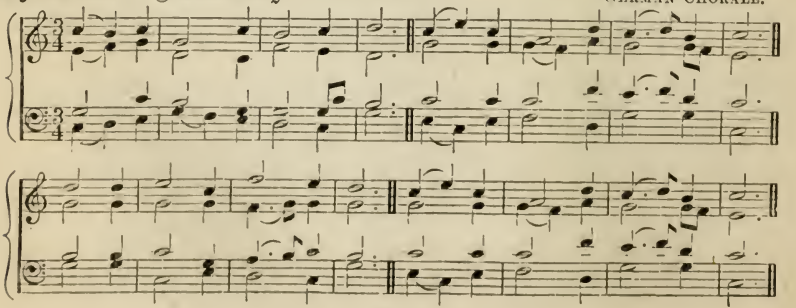
1 Into thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call,
O raise me, heal me, by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread:
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away,
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord!
Support my weakness with thy might,
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight:
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Hymn 197. Brandenburg. 7.7.7.7.

German Chorale.



1 Happy soul who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace!
Thee, my Lord (thou then wilt say)
Thee will I for ever praise;
Though thy wrath against me burned,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turned,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

2 Me, behold! thy mercy spares,
Jesus my salvation is:
Hence my doubts, away my fears!
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word,
I will on his promise trust.

3 Strong I am, for he is strong,
Just in righteousness divine:
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine;
Mine, and yours, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

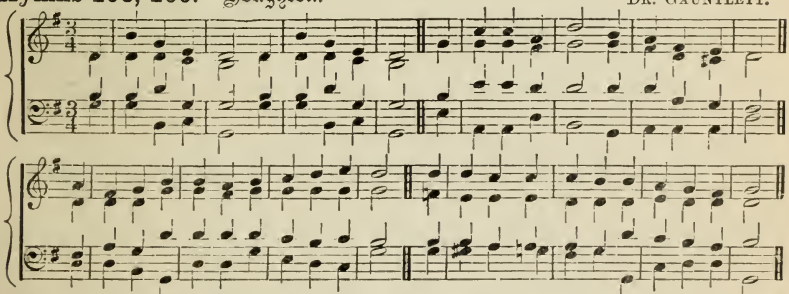
4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel:
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his name;
O rejoice to see his day,
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

5 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high;
Sing unto the Lord your songs,
Cry to every nation, cry!
Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known;
Be it known to all mankind!

6 Zion, shout thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is he!
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing;
Great he is, and dwells in thee.
O the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Soul of each believing soul.

Hymns 198, 199. Houghton. 10.10.11.11.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 O what shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence;
I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

Hymn 199. Houghton.

1 O heavenly King, Look down from above!
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.

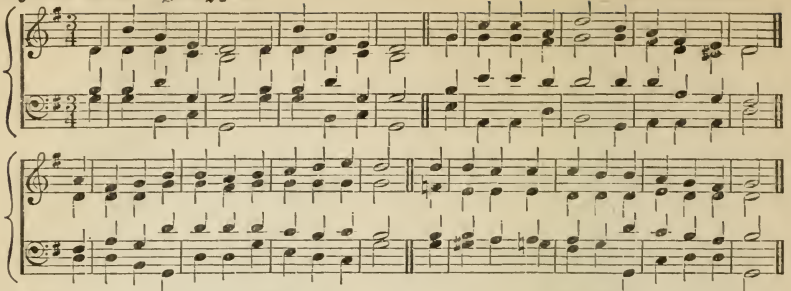
2 O God of our life, We hallow thy name!
Our business and strife Is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living Shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, We worship thee now;
The bountiful donor Of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to thine honour, And lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall Which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given The world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven Whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love We sing and rejoice,
With angels above We lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

Hymn 200. Houghton. 10.10.11.11. Dr. Gauntlett.



1 My Father, my God, I long for thy love,
O shed it abroad; Send Christ from above!
My heart ever fainting He only can cheer,
And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

2 O when shall my tongue Be filled with thy praise!
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honour and glory To sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

3 Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserved every hour Through Jesus's name;
For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.

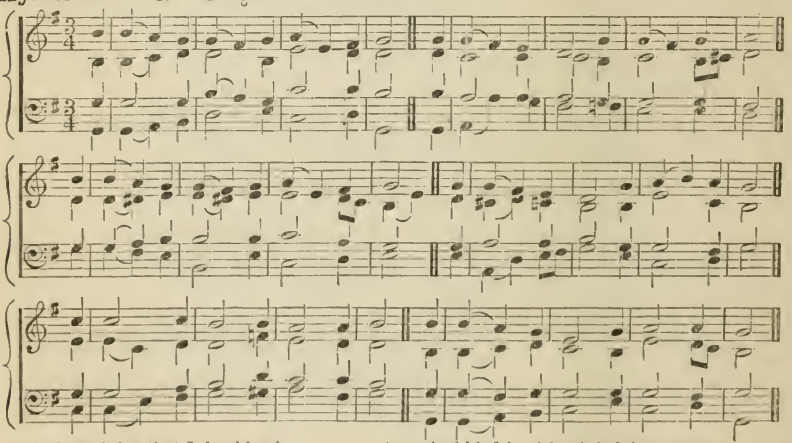
4 My God is my guide; Thy mercies abound,
On every side They compass me round;
Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin dost retrieve, [believe.
And strengthen my weakness, And bid me

5 Thou holdest my soul In spiritual life,
My foes dost control, And quiet their strife;
Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will,
To see thy salvation, Thou bidd'st me "Stand still!"

6 I stand, and admire Thine out-stretched arm,
I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit,
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

7 I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

Hymn 201. St. Catherine. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

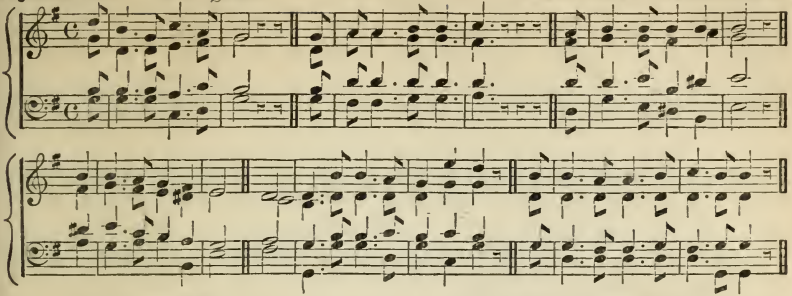
2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Hymn 202. Safe Home. 6.6.6.6.8.8. From Hymns of the Eastern Church.



1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

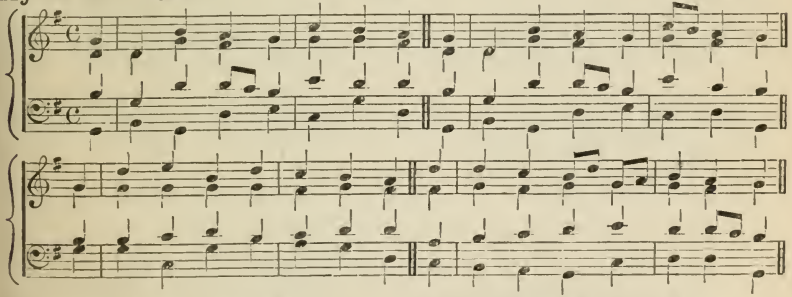
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!

Hymn 203. Saul. L.M. Handel.



1 Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones;
Called us to stand before his face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons!

2 The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

3 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word,
That spake at first the world from nought.

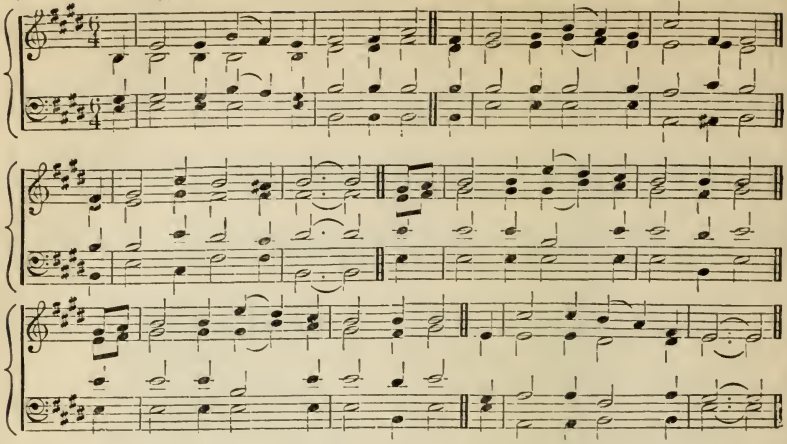
5 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
We raise the happiness of heaven.

6 For this, no longer sons of night,
To thee our thankful hearts we give;
To thee, who call'dst us into light,
To thee we die, to thee we live.

7 Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues,
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.

8 But, O the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise!

Hymn 204. Plymouth. 8 8.6.8.8.6. From the Manhattan Collection.



1 Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert;
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend thy glorious eyes,
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice!

4 To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

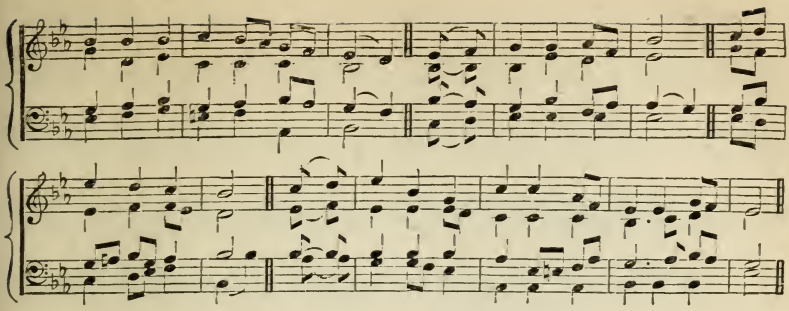
5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound
With sacred jealousy:
Lest haply sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

6 That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

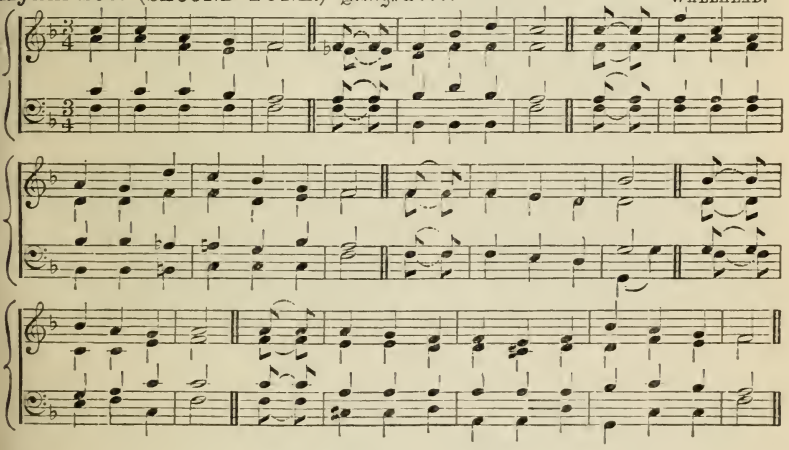
7 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

8 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

Hymn 205. Jesmond. 5.5.12. Dr. J. B. Dykes.



Hymn 205. (SECOND TUNE.) Kingswood. 5.5.12. WALLHEAD.



1 My God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

2 In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found:

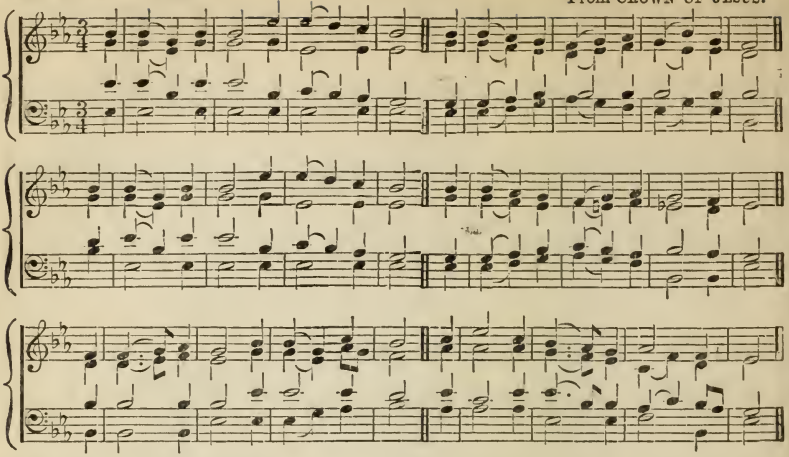
4 My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!

6 And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

Hymn 206. Stella. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

From Crown of Jesus.



1 What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the chief of sinners, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 Me in my blood thy love passed by,
And stopped, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye,
Thy bowels yearned, and sounded "Live!"
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God,
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad,
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

Hymn 207. Innocents. 7.7.7.7.

Old Litany.

1 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss;
Bliss to carnal minds unknown,
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love;
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.
Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

Hymn 208. Kent. C.M.

STANLEY.

1 Come, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

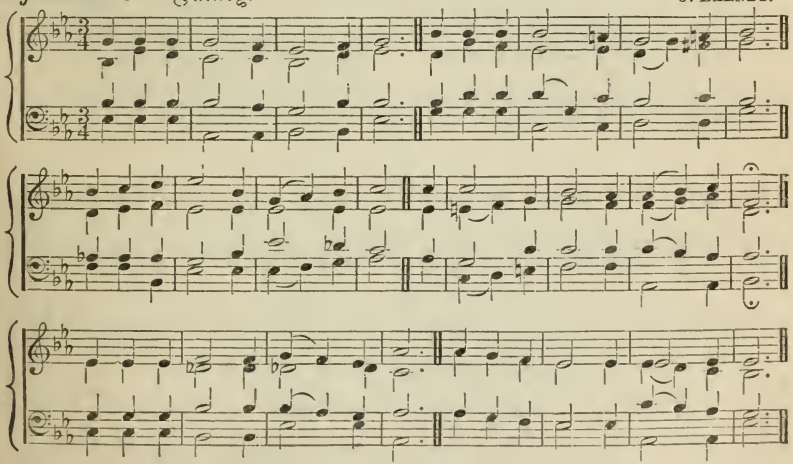
2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Hymns 209. Barnby. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. BARNBY.



1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

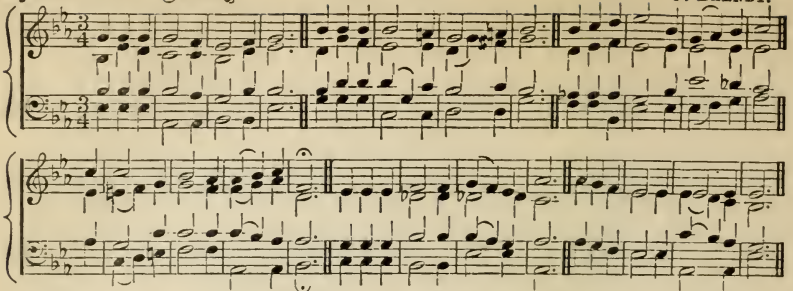
2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesu, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

Hymn 210. Barnby. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. BARNBY.



1 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

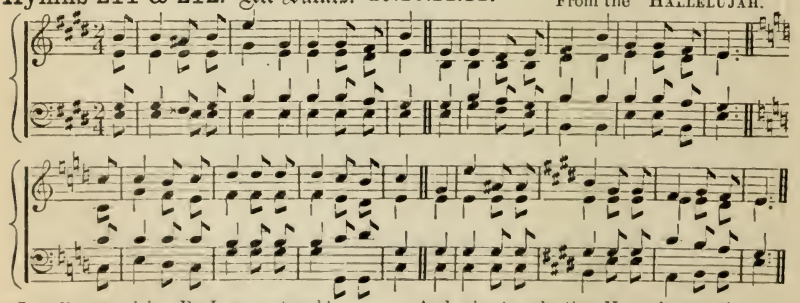
5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day!

Hymns 211 & 212. All Saints. 10.10.11.11.

From the "HALLELUJAH."



1 Let all men rejoice, By Jesus restored!
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest we pro-
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's name; [claim,
Poor idiots he teaches To show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull The scholar whom he
Takes into his school. And gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.

4 The wayfaring men Though fools, shall not
His method so plain, So easy his way; [stray,
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were
despised,
And left with disdain, By Jesus are prized;
His gracious creation In us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, And calls us his own.

Hymn 212. All Saints.

1 My brethren beloved, Your calling ye see;
In Jesus approved, No goodness have we,
No riches or merit, No wisdom or might,
But all things inherit Through Jesus's right.
2 Yet not many wise His summons obey,
And great ones despise So vulgar a way,
And strong ones will never Their helplessness own,
Or stoop to find favour Through mercy alone.
3 And therefore our God The outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness showed To heathens like us
When wise ones rejected His offers of grace,
His goodness elected The foolish and base.
4 To baffle the wise, And noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, An impotent throng;
Poor ignorant wretches, We gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches Salvation by grace.
5 The things that were not, His mercy bids live;
His mercy unbought We freely receive;
His gracious compassion We thankfully prove,
And all our salvation Ascribe to his love.

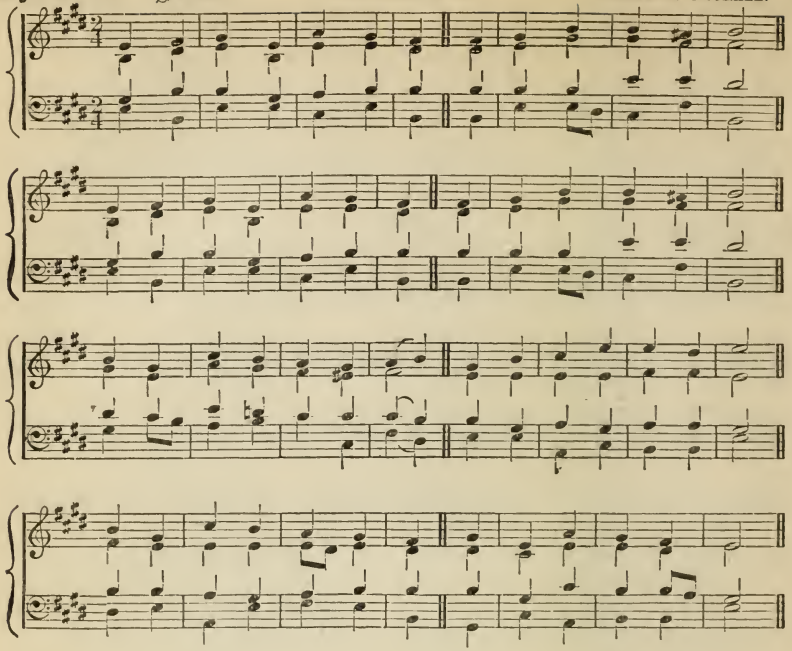
Hymn 213. Eban. C.M. HAVERGAL.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe,
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

Hymn 214. Claremont. C.M. J. FOSTER.

1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway.
And echo to thy voice.
4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Hymn 215. Hatfield. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. GERMAN CHORALE.



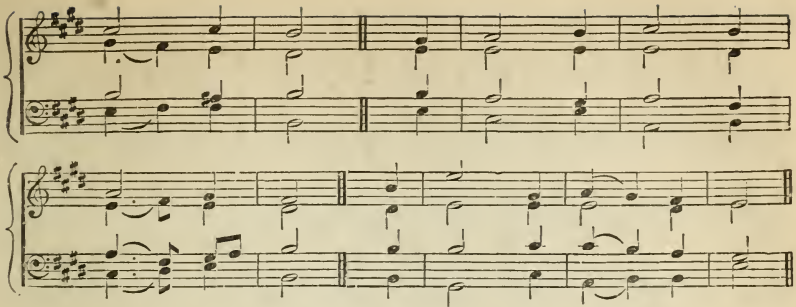
1 Glorious Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free;
Thou my debt of death hast paid,
Thou hast raised me from my fall,
Thou hast full atonement made;
My Saviour died for all.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest;
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appeared below.

3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A man of griefs was seen;
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own him, who he was?
See the friend of sinners, see!
He hangs on yonder cross!

4 Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb!
By thy judgment I am clear,
Healed by thy stripes I am;
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

Hymn 216. Bedford. C.M. W. WHEALL, M.B.



1 Infinite, unexhausted Love!
Jesus and love are one!
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity;
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

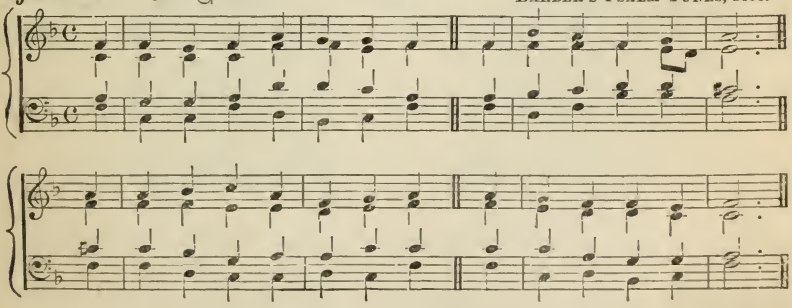
7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence:
Deeper than inbred sin,
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse
When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

Hymn 217. St. Flabian. C.M.

BARBER'S PSALM TUNES, 1686.



1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Hymn 218. St. George. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. SIR G. J. ELVEY.

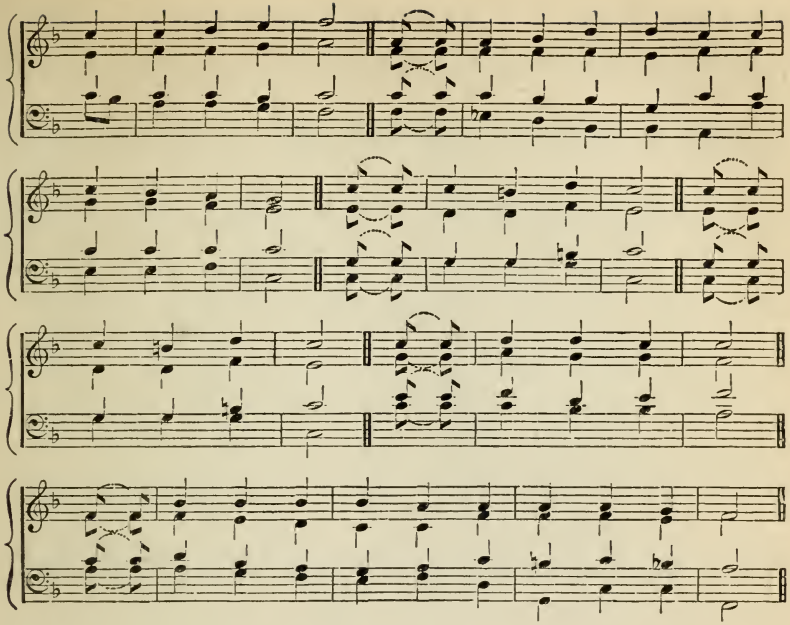
1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth he came,
Kindled in some hearts it is,
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love!

Hymn 219. Hosanna. 5.5.5.11.5.5.5.11. DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of his servants, his savour of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praise let him have,
For the work he hath done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone!

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of his passion below.

3 He hath opened a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in;
They have heard the glad sound,
They have liberty found
Through the blood of the Lamb.
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

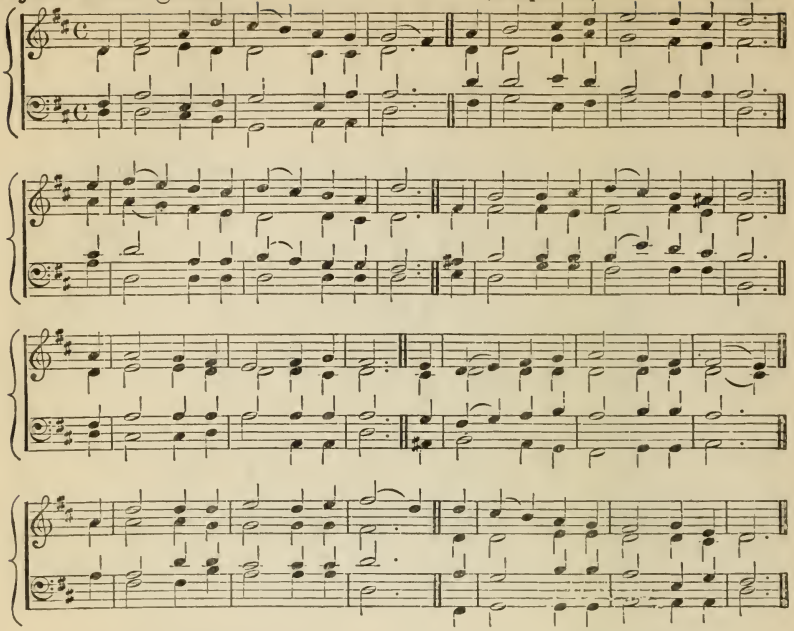
4 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess, [peace!
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and

6 Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray;
And O let a nation be born in a day!
Thy sign let them see,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

7 Our heathenish land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it spread,
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till the earth is o'erflowed,
And the universe filled with the glory of God.

Hymn 220. Arabia. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.) WHITE.



1 All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored!
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

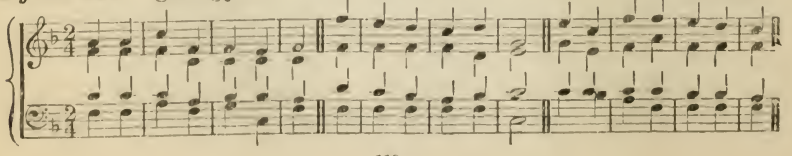
2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the author of peace.

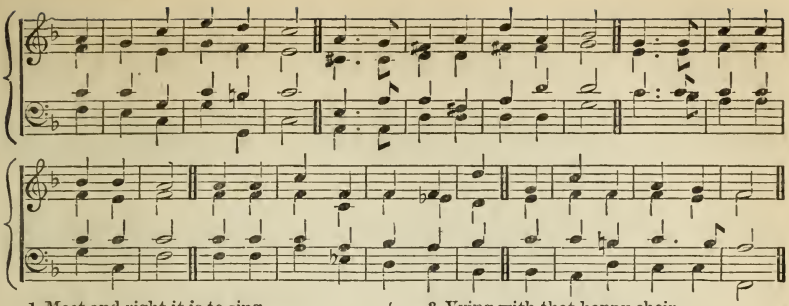
3 O wouldst thou again be made known!
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never shall end.
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below;
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose,
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows;
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

Hymn 221. Bromyhurst. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. J. DRING.





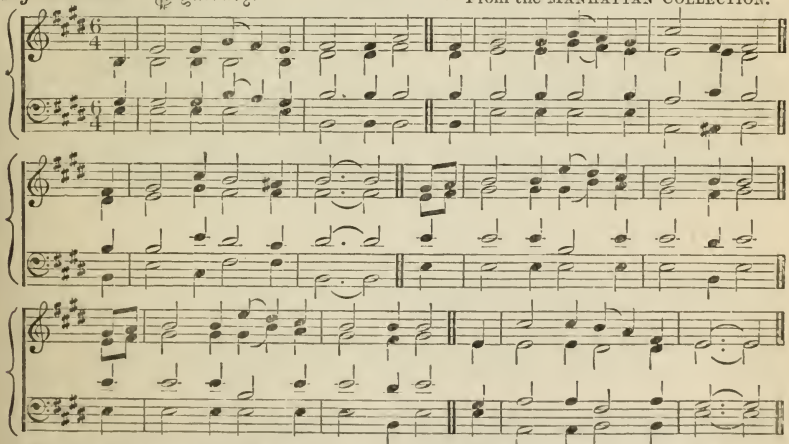
1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing with glory crowned,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given;
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

Hymn 222. Plymouth. 8.8.6.8.8.6. From the MANHATTAN COLLECTION.



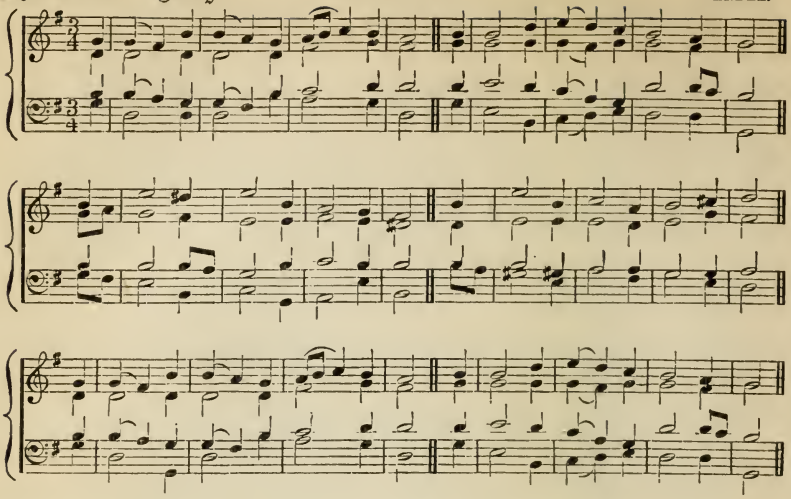
1 How happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved, below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
A bright harmonious throng,
We long thy praises to repeat,
And, restless, sing around thy seat
The new, eternal song.

Hymn 223. Refuge. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HANDEL.



1 When Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
And Judah was his favourite throne.

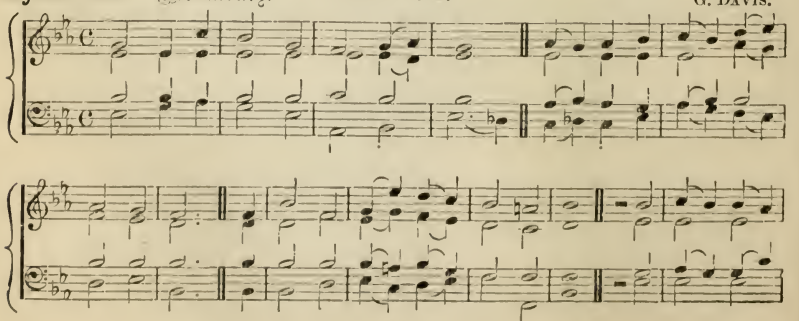
2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the incumbent God;
The mountains skipped like frighted rams,
The hills leaped after them as lambs!

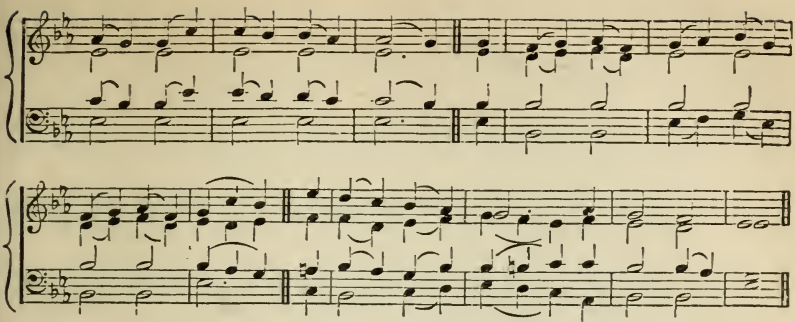
3 What ailed thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turned the river back?
Was nature's God displeased with thee?
And why should hills or mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, that skipped like rams!
Ye hills, that leaped as frighted lambs!

4 Earth! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sovereign word:
He shakes the centre with his nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,
The omnipotent Jehovah knows;
The sea is turned to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things, as they change, proclaim
The Lord eternally the same.

Hymn 224. Monmouth. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. G. DAVIS.





1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

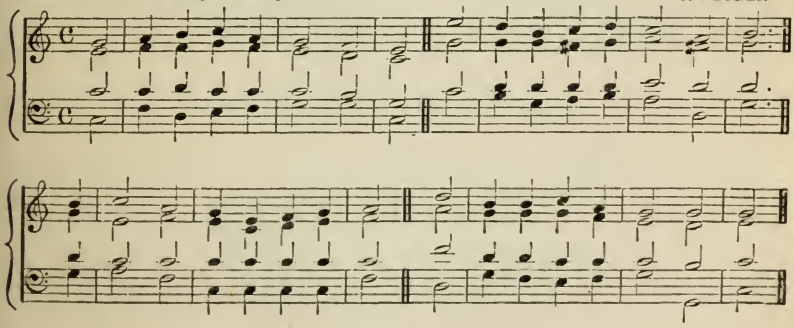
2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Hymn 225. Luther's Chant. L.M.

C. Zeuner.



1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

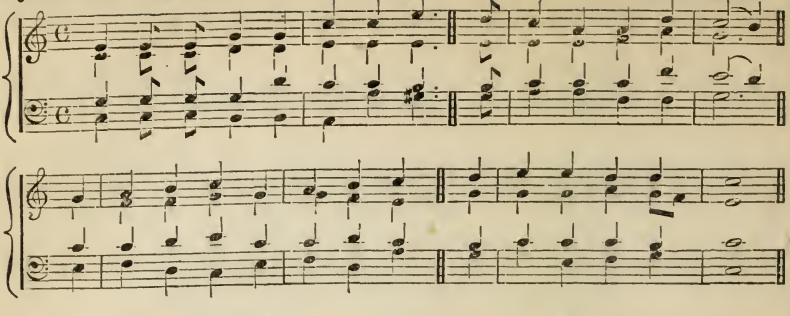
3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
Are all too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

Hymn 226. Nativity. C.M. HENRY LAHEE.



1 Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings,
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo! here thy wondrous skill arrays
The earth in cheerful green;
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flowers between.

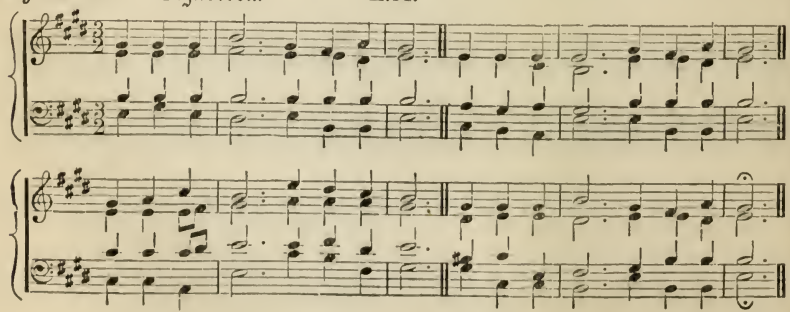
9 There, the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command,
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight.
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

Hymn 227. Eignbrook. L.M.



1 How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

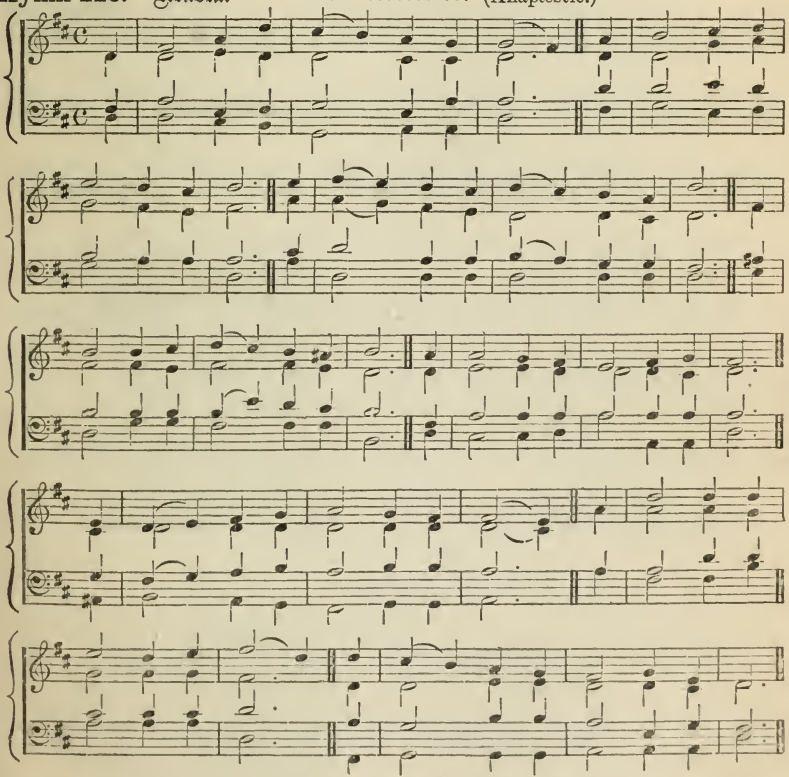
4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

Hymn 228. Arabia. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)



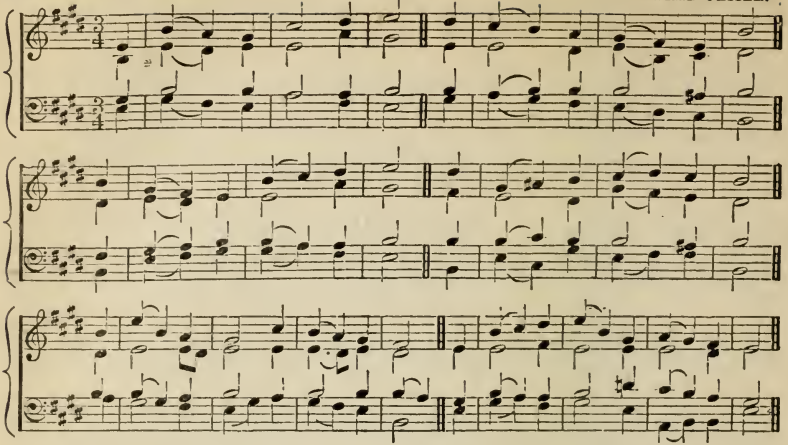
1 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God;
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Hymn 229. Exeter. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

EDWARD JESSER.



1 God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favoured son,
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

Hymn 230. (*See Hymn* 223.) Refuge.

1 Fountain of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace;
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

2 Preserved through faith by power divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power;
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror;
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be filled with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born.

Hymn 231 (*See Hymn* 499.) Hungerford.

1 Away with our fears!
The glad morning appears
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;
If of parents I came
Who honoured thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
From my earliest days
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou hast been
My preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the blessings bestowed
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss,
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With thy people enrolled,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,
Employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise!
His standard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace.

8 O the fathomless love,
That has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

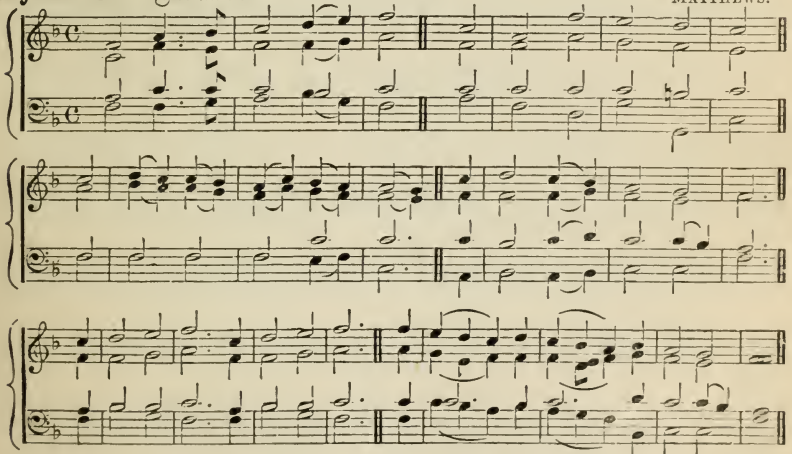
10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim;
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

Hymn 232. Acclamation. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

MATTHEWS.



1 Young men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky;
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

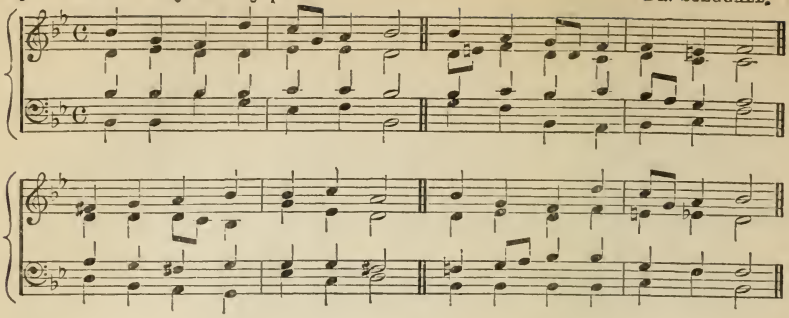
2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

Hymn 233. Christ Chapel. 7.7.7.7.

DR. STEGGALL.



1 Happy man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed,
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 Give him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above?
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

Hymn 234. Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELIUS.

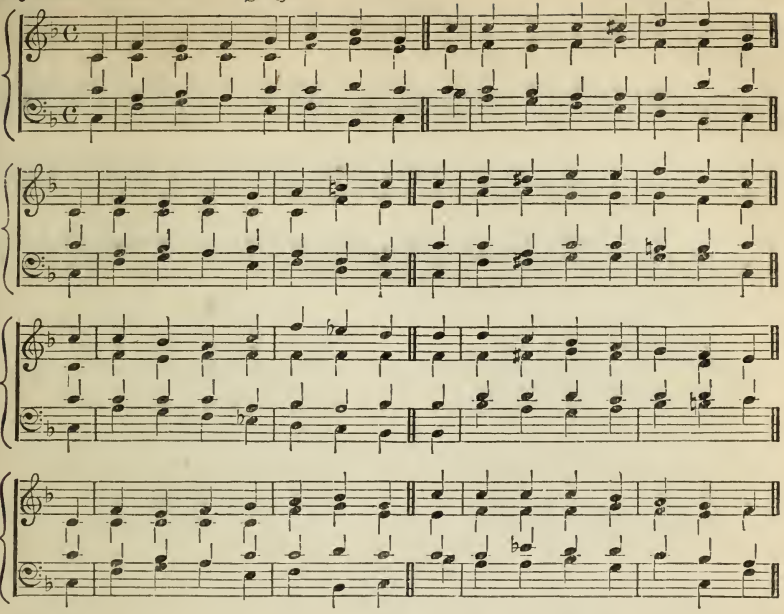
1 Let all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confess,
Brought out of nothing by his word.

2 He spake the word, and it was done,
The universe his word obeyed;
His Word is his eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me,
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,
(But thou must first bestow the power)
And if for thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

Hymns 235 & 236. Hayes. D.L.M. From BEETHOVEN.



1 Father of all! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed,
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid;
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail the sovereign Lord of all.

3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That moves in earth, or air, or sky,
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye;
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth!
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

Hymn 236. SECOND PART. Hayes.

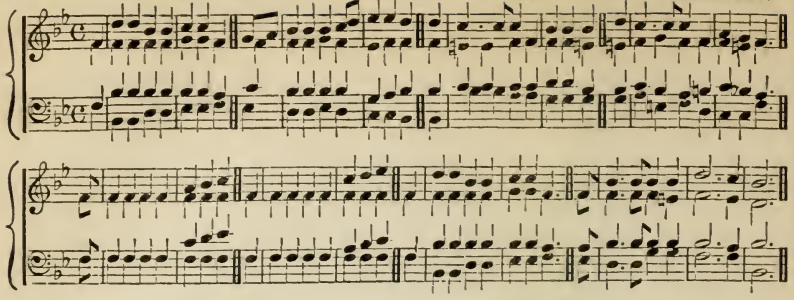
1 Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power,
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore;
The triumphs of thy love display,
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

2 Spirit of grace, and health, and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow;
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

3 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply,
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry:
On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

Hymn 237. St. Serf. D.L.M.

H. Lahee.



THIRD PART.

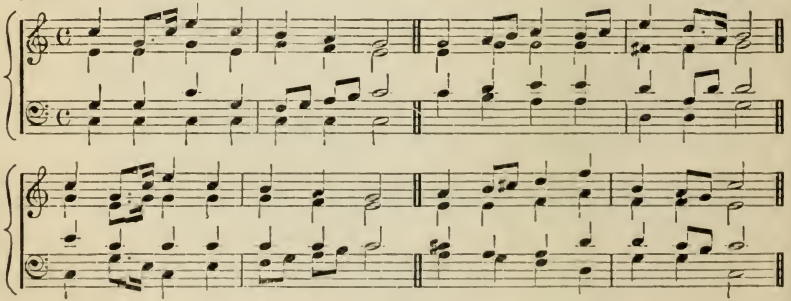
1 Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain,
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood,
O cleanse, and keep us ever clean!
To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.

2 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee;
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness showed;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine,
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Hymn 238. Clarion. 7.7.7.7.

Dr. Rimbault.



1 Meet and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good:
He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

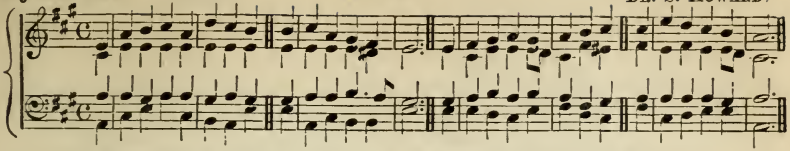
2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;
Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevoured we still remain;
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God;
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

4 Jesu's name in Satan's hour
Stands our adamantine tower;
Jesus doth his own defend,
Love, and save us to the end.
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear,
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with his heavenly love.

Hymn 239. Stafford. C.M.

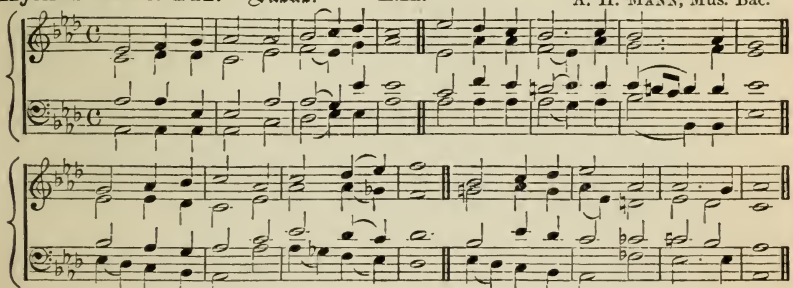
DR. S. HOWARD.



1 Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three!
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.
2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen;
Thou art a Spirit pure;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.
4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.
5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above:
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The almighty God of love.
6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout our universe.
7 Mercy, with love and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature, man.
8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To thee the praise designed,
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

Hymns 240 & 241. Lasus. L.M.

A. H. MANN, Mus. Bac.



1 O God, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me:
While thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die.
2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.
Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.
3 Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fixed this universal chain;
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy power above all height,
Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!
4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne.
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all displayed,
And open to thy piercing view.

Hymn 241. SECOND PART.

1 Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly.
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face;

Lasus.

Trembling they strike the golden lyre, [praise.
And through heaven's vault resound thy
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art;
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

2 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
To thy benign indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

3 Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are,
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet, while at length who scorned thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures, praise the eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine,
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Hymns 242 & 243. Samaria. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

J. H. Sheppard.

1 Glorious God, accept a heart
That pants to sing thy praise:
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none thy fulness show;
None thy majesty can tell,
Or all thy Godhead know.

2 All thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might;
Happy in thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou thy goodness hast displayed,
On thine every work imprest;
Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
But man thou lov'st the best.

3 Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each or bliss or woe
With strictest justice give;
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due,
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threatenings too.

4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee,
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me;
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me receive, thy favoured child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.

Hymn 243.

Samaria.

1 Thou, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power,
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;
For the blessings numberless
Which thou hast already given,
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart;
Then I shall in thee believe
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And may with zealous care
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resigned,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

5 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name;
Thee let every creature bless,
Praise to God alone be given,
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

Hymns 244 & 245. Elevation. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

R. MELLOR.
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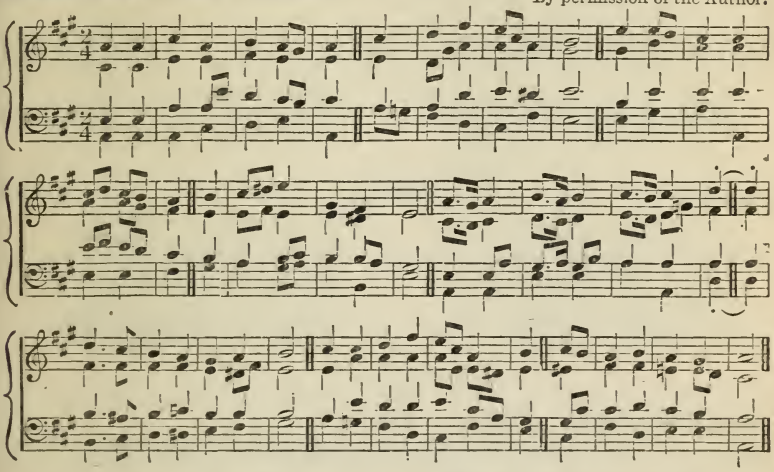


1 Thou, the great, eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be feared, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought;
None can with thyself compare;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thy great unbounded power
To thee the praise we give,
Infinitely great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive;
When thou wilt to work proceed,
Thy purpose firm none can withstand,
Frustrate the determined deed,
Or stay the almighty hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone!
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable;
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain?
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man.

Hymn 245.

Elevation.

1 Good thou art, and good thou dost,
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call;
New they every morning are;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

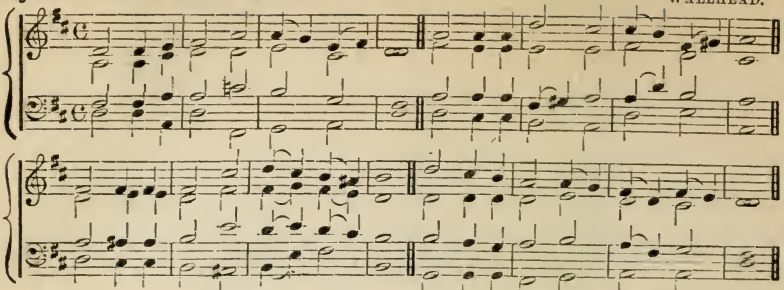
2 Mercy o'er thy works presides;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made;
Keeps with most distinguished care
The man who on thy love depends;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace?
Grace that gave thine only Son
To save a ruined race!
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive;
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou wouldst receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardoned me!

Hymns 246 & 247. Carmel. L.M.

WALLHEAD.



1 My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
My eyes on his perfections gaze,
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

Hymn 247.

Carmel.

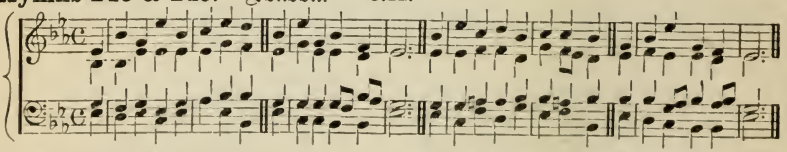
1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty;

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

Hymns 248 & 249. London. C.M.



1 Blest be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine, [heaven,
And strength, and might, and earth, and
And all therein, are thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

Hymn 249.

London.

1 Great God! to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

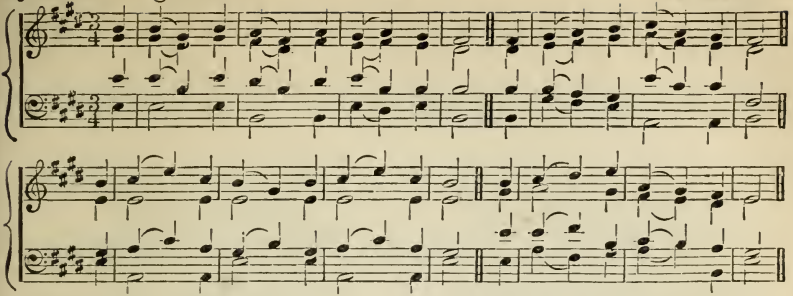
4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

Hymn 250. Arnold's. C.M.

DR. ARNOLD.



1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound,
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

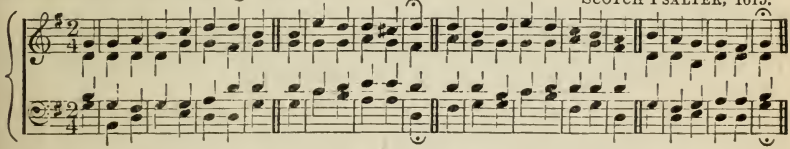
4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move!
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

Hymns 251 & 252. Dunfermline. C.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.



1 Father of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love;

2 To know thy nature, and thy name,
One God in Persons Three;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man;
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in;

5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

Hymn 252. Dunfermline.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature, too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

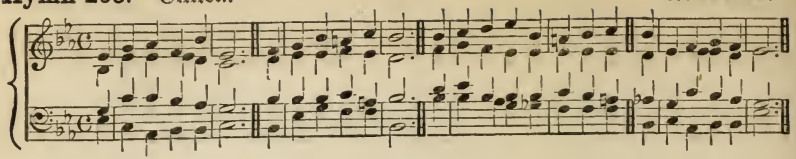
3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love!

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven,
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Hymn 253. Clifton. S.M. J. Brabham.



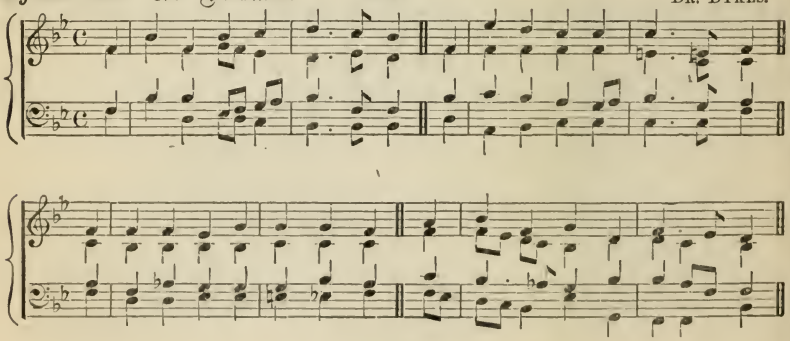
1 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.
Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
The grace to sinners showed
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

3 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.
Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight.

4 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.
When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

Hymn 254. St. Drostane. L.M. Dr. Dykes.

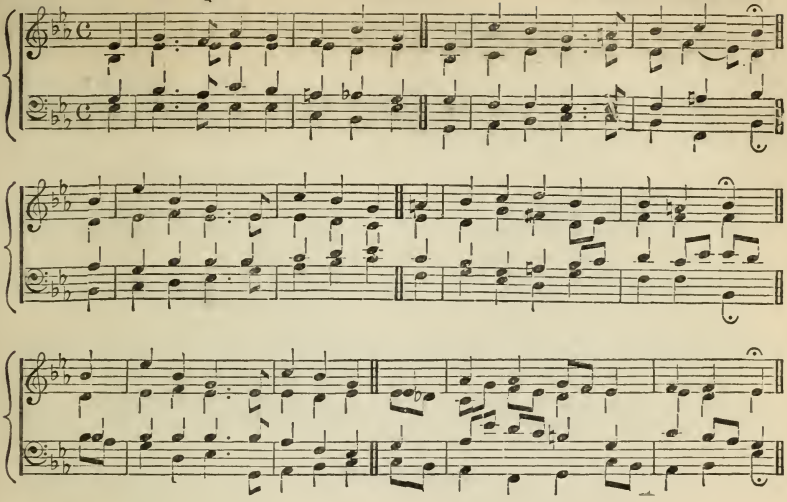


1 The day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Washed in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity,
Who did for us his life resign;
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

2 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.
Lord, we believe the promise sure;
The purchased Comforter impart,
Apply thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure in life and heart.

3 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the most High:
When all who on their God believe,
Who here thy last appearing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.

Hymn 255. St. Paul. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. Worsley Staniforth.



1 Spirit of truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee!

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,
The scriptures to our hearts apply;
And, taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify;
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

Hymn 256. St. Ann. C.M.

1 Hail! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
Jehovah, Elohim!

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in nature One.

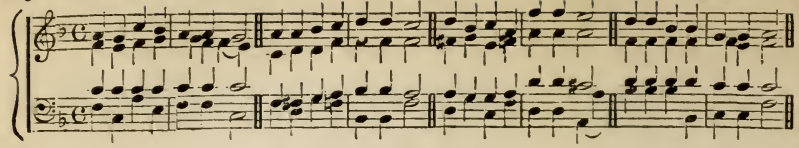
3 From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan;
And all the glorious Persons joined
To form thy favourite, man.

5 Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruined work restore,
Established in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

6 And when we rise in love renewed,
Our souls resemble thee,
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

Hymn 257. Kiel. 7.7.7.7. ROMBERG.



1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad, thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

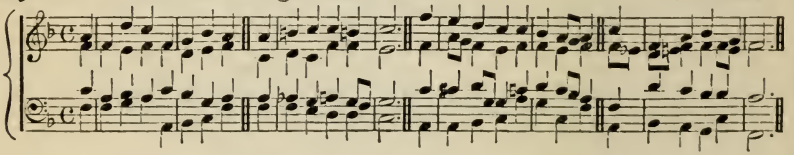
4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone
Art with God the Father one,
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One supreme, eternal THREE.

Hymns 258 & 259. St. Benedict. C.M. T. G. PARRY.



1 Jehovah, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace
And keep us to the end!
Preserve the creatures of thy love,
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace!
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up thy face to see
On thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow.
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

Hymn 259. St. Benedict.

1 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know:
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

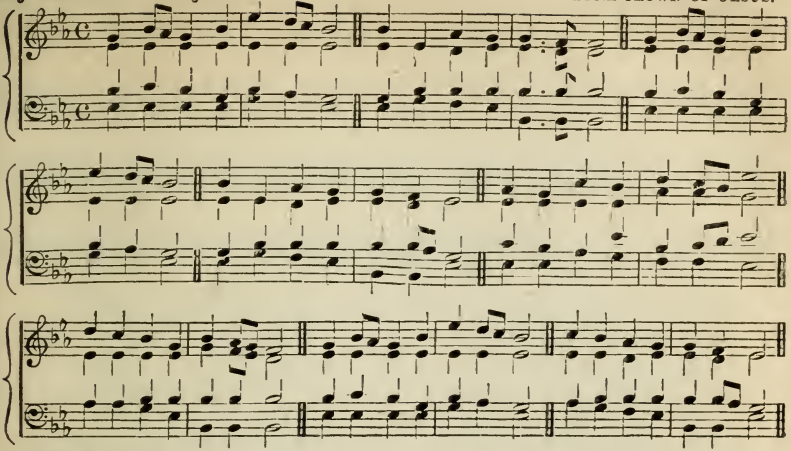
3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess,
Thee, Holy Son, adore,
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

Hymn 260. Tichfield. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. From Crown of Jesus.

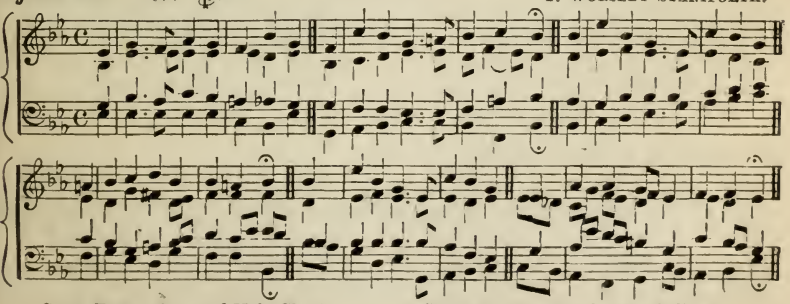


1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give!
Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

2 One, inexplicably Three,
Three, in simplest Unity,
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us, thy lisping creatures, hear!
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings,
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

3 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!
Fain with them our souls would vie,
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar,
Shout, or silently adore!

Hymn 261. St. Paul. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. Worsley Staniforth.



1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known;
Display, our fallen souls to raise,
Thy whole economy of grace.

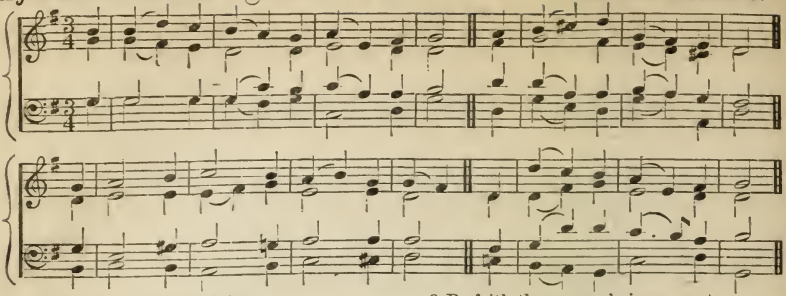
2 Jehovah in Three Persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou dost eternal life reveal;
The knowledge of thyself bestow,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

3 Soon as our pardoned hearts believe
That thou art pure, essential love,
The proof we in ourselves receive
Of the three witnesses above;
Sure, as the saints around thy throne,
That Father, Word, and Spirit, are One.

4 O that we now, in love renewed,
Might blameless in thy sight appear;
Wake we in thy similitude,
Stamped with the Triune character;
Flesh, spirit, soul, to thee resign,
And live and die entirely thine!

Hymns 262 & 263. Dublin. C.M.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON.



1 A thousand oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright;
To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above,
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

2 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;
Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

3 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.
But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The friend of earth-born man!

4 Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down
For heaven's superior praise;
The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resigned;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

Hymn 263. Dublin.

1 Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

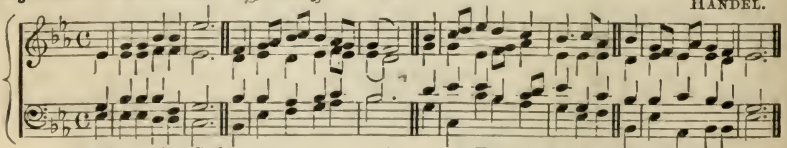
5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains!
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Hymns 264 & 265. Hindley. S.M.

HANDEL.



1 O all-creating God!
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee;

2 For this thou hast designed,
And formed us man for this,
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

Hymn 265. Hindley.

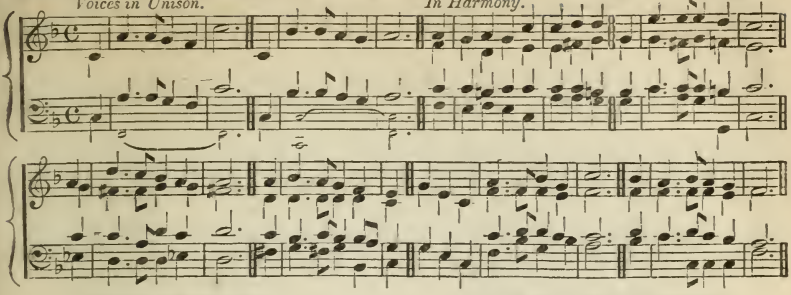
1 O may thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

Hymns 266, 267, & 268. Ascension. D.S.M.

DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*



1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.
4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

Hymn 267. SECOND PART. Ascension.

1 But, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued,
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesu's blood.
2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All power to him is given;
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heaven!

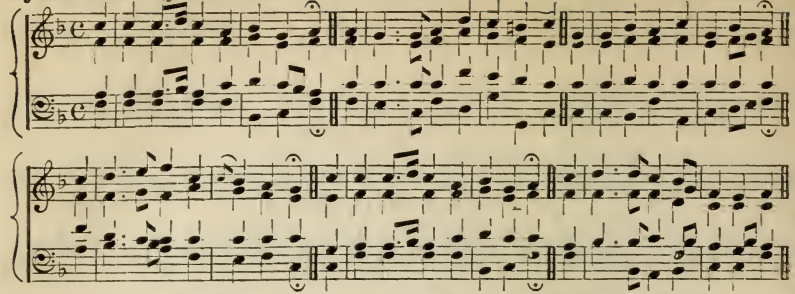
3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.
4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

Hymn 268. THIRD PART. Ascension.

1 In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near,
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
2 To God your spirits dart,
Your souls in words declare,
Or groan, to him who reads the heart,
The unutterable prayer:
His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise,
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Hymn 269. Mount Sion. 8.8.8.8.8.8. I. Pleyel.



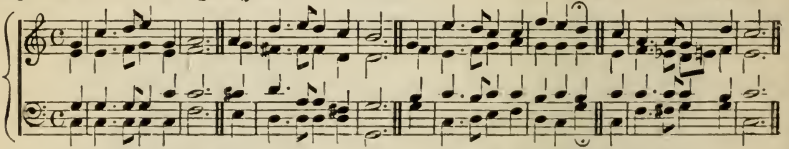
1 Surrounded by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single, against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in his name there is,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliss,
How great salvation, who can tell!
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

Hymn 270. St. Margaret. S.M. Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.



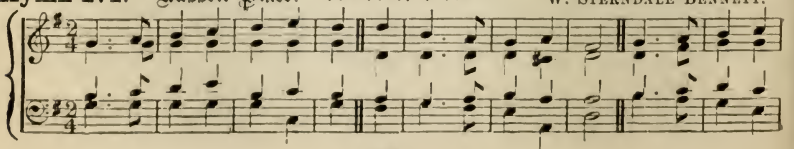
1 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright:
Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee,
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity;
With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of nought,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread,
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
O may I learn the art
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Hymn 271. Russell Place. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. W. Sterndale Bennett.



1 O Almighty God of love,
Thy holy arm display!
Send me succour from above
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakness with thy power,
Woman's Seed, appear within!
Be my safeguard and my tower
Against the face of sin.

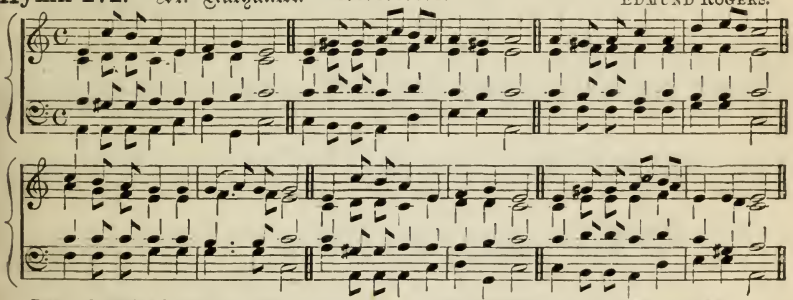
2 Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear;
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the rock,
They never could prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head;
Save me from the trying hour,
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand;
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Ne'er from my defence remove,
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

Hymn 272. St. Nathaniel. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

EDMUND ROGERS.



1 Peace, doubting heart! my God's I am;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

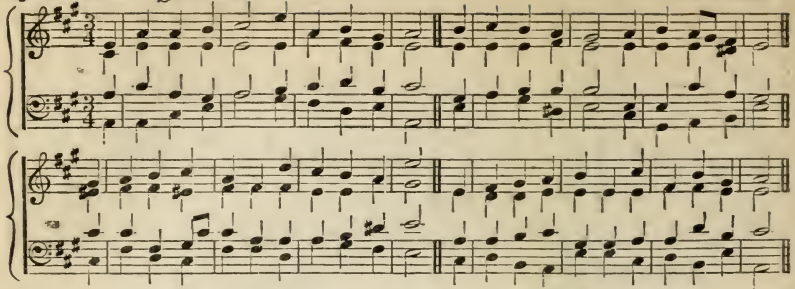
4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand,
Show forth in me thy saving power,
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

5 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

Hymn 273. Danober. 10.10.11.11. Dr. Croft.



1 Omnipotent Lord, My Saviour and King,
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring;
Thy promises bind thee Compassion to have,
Now, now let me find thee Almighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope, And patient in grief,
To thee I look up For certain relief;
I fear no denial, No danger I fear,
Nor start from the trial, While Jesus is near.

3 I every hour In jeopardy stand;
But thou art my power, And holdest my hand;
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel,
It saves me from falling, Or plucks me from hell.

4 O who can explain This struggle for life!
This travail and pain, This trembling and strife!
Plague, earthquake, and famine, And tumult, and war,
The wonderful coming Of Jesus declare.

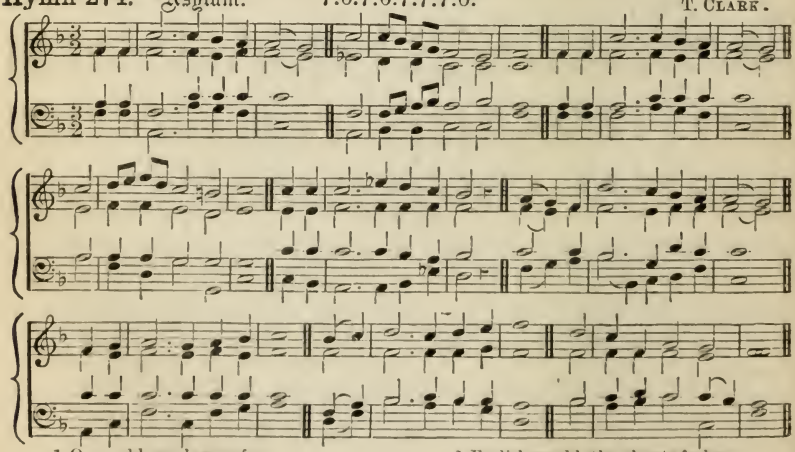
5 For every fight Is dreadful and loud,
The warrior's delight Is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, Till all shall expire;
But this is with burning And fuel of fire.

6 Yet God is above Men, devils, and sin,
My Jesus's love The battle shall win,
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious Shall conquer for me.

7 He all shall break through; His truth and his grace
Shall bring me into The plentiful place,
Through much tribulation, Through water and fire, [desire.
Through floods of temptation, And flames of

8 On Jesus, my power, Till then I rely,
All evil before His presence shall fly;
When I have my Saviour, My sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever Shall reign in my heart.

Hymn 274. Asylum. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. T. Clark.



1 O my old, my bosom foe,
Rejoice not over me!
Oft times thou hast laid me low,
And wounded mortally;
Yet thy prey thou couldst not keep;
Jesus, when I lowest fell,
Heard me cry out of the deep,
And brought me up from hell.

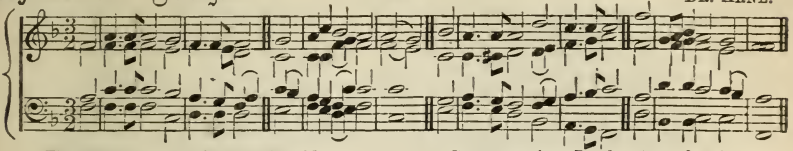
2 Foolish world, thy shouts forbear,
Till thou hast won the day;
Could thy wisdom keep me there,
When in thy hands I lay?
If my heart to thee incline,
Christ again shall set it free;
I am his, and he is mine
To all eternity.

3 Satan, cease thy empty boast,
And give thy triumphs o'er;
Still thou seest I am not lost,
While Jesus can restore;
Though through thy deceit I fall,
Surely I shall rise again,
Christ my King is over all,
And I with him shall reign.

4 O my threefold enemy,
To whom I long did bow,
See your lawful captive, see,
No more your captive now!
Now before my face ye fly;
More than conqueror now I am;
Sin, the world, and hell defy,
In Jesu's powerful name.

Hymn 275. Arlington. C.M.

DR. ARNE.



1 The Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."
2 Jesu, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
While thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?
3 Nature is subject to thy word,
All power to thee is given,
The uncontrolled, almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.
4 And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Master, thy right maintain!
O let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!
5 Come then, and claim me for thine own,
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!
6 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
7 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
8 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus the King, the conqueror, reigns,
Bow down to Jesu's name!
9 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

Hymn 276. Deliverance. 7.7.4.4.7.7.7.4.4.7.

DR. GAUNTLETT.
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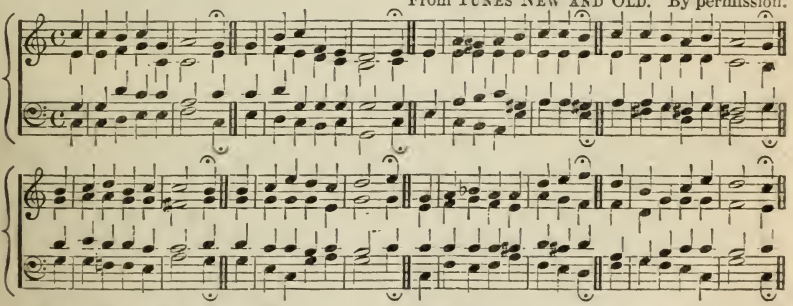


1 Worship, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus!
Jesus alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver;
Our seals set to, That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.
2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore thee:
Our Saviour thou, We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshortened,
Brought through our sore temptation;
With heart and voice In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.
3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep Passed through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rearward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, Have passed the sea,
And marched triumphant over.
4 The world, and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;
And, by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

Hymn 277. St. George. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Jesus, the conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love,
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne;
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

3 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight!
In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

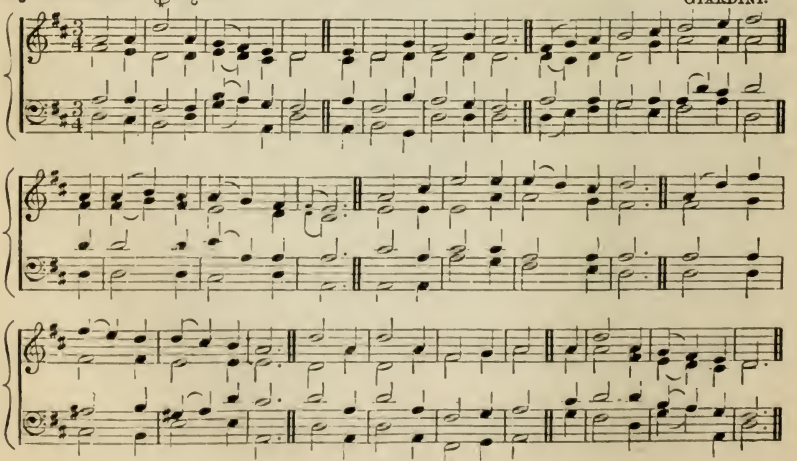
4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,
'Tis seized by violent hands;
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet, O disdain to fear!
Courage! your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you.

6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient conqueror,
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war;
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

Hymn 278. Pelham. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

GIARDINI.



1 Who is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along,
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.

2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within:
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

3 In the strength of Jesu's name,
I with the monster fight;
Feeble and unarmed I am,
But Jesus is my might;
Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove
Still my helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

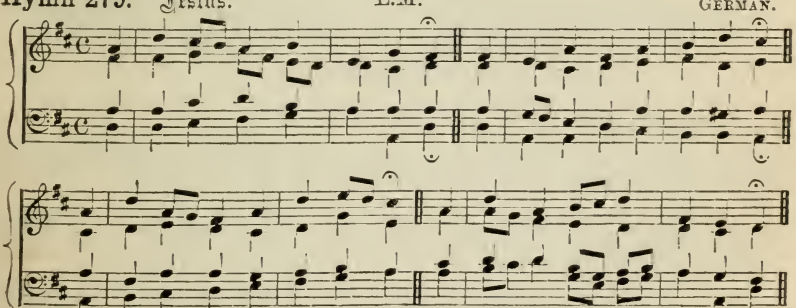
4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin;
On his promise I rely,
Trust in an almighty Lord,
Sure to win the victory,
For he hath spoke the word.

5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low;
Faith in Jesu's conquering name
Slings the sin-destroying stone;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,
Your routed foe pursue;
Shout his praises to the skies
Who conquers sin for you;
Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords,
Saves you, not with sword and spear,
The battle is the Lord's.

7 Every day the Lord of hosts
His mighty power displays;
Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
The threatening Gittite slays;
Israel's God let all below
Conqueror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesu's name!

Hymn 279. Festus. L.M. GERMAN.



1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

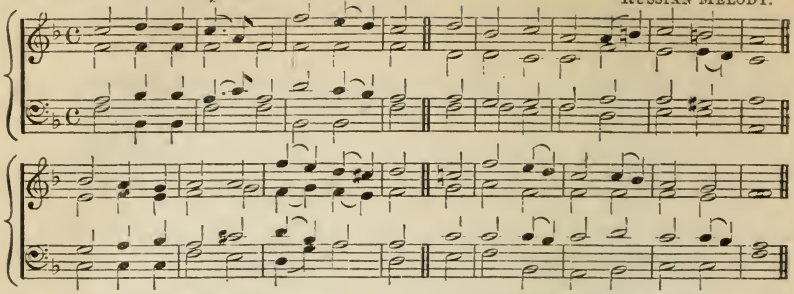
8 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee!

Hymn 280. St. Petersburg. L.M.

RUSSIAN MELODY.



1 The Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway,
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his restless foes obey.

2 All power is to our Jesus given,
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns;
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven,
And holds the powers of hell in chains.

3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
Beyond his chain he cannot go;
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,
And soon avenge us of our foe.

4 Jesus shall his great arm reveal;
Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed,
(Though now the serpent bruise his heel)
Jesus shall bruise the serpent's head.

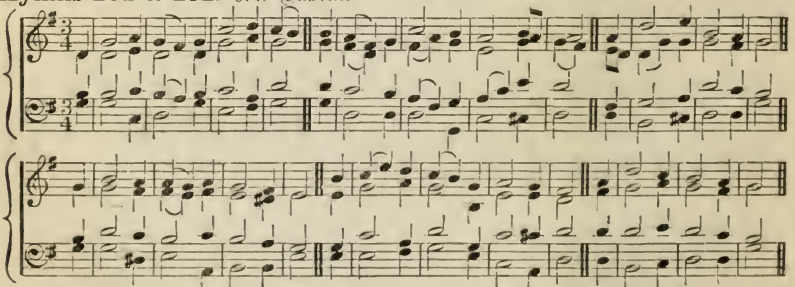
5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
But Christ shall shortly root them up,
Shall cast the dire accuser down,
And disappoint his children's hope;

6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
Baffle the sons of unbelief,
Nor long permit them to rejoice,
But turn their triumph into grief.

7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn,
Scatter thy foes, victorious King!
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
And all the sons of God shall sing;

8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
Of him that sits upon the throne;
And earth and heaven conspire to praise
Jehovah, and his conquering Son.

Hymns 281 & 282. St. Justin. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.



1 Are there not in the labourer's day
Twelve hours, in which he safely may
His calling's work pursue?
Though sin and Satan still are near,
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright,
A soul that walks with Christ in light,
He walks and cannot fall;
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,
Shining unto the perfect day,
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world, thy beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of righteousness,
My faith hath fixed its eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my path beset;
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete
Which thou to me hast given;
Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal to do thy will,
And trust in thy defence:
My soul into thy hands I give;
And, if he can obtain thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence!

Hymn 282. St. Justin.

1 But can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

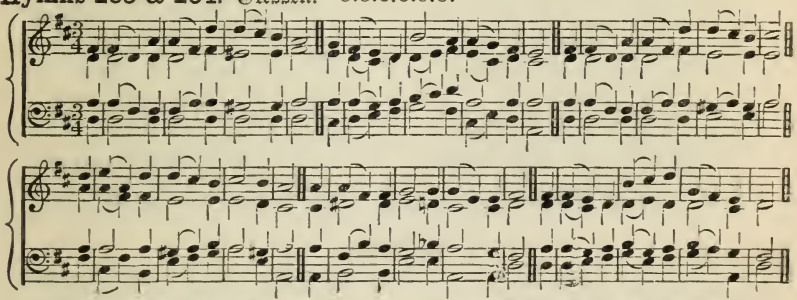
2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin;
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life shalt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

Hymns 283 & 284. Giessen. 8.8.8.8.8.



1 O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request.
To me, to me, thy goodness show;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize,
O might I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There, in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover me with thy mighty hand;
Set me upon the rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour,
Pass by me, and thy name declare;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of love.

Hymn 284. SECOND PART. Giessen.

1 To thee, great God of love! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore;
By faith I see thee passing now:
I have, but still I ask for more,
A glimpse of love cannot suffice,
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 I cannot see thy face, and live,
Then let me see thy face, and die!
Now, Lord, my gasping spirit receive,
Give me on eagles' wings to fly,
With eagles' eyes on thee to gaze,
And plunge into the glorious blaze.

3 The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be;
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What, but one drop! one transient sight!
I want a sun, a sea of light.

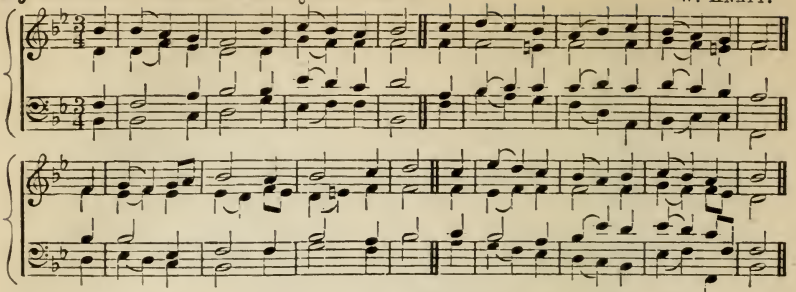
4 Moses thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain;
The Gospel doth thy fulness show
To us, by the commandment slain;
The dead to sin shall find the grace,
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

5 More favoured than the saints of old,
Who now by faith approach to thee
Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity;
Shall see, and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son.

6 This, this is our high calling's prize!
Thine image in thy Son I claim;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transformed I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesu's love.

Hymns 285 & 286. Wareham. L.M.

W. KNAPP.



1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss:
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Hymn 286.

Wareham.

1 Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed,
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,
Son of his age, his only son,
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like this, that we
The bright example may pursue!
May gladly give up all to thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

4 Now, Lord, to thee our all we leave,
Our willing soul thy call obeys;
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,
Freedom, and life to win thy grace.

5 Is there a thing than life more dear?
A thing from which we cannot part?
We can; we now rejoice to tear
The idol from our bleeding heart.

6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss·
Lo! at thy word our Isaac dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

7 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
A hundred-fold we here obtain;
And soon with thee shall all receive,
And loss shall be eternal gain.

Hymn 287. Requies. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

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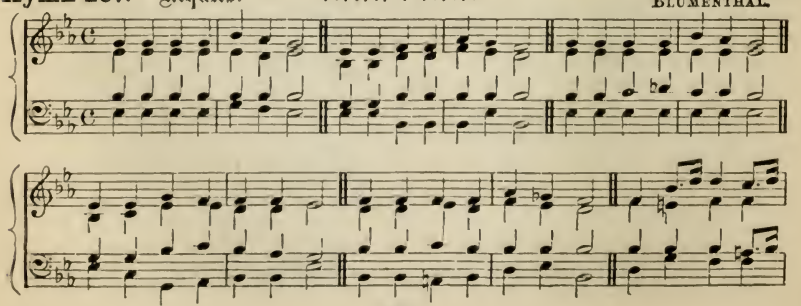
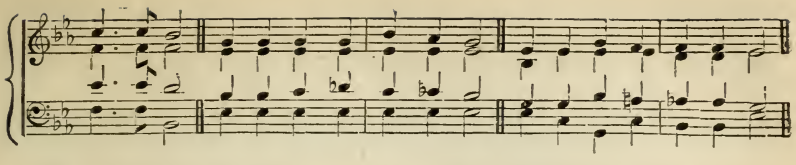




1 Omnipresent God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain;
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down,
God of spotless purity,
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee;
Under thy protection take,
Songs in the night season give;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake,
Let me die to thee, and live.

3 Only tell me I am thine,
And thou wilt not quit thy right;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night:
Bid me even in sleep go on,
Restlessly my God desire,
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

4 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free,
Draw with stronger influence
My unfettered soul to thee;
In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee when waking feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

5 Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart,
O that I might sweetly wake
With my Saviour in my heart!
O that I might know thee mine!
O that I might thee receive!
Only live the life divine,
Only to thy glory live!

6 Or if thou my soul require
Ere I see the morning light,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
Perfect me in love to-night;
Finish thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness,
Fit me for the realms above,
Change, and bid me die in peace.

Hymn 288. Jutland. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

CRÜGER, 1650.

1 O God, thy faithfulness I plead!
My present help in time of need,
My great Deliverer thou!
Haste to my aid, thine ear incline,
And rescue this poor soul of mine,
I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? Ah, show me where,
That I thy mercy may declare,
The power that sets me free:
How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O God, for me!

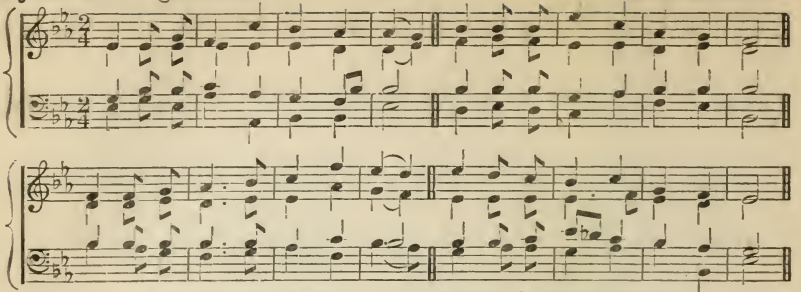
3 One only way the erring mind
Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
From inbred sin to fly;
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
Death, only death can cut the knot,
Which love cannot untie.

4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace;
Thy love can find a thousand ways
To foolish man unknown;
My soul upon thy love I cast,
I rest me, till the storm is past,
Upon thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
Shall every stumbling-block remove,
And make an open way;
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
And bear me from the gulf beneath,
To everlasting day.

Hymn 289. Newmarket. L.M.

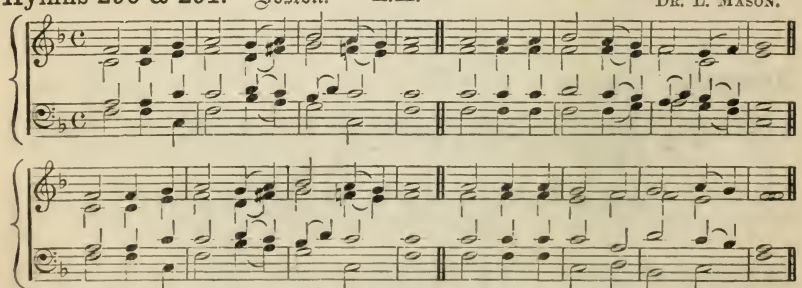
R. WAINWRIGHT.



1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;
2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
3 Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
4 Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head,
Sudden, I found thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch, and fled.
5 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.
8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay,
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

Hymns 290 & 291. Boston. L.M.

DR. L. MASON.



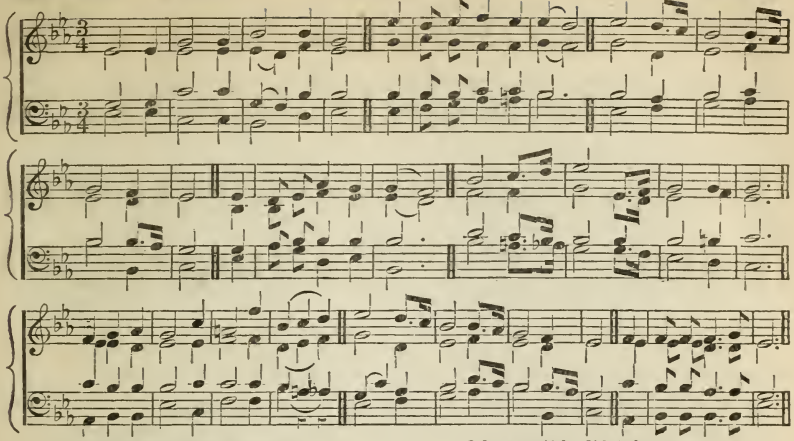
1 My God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee removed so far,
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.
2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!
3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear,
Forth at thy call, though bound I come.
4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.
5 Fain would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell:
To feel my pardon sealed in blood,
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.
6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?
7 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below,
Fulness of joy in th there is,
Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

Hymn 291. Boston.

1 Fondly my foolish heart essays
To augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature happiness.
2 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given:
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.
4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

Hymn 292. Carlston. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

J. W. David.



1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water-spring,
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace;
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

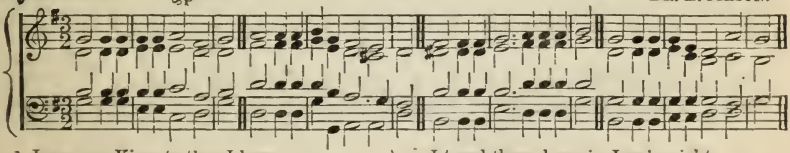
3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun;
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Filled me with thy righteousness,
And sealed the heir of heaven;
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

Hymn 293. Cyprus. L.M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 Jesus, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command;
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke,
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds thou hast me led;
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,
And on thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope,
Legions of sins in vain oppose;
Bold I with thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all break through,
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.

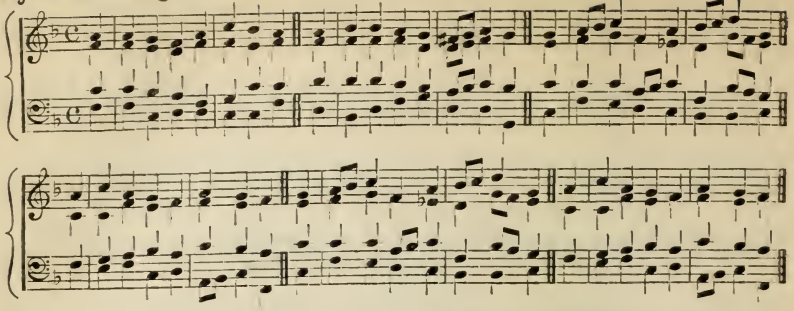
6 Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise!
Who can the sons of Anak meet?
Captain, to thee I lift mine eyes,
And lo! they fall beneath my feet.

7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe)
I see cast down on every side,
And conquering, I to conquer go.

8 My Lord in my behalf appears:
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the host of aliens fly.

9 Who can before my Captain stand?
Who is so great a King as mine?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine!

Hymn 294. Benison. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Jesu, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

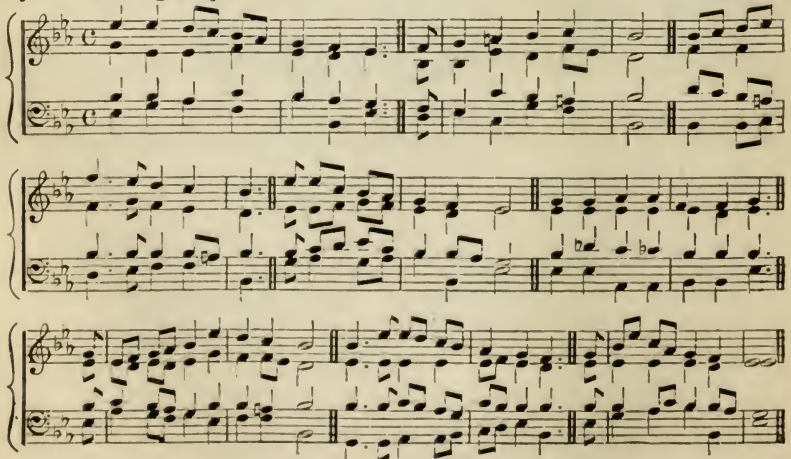
3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter:
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray;
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

Hymn 295. Josiah. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

W. Arnold.



1 Come, ye followers of the Lord,
In Jesu's service join,
Jesus gives the sacred word,
The ordinance divine;
Let us his command obey,
And ask and have whate'er we want;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

2 Place no longer let us give
To the old tempter's will;
Never more our duty leave,
While Satan cries, "Be still;"
Stand we in the ancient way,
And here with God ourselves acquaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Be it weariness and pain
To slothful flesh and blood,
Yet we will the cross sustain,
And bless the welcome load;
All our griefs to God display,
And humbly pour out our complaint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

4 Let us patiently endure,
And still our wants declare;
All the promises are sure
To persevering prayer;
Till we see the perfect day,
And each wakes up a sinless saint,
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

5 Pray we on when all renewed,
And perfected in love,
Till we see the Saviour-God
Descending from above;
All his heavenly charms survey,
Beyond what angel minds can paint;
Pray we, every moment pray,
And never, never faint.

Hymn 296. Varenza. S.M.

COLOGNE CHORALBUCH.

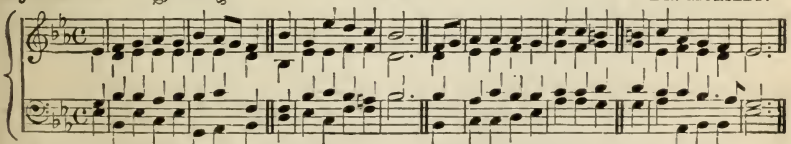
1 Help, Lord! the busy foe
Is as a flood come in!
Lift up a standard, and o'erthrow
The soul-distracting sin:
This sudden tide of care
Roll back, O God, from me,
Nor let the rapid current bear
My soul away from thee.

2 The praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart,
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Hymn 297. Horsley. C.M.

DR. HORSLEY.



1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day,
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

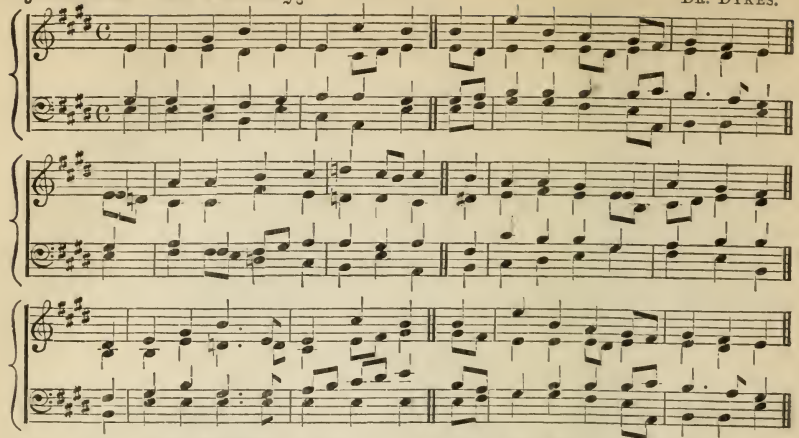
4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go:

5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee:

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

Hymn 298. St. Werbergh. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

DR. DYKES.



1 O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!

2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume!
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom;
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

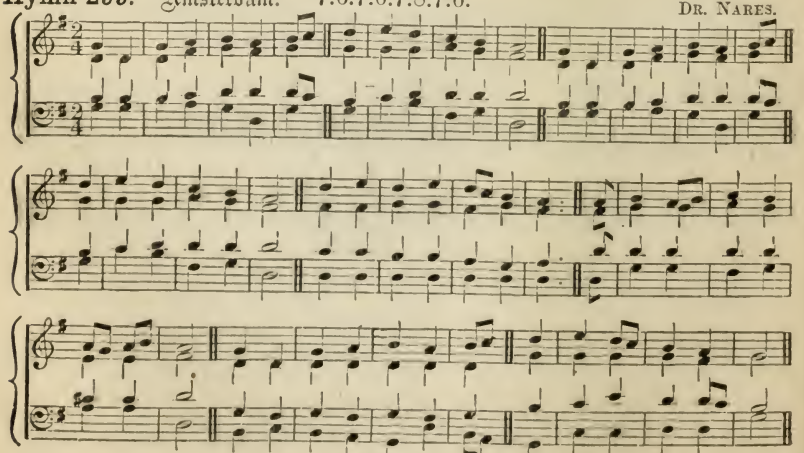
3 O blessed word of gospel grace!
Which now we for our Israel plead,
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed;
O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise!

4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim,
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son!
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our Spokesman there;
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

Hymn 299. Amsterdam. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

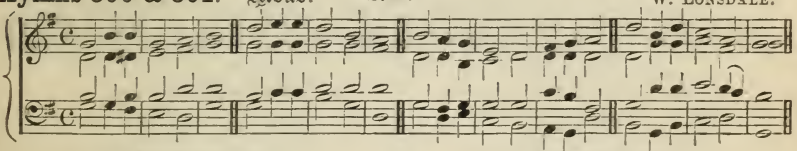
DR. NARES.



1 Jesus, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint;
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint;
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
2 We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the sinner's friend;
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead,
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
3 Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released,
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppressed;
Now thy power almighty show,
Arise, the woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
4 To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
5 Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control;
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransomed soul,
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send:
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed,
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
7 Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;
With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
The crooked serpent slay!
Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
Root out and kill the hellish seed,
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the serpent's head!
8 Jesus, hear thy Spirit's call,
Thy bride, who bids thee come;
Come, thou righteous Judge of all,
Pronounce the tempter's doom;
Doom him to infernal woe,
For him and for his angels made;
Now avenge us of our foe,
For ever bruise his head!

Hymns 300 & 301. Moab. S.M.

W. LONSDALE.



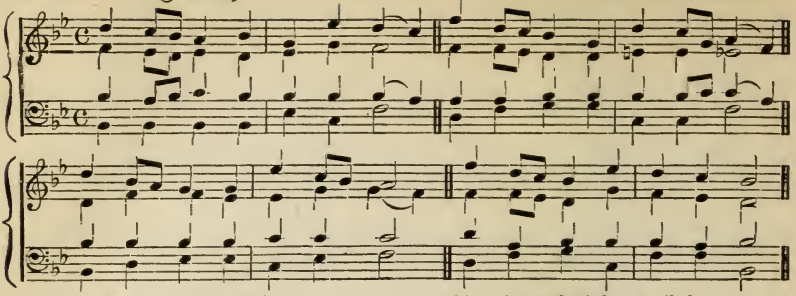
1 Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.
2 In me thy Spirit dwell!
In me thy bowels move!
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Hymn 301. Moab.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.
3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threatening or reward)
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.
6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Hymn 302. Docility. 7.7.7.7.

CLEMENT H. PERROT.



1 Lord, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.
2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride,
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet;
3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless, as a child,
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.
4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

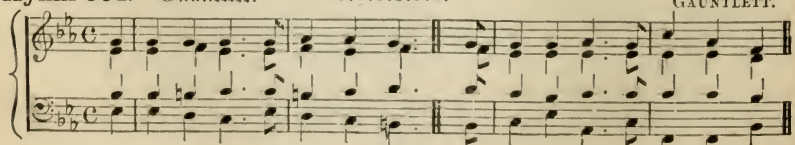
Hymn 303. Olmutz. S.M.

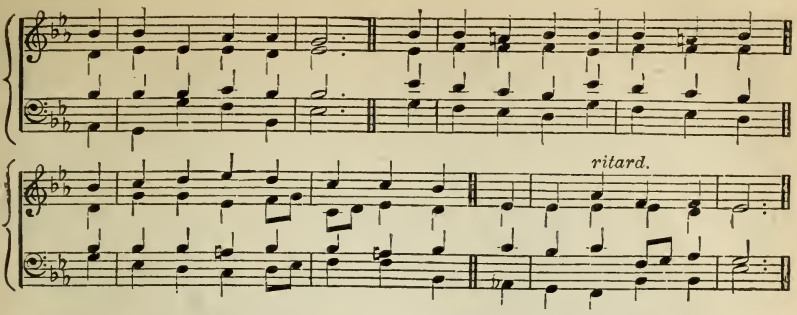
DR. L. MASON.

1 Ah, when shall I awake
From sin's soft-soothing power,
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care,
Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer!
2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want!
I know that thou wouldst give
More than I can request;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
3 I feel thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save,
All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have;
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee,
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.
4 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer;
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
5 Messiah, Prince of peace,
Into my soul bring in
Thy everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.
6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul;
Who can resist thy will?
Speak, and it shall be done!
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

Hymn 304. Gauntlett. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

GAUNTLETT.





1 Saviour, on me the want bestow,
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestowed;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

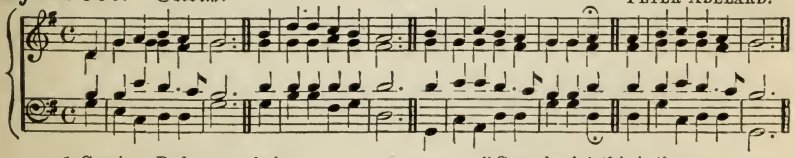
5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

6 Not for my fault or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,
But for true holiness,
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred;
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
In life and death confess.

7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
In heaven's eternal rest.

Hymn 305. Gildas. S.M.

PETER ABELARD.



1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."
Lay to thy mighty hand!
Alarm me in this hour,
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.

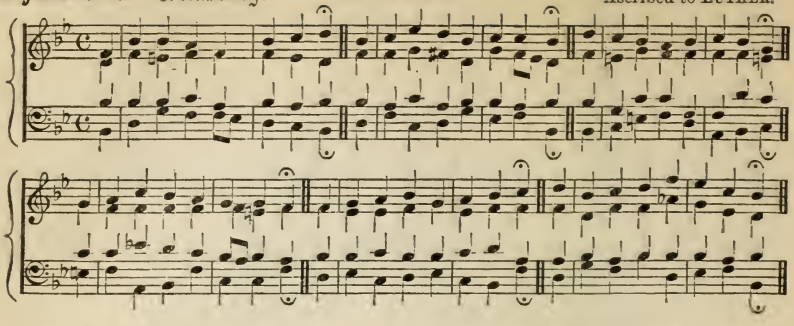
2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away;
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

3 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear;
"Come back! this is the way,
Come back, and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

4 Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower;
Give me to trust in thee,
Be thou my sure abode,
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep;
My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me as thy own,
And love me to the end.

Hymn 306. Strasburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Ascribed to LUTHER.



1 Father, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart;
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

2 This slumber from my soul O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

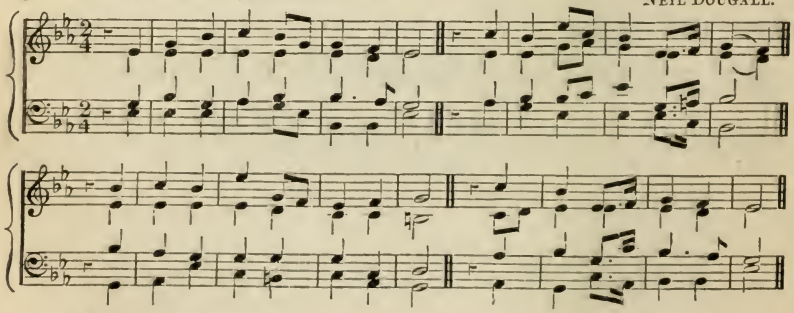
3 O wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe!
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprized of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

4 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell!
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here.

5 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

Hymns 307 & 308. Kilmarnock. C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



1 God of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good!
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against thy love:
This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.

3 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness:
Rather I would in painful awe
Beneath thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.

4 But O! thou wouldst not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain,
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men;
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place,
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee;
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide,
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

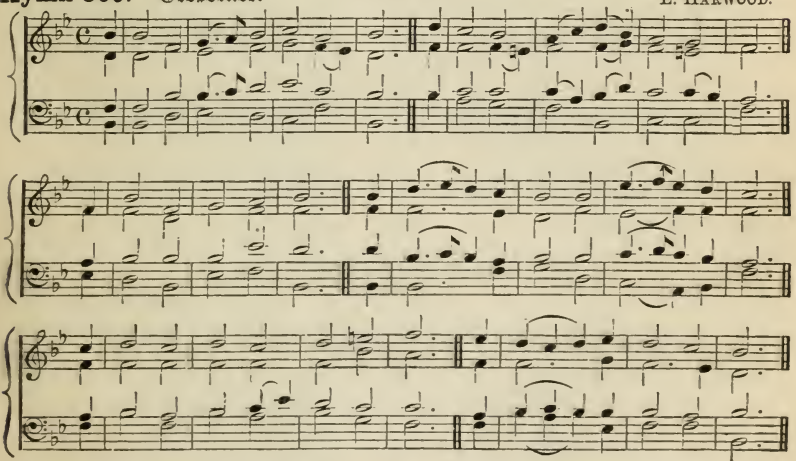
Hymn 308. Kilmarnock.

1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near;
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire,
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love:
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

Hymn 309. Grosbenor. 8.8.6.8.8.6. E. Harwood.



1 Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

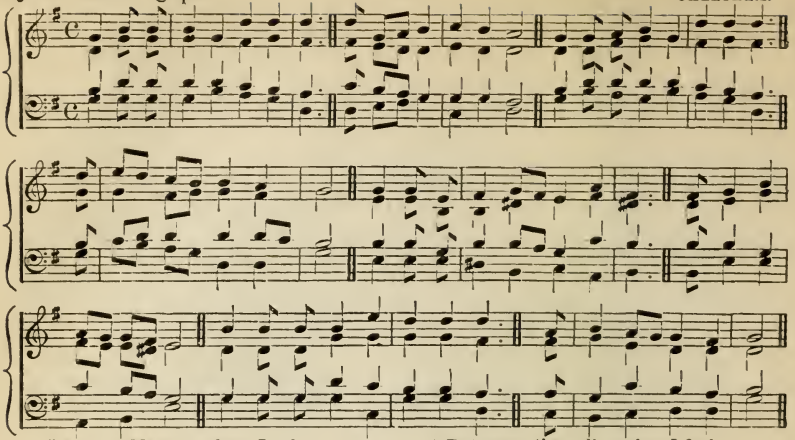
2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting cry from ruin's brink
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepared, and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

Hymn 310. Ripon. D.C.M. Cheetham.



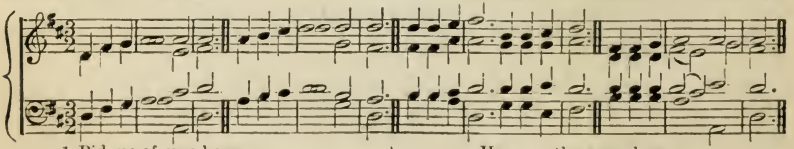
1 Jesus, my Master and my Lord,
I would thy will obey,
Humbly receive thy warning word,
And always watch and pray.
My constant need of watchful prayer
I daily see and feel,
To keep me safe from every snare
Of sin, and earth, and hell.

2 Into a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground,
Wild human bears on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves, surround:
The lion seeks my soul to slay
In some unguarded hour,
And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
And watches to devour.

3 But worse than all my foes I find
The enemy within,
The evil heart, the carnal mind,
My own insidious sin:
My nature every moment waits
To render me secure,
And all my paths with ease besets,
To make my ruin sure.

4 But thou hast given a loud alarm;
And thou shalt still prepare
My soul for all assaults, and arm
With never-ceasing prayer:
O do not suffer me to sleep,
Who on thy love depend;
But still thy faithful servant keep,
And save me to the end!

Hymn 311. Rialto. S.M. From American Baptist Collection.



1 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread;
O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm
In panoply divine;
O may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

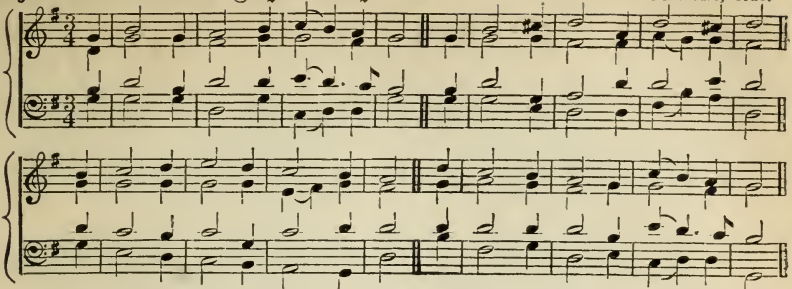
3 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

4 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart.

5 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath;
In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

Hymns 312 & 313. Angels' Song. L.M.

GIBBONS, 1623.



1 Jesu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings,

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy Way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the hardness he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call,
Only by faith in thee I stand.

Hymn 313. Angels' Song.

1 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

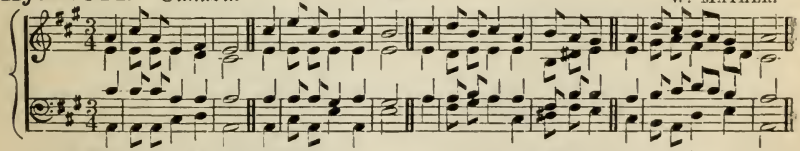
2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel!

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Hymn 314. Canada. S.M.

W. MATHER.



1 Hark, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare!
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

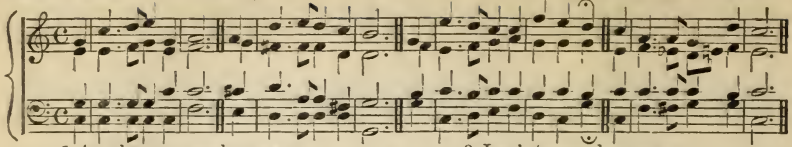
2 See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given,
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail,
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell;
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

Hymn 315. St. Margaret. S.M.

REV. SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.



1 Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible.
With rage that never ends
Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

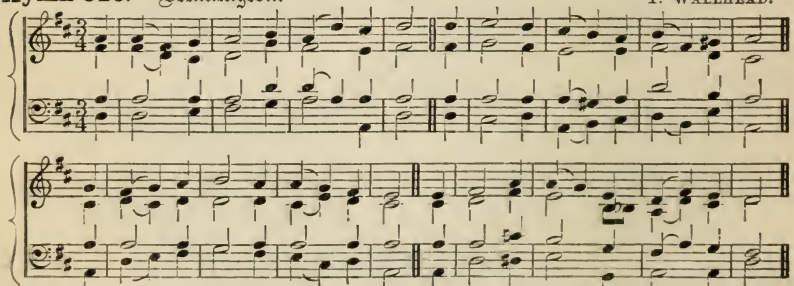
2 On earth the usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power,
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour:
But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their power defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:
"Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

Hymn 316. Brimington. L.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

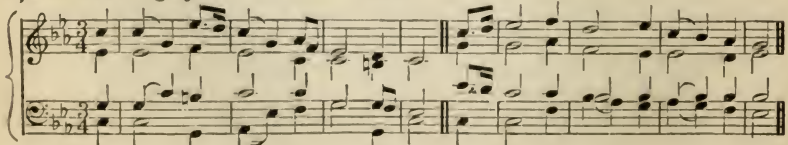
2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

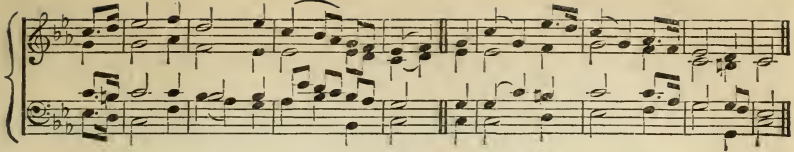
3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Hymn 317. Athlone. L.M.

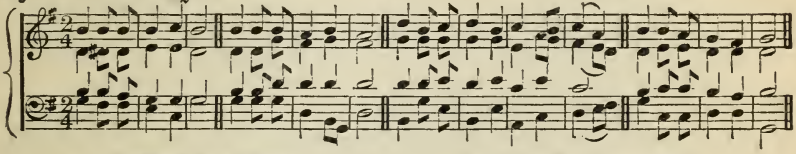




1 Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never, find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

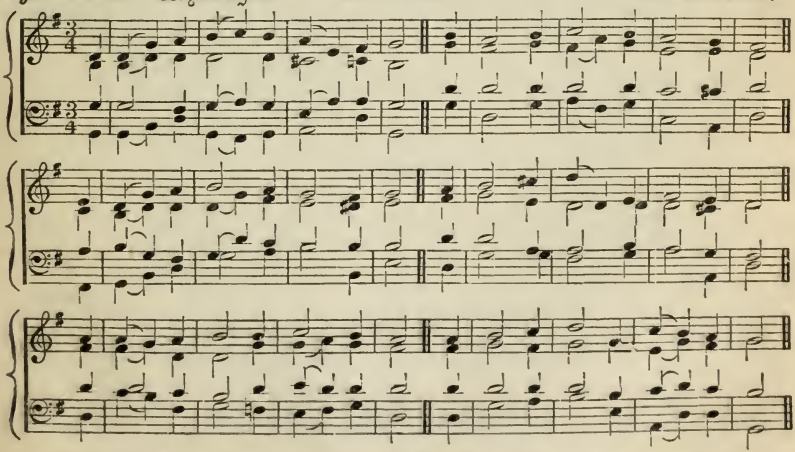
Hymn 318. Vigil. S.M.



1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Hymn 319. Whittington. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. Wallhead.

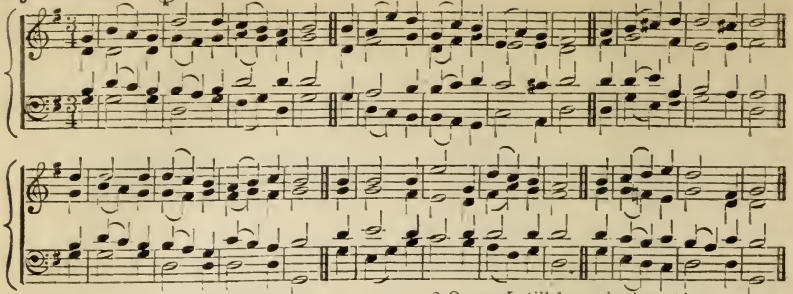


1 Watched by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame,
As servants of the Lord most High,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

Hymn 320. Pembroke. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

J. FOSTER.

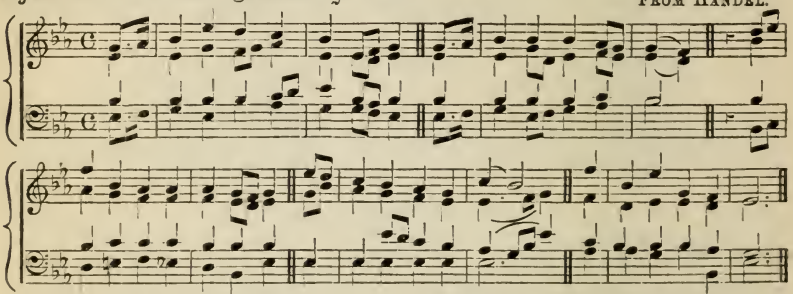


1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Hymns 321 & 322. Lunenburg. C.M.

FROM HANDEL.



1 Summoned my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallowed labour now,
I do it unto thee.

3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own;
Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favoured son.

Hymn 322.

Lunenburg.

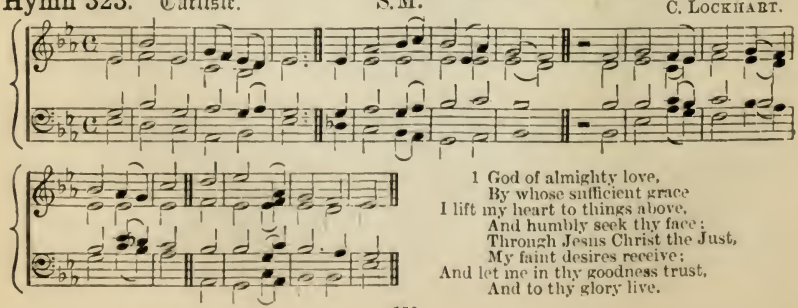
1 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us!

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

Hymn 323. Carlisle. S.M.

C. LOCKHART.



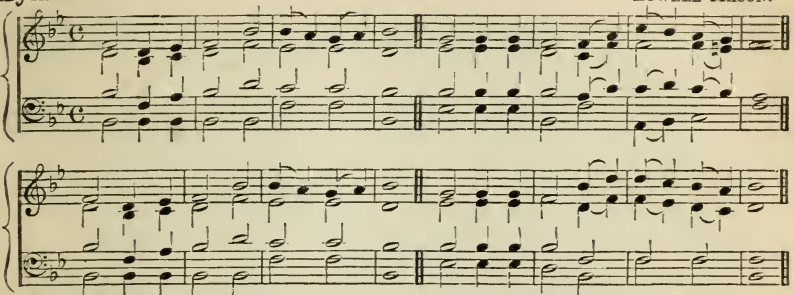
1 God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face;
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
The ever-blessed name!
Jesu, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high;
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast, and art;
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm,
A worm exalt to God!

Hymn 324. Ernan. L.M.

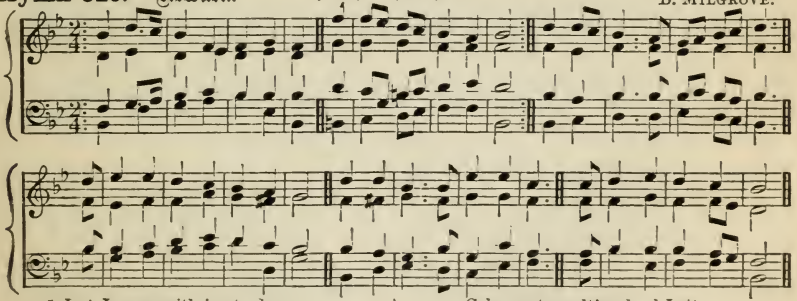
LOWELL MASON.



1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will!
3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Hymn 325. Newark. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

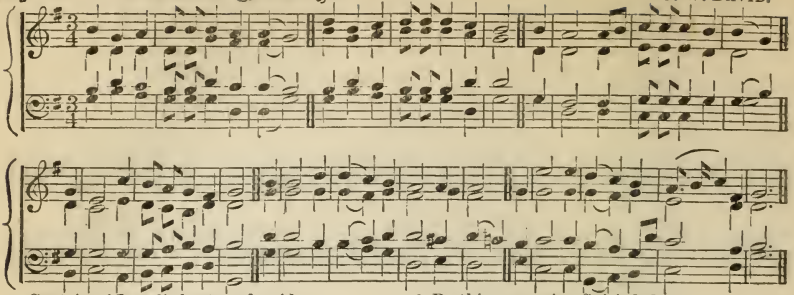
B. MILGROVE.



1 Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still;
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.
2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.
3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Dost all my burdens bear,
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.
4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above;
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.
5 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee, to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!

Hymns 326 & 328. Marienlyst. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. W. David.



1 Captain of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

Hymn 328.

Marienlyst.

1 When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still,
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

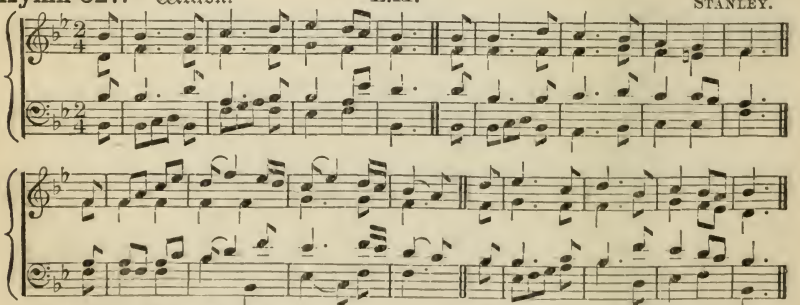
2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Hymn 327. Milton. L.M.

Stanley.



1 O thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

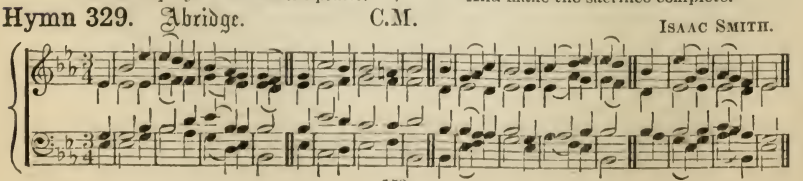
2 There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Hymn 329. Abridge. C.M.

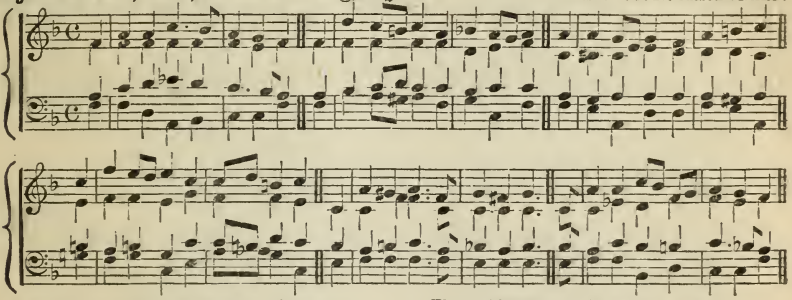
Isaac Smith.



1 Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee, Saviour, we adore,
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,
And magnify thy power.
2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,
Shall make us all entire;
We now thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburned in fire.

3 Thee, Son of man, by faith we see,
And glory in our guide;
Surrounded and upheld by thee,
The fiery test abide.
4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

Hymns 330, 331, & 332. St. Margaret. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Rev. A. J. N. Macdonald.



1 Saviour of all, what hast thou done,
What hast thou suffered on the tree?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me?
The mystery of thy passion show,
The end of all thy griefs below.
2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine;
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
To change my human to divine,
To cleanse from all iniquity,
And make the sinner all like thee.
3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding Sacrifice expired;
But didst thou not my Pattern die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread,
Might like the Man of sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head,
Thy dying in my body bear,
And all thy state of suffering share.
5 Thy every perfect servant, Lord,
Shall as his patient Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee,
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.
6 This is the strait and royal way,
That leads us to the courts above;
Here let me ever, ever stay,
Till, on the wings of perfect love,
I take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary's to Zion's height.

Hymn 331. St. Margaret.

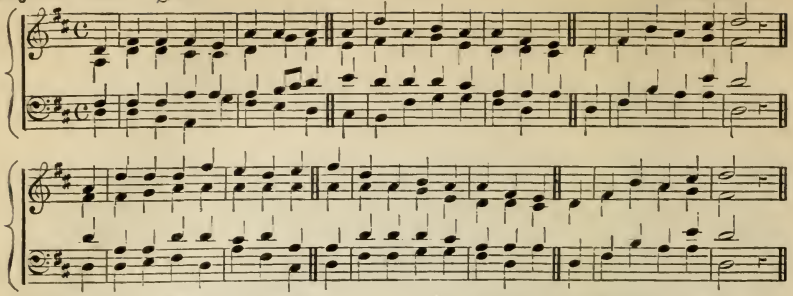
1 Afflicted by a gracious God,
The stroke I patiently sustain,
Grievous to feeble flesh and blood;
Unable to rejoice in pain,
Beneath my Father's hand I bow,
And groan to feel his chastening now.
2 But when he hath my patience proved,
And sees me to his will resigned,
His heavy hand and rod removed
Shall leave the blest effect behind,
The sure, inviolable peace,
The ripened fruit of righteousness.
3 This pain, this consecrated pain,
With which my soul and flesh are filled,
His instrument if he ordain,
The pure and perfect love shall yield;
But by whatever means 'tis done,
The work and praise are all his own.

Hymn 332. St. Margaret.

1 Master, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires
For thee I cheerfully forego,
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below,
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.
3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray,
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey,
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.
4 All power is thine in earth and heaven,
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given,
Nothing but sin I call my own,
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.
5 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and love, and power;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

Hymn 333. Hull. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

OLD MELODY.



1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious, co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

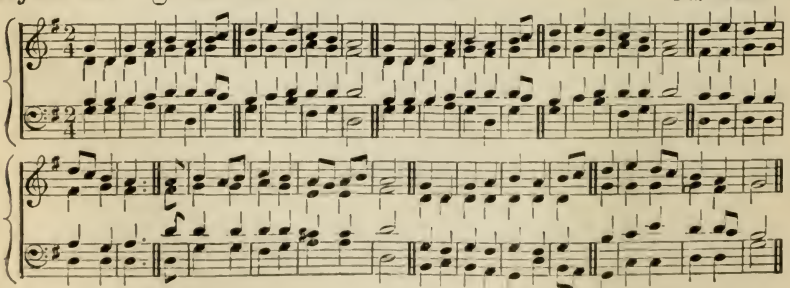
7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God is all in all!

Hymn 334. (*See Hymn* 25.) Innspruck.

Lord, I adore thy gracious will;
Through every instrument of ill
My Father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee!

Hymn 335. Amsterdam. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

DR. NARES.



1 Cast on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved,
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved;
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasped his fainting prey,
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jesus, on thy word and name
I steadfastly rely;
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

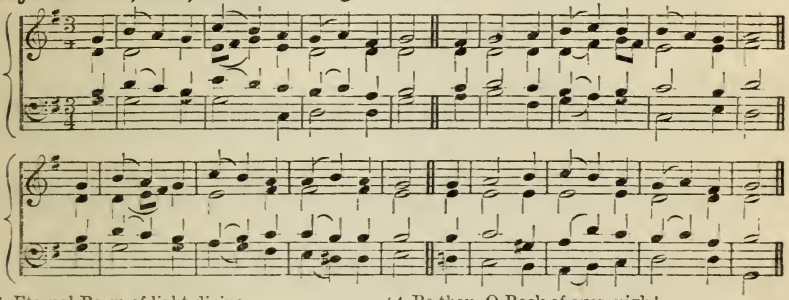
4 To thy blessed will resigned,
And stayed on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compassed round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give,
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.

Hymn 336. Amsterdam.

1 Father, in the name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove;
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given;
Jesu, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven!

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
For more than life on thee;
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burnished gold I shine,
Meet, through consecrated pain,
To see the face divine.

Hymns 337, 338, & 339. St. Luke. L.M.



1 Eternal Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;
2 Jesu, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear,
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Hymn 338. St. Luke.

1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine,
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!
2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow,
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the winepress trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!
6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

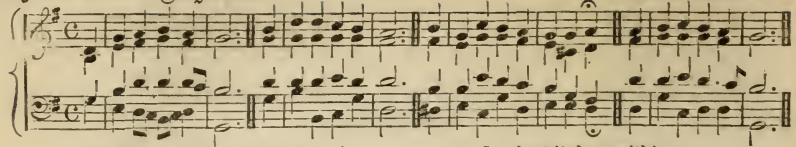
Hymn 339. St. Luke.

1 O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!
6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Hymn 340. Augustine. S.M.

PETER ABELARD.



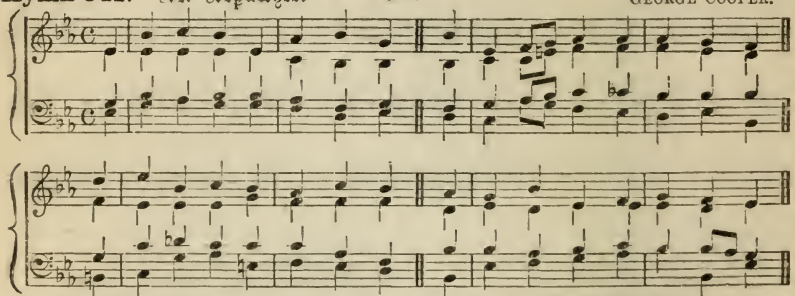
1 The thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will!

Hymn 341. St. Sepulchre. L.M.

GEORGE COOPER.



1 O Jesus, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;
Prepare for thee the holiest place;
Then, O essential Love, come in!
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive;

4 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

Hymns 342 & 343. Farrant. C.M.

R. FARRANT.

1 God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, even us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain;

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
The omnipotence of love.

Hymn 343. Farrant.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

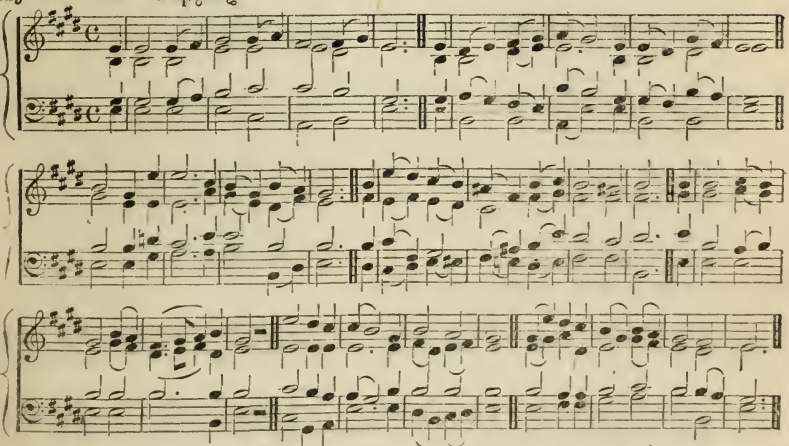
5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden re-possessed,
From every sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Hymn 344. Euphony. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

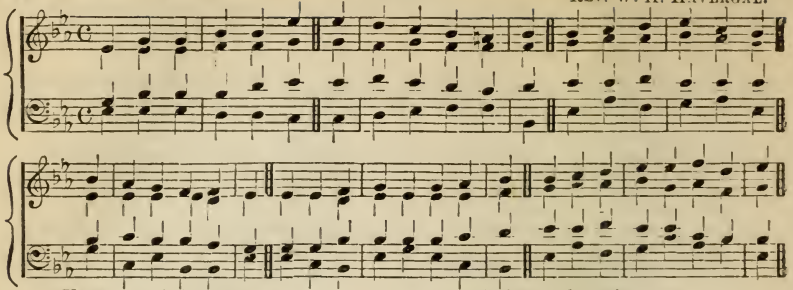
6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there,
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry!

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am:
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

8 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call,
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Hymn 345. Adoration. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



1 Ye ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

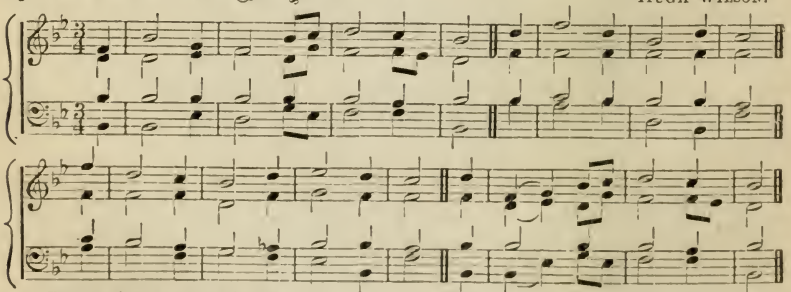
5 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Hymns 346 & 347. Martyrdom. C.M.

Hugh Wilson.



1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Hymn 347. Martyrdom.

1 Jesus, my Life! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

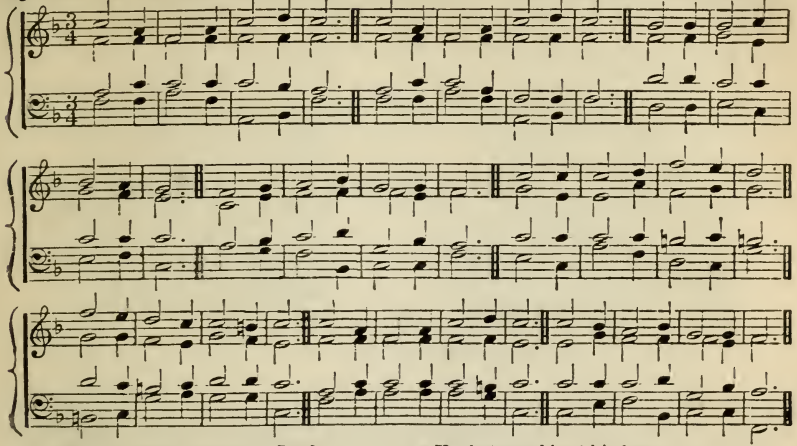
2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Hymns 348 & 349. Arimathea. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Latin Melody, 14th Century.



1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed,
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring.
Lo! abundantly they bloom,
Lebanon is hither come,
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
Sharon's fertile excellence.

3 See, these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
We behold (the abjects we!)
Christ, the incarnate Deity,
Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
Excellence of strength divine.

4 Ye that tremble at his frown,
He shall lift your hands east down;
Christ, who all your weakness sees,
He shall prop your feeble knees.
Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
Jesus will not tarry long;
Fear not lest his truth should fail,
Jesus is unchangeable.

5 God, your God, shall surely come,
Quell your foes, and seal their doom,
He shall come and save you too;
We, O Lord, have found thee true!
Blind we were, but now we see,
Deaf, we hearken now to thee,
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ,
Lame, and lo! we leap for joy.

6 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
Water at thy word gushed out,
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness;
Still we gasp thy grace to know,
Here for ever let it flow,
Make the thirsty land a pool;
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

Hymn 349. second part. Arimathea.

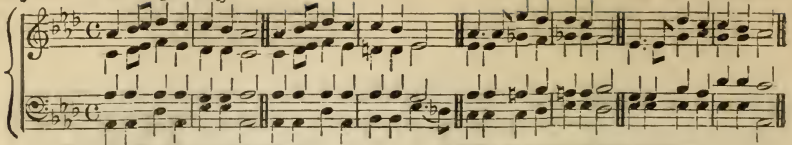
1 Where the ancient dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way!
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of Paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

2 There the simple cannot stray,
Babes, though blind, may find the way,
Find, nor ever thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart;
Far from fear, from danger far,
No devouring beast is there,
There the humble walk secure;
God hath made their footsteps sure.

3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransomed by thy dying love.
Leave us not below to mourn;
Fain we would to thee return,
Crowned with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy,
Sorrow then shall yield to joy,
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallowed up in endless day.

Hymn 350. Litany. 7.7.7.7. W. Woodward.



1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the purchase of thy blood!

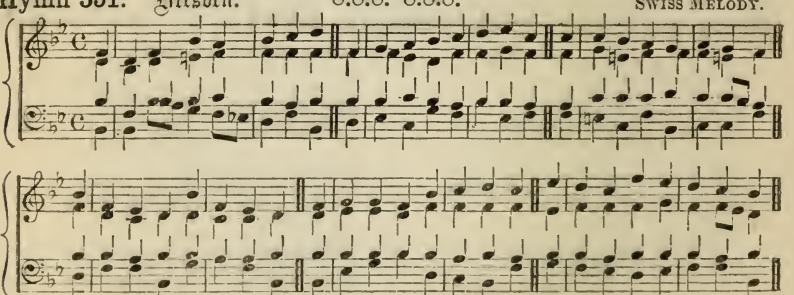
5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul 's athirst for thee;
When thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven!

Hymn 351. Dresden. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Swiss Melody.



1 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire!
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there;
Thou, with the Father, and the Son
Eternal light's co-eval beam;
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor;
All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown,
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

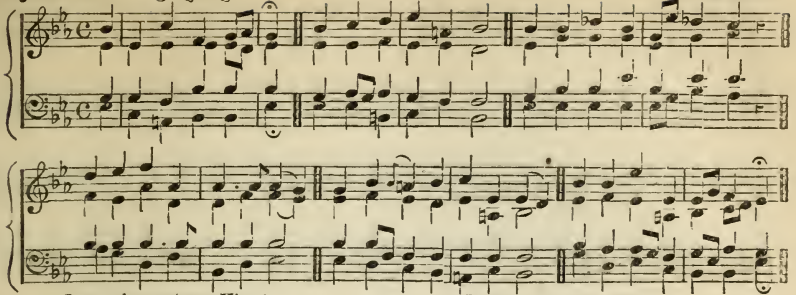
5 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head,
Nor earth nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,
Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallowed up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

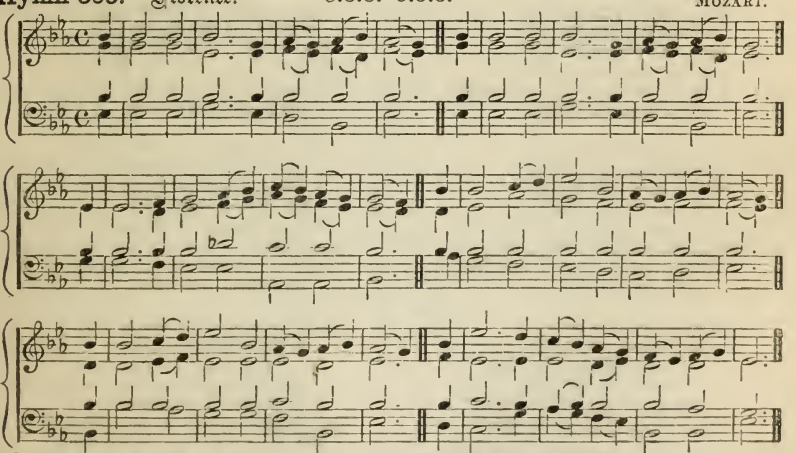
8 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

Hymn 352. Royalty. 6.6.7.7.7.7. J. Rhodes.



1 Jesus, thou art our King!
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty One, art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word; I claim it now,
Send me now the promised aid.
2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down!
Help, O help, attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee to obey,
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one, my ceaseless prayer,
Make, O make my heart thy seat,
O set up thy kingdom there!
4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer go.

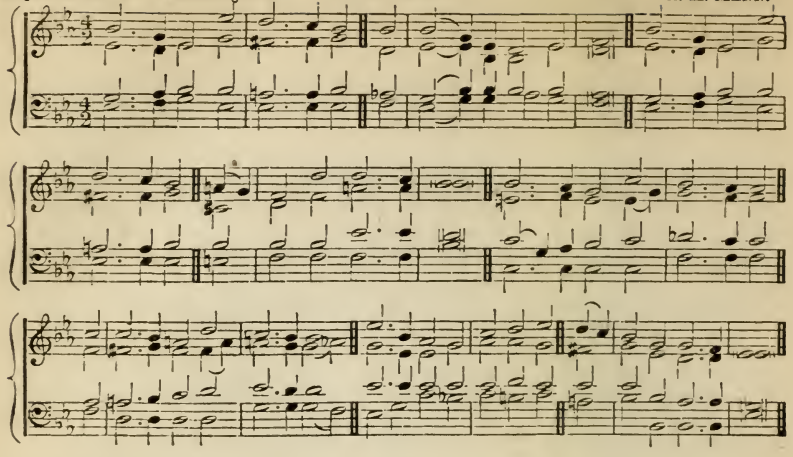
Hymn 353. Florence. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Mozart.



1 O Jesu, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.
2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began,
Thou, when the appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.
3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God;
In vain does the old dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage,
None can withstand thy conquering blood.
4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow:
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth now.
5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there!
6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all!

Hymn 354. Woodthorne. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

A. H. Mann.



1 Ever fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require,
I want my God, my all!
Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With the indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me thy mercies move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

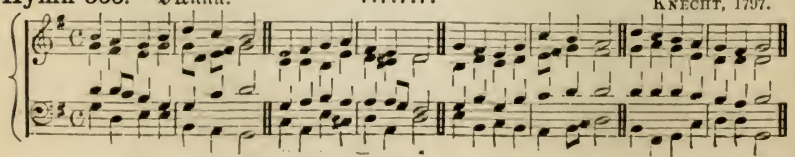
4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the entail of sin;
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my Life, my treasure be,
My Portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My heaven on earth, my heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee;
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Hymn 355. Vienna. 7.7.7.7.

Knecht, 1797.



1 Jesu, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
Stablished with abiding grace.

5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will,
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

10 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

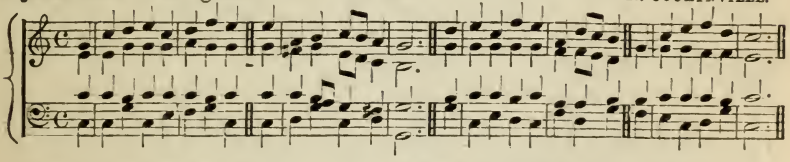
11 I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore,
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.

12 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure,
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.

13 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

Hymn 356. St. James. C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE.



1 Lord, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise, true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve,
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 Faith to be healed thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean;
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt, thyself impart;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

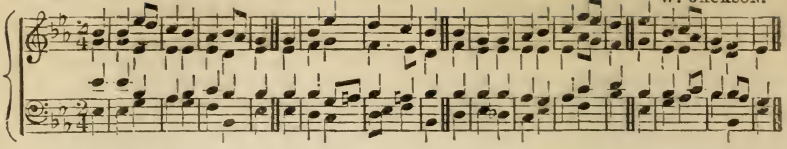
8 I shall my ancient strength renew:
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

10 For this in steadfast hope I wait;
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

Hymn 357. Byzantium. C.M.

W. Jackson.



1 Jesu, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve thee without fear;
My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer.

5 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I shall be pure within,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought:
For angels never sin.

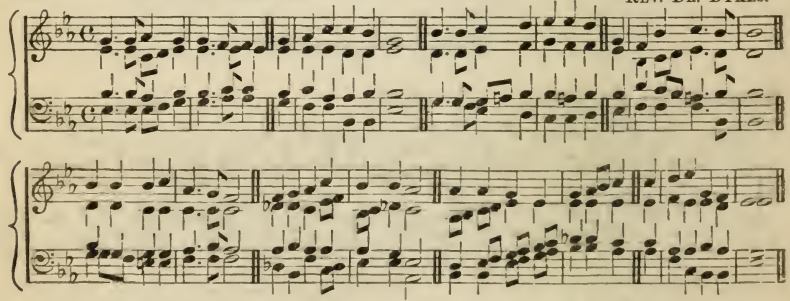
6 From thee no more shall I depart,
No more unfaithful prove,
But love thee with a constant heart;
For angels always love.

7 I all thy holy will shall prove:
I, a weak, sinful worm,
When thee with all my heart I love,
Shall all thy law perform.

8 The graces of my second birth
To me shall all be given;
And I shall do thy will on earth,
As angels do in heaven.

Hymn 358. St. Hilary. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

Rev. Dr. Dykes.



1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

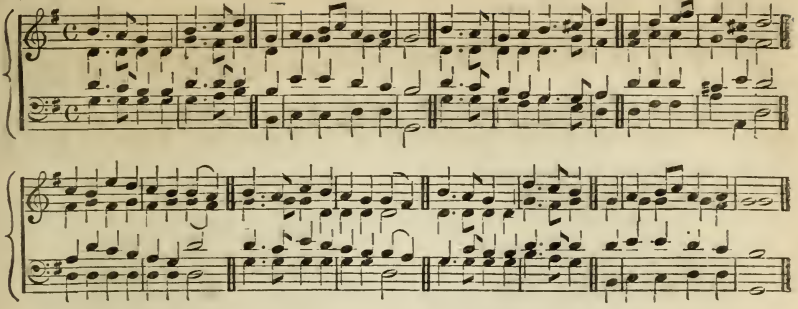
2 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

3 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold;
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

4 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin!
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom thyself hast bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

5 Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art wisdom, power, and love,
And all thou art is mine.

Hymn 359. Taunton. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott.



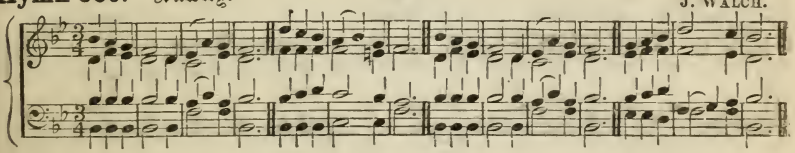
1 God of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked unhurt in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of man, confest
In all thy saving power!

2 Lo! on dangers, deaths, and snares
I every moment tread,
Hell without a veil appears,
And flames around my head;
Sin increases more and more,
Sin in all its strength returns,
Seven times hotter than before
The fiery furnace burns.

3 But while thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of thine.

Hymn 360. Sawley. C.M.

J. Walch.



1 Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive,
The Christ, the promised seed.

5 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought:
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.

6 Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name;
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

7 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

8 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

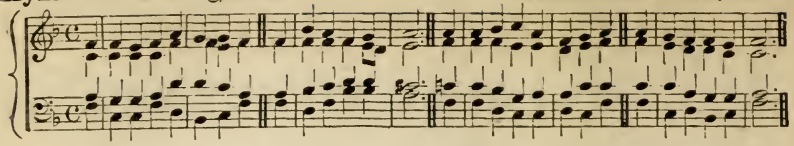
9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done!

10 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give:
I shall in Christ, in that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

11 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove:
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Hymn 361. St. Flabian. C.M.

BARBER'S PSALM TUNES, 1686.



1 My God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(My own unconquerable sin)
And form my soul anew.

6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break
An adamantine heart.

7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

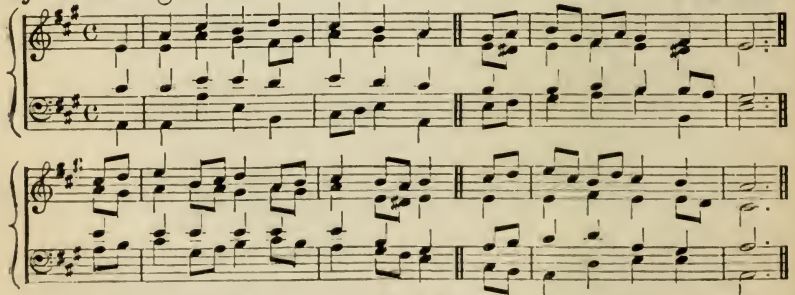
9 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

Hymn 362. Attercliffe. C.M.

W. MATHER.



1 Be it according to thy word;
This moment let it be!
O that I now, my gracious Lord,
Might lose my life for thee!

2 Now, Jesus, let thy powerful death
Into my being come;
Slay the old Adam with thy breath;
The man of sin consume.

3 My old affections mortify,
Nail to the cross my will;
Daily and hourly bid me die,
Or altogether kill.

4 Jesus, my Life, appear within,
And bruise the serpent's head;
Enter my soul, extirpate sin,
Cast out the cursed seed.

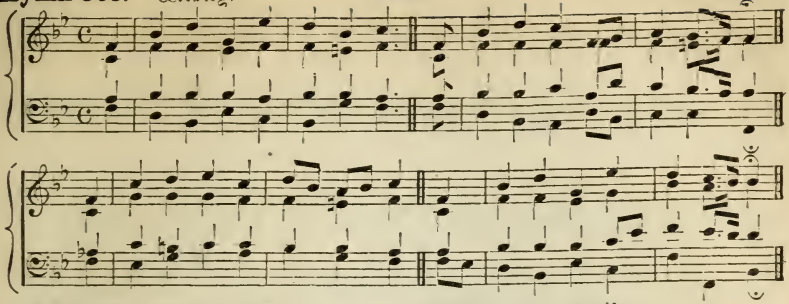
5 Hast thou not made me willing, Lord?
Would I not die this hour?
Then speak the killing, quickening word;
Slay, raise me, by thy power.

6 Slay me, and I in thee shall trust,
With thy dead men arise,
Awake, and sing out of the dust,
Soon as this nature dies.

7 O let it now make haste to die,
The mortal wound receive!
So shall I live; and yet not I,
But Christ in me shall live.

8 Be it according to thy word;
This moment let it be!
The life I lose for thee, my Lord,
I find again in thee.

Hymn 363. Wesley. L.M.



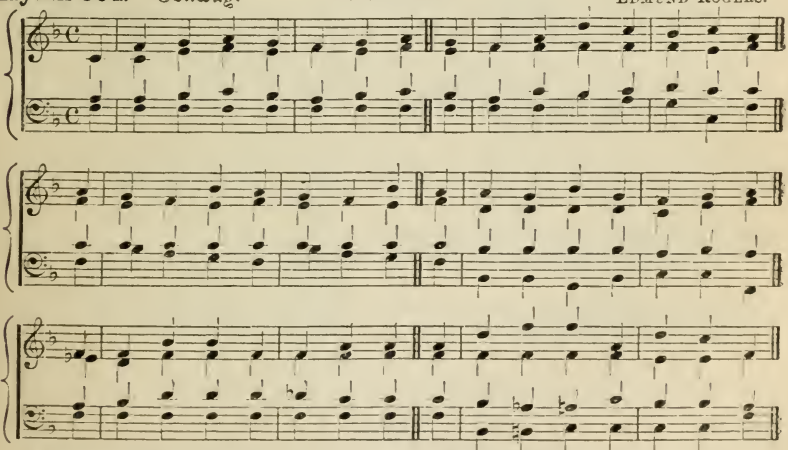
1 What! never speak one evil word,
Or rash, or idle, or unkind!
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?

2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal,
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
The abundance of a loving heart.

3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace;
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!

4 Forgive, and make my nature whole,
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Hymn 364. Conway. 8.8.8.8.8.8. EDMUND ROGERS.



1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of thee;
That living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and thyself, on me;
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,
Now let me find thee in my heart.

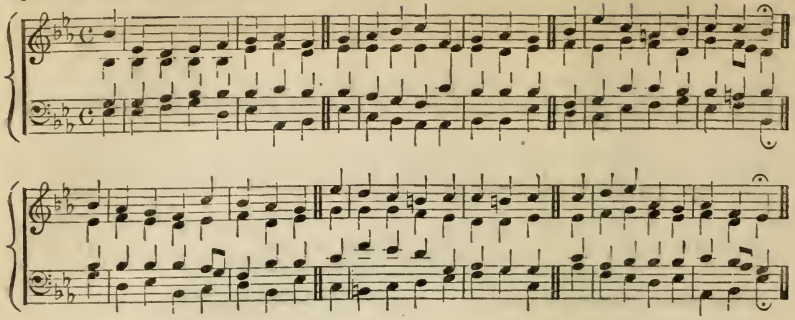
2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
For drops of finite happiness;
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace,
In joy that none can take away,
In life which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
Unblamable before thy sight,
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
And plant thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
While, listening to the wretch's cry,
The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain,
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.

Hymns 365 & 366. Tarsus. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Goss.



1 O God of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of grace:
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

2 I cannot praise thee as I would;
But thou art merciful and good,
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

3 I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven:
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God;
Thou didst, thou didst thy peace impart;
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turned again,
And sinned against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thanked my Advocate above.

6 Saviour, for this I thank thee now;
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatched me from the gates of hell;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

7 The boundless love that found out me
For every soul of man is free,
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

8 A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die,
Yet still by sovereign grace I live!
Saviour, to thee I still look up;
I see an open door of hope,
And wait thy fulness to receive.

9 How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is past;
The morning star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

Hymn 366. Tarsus.

1 I soon shall hear thy quickening voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;
(This is thy will and faithful word)
My spirit meek, my will resigned,
Lowly as thine shall be my mind,
The servant shall be as his Lord.

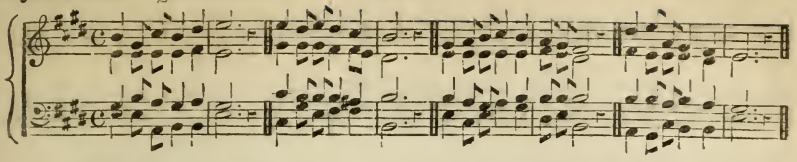
2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have;
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

3 By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand,
I my own wickedness eschew:
A sinner, I am kept from sin,
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

4 Come then, and loose my stammering tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song,
And perfect in a babe thy praise:
I want a thousand lives to employ
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

5 Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;
Give me thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given!
The counsel of thy grace fulfil,
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

Hymn 367. Huddersfield. S.M.

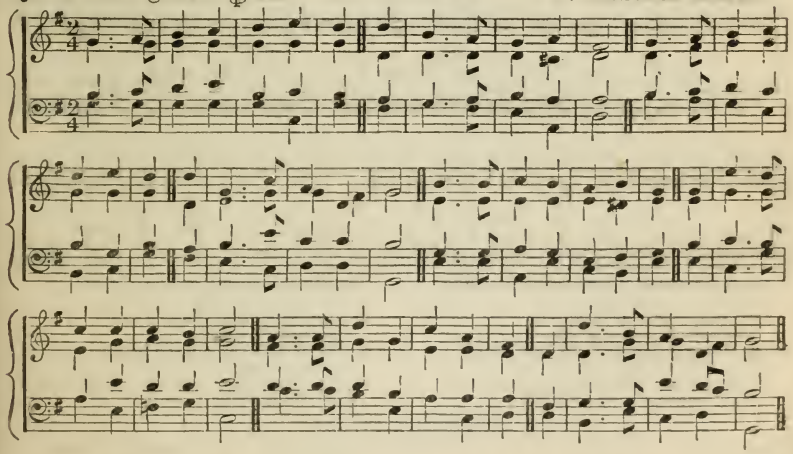


1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be passed away,
And all things new become.
The original offence
Out of my soul erase,
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight:
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Hymn 368. Russell Place. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. W. Sterndale Bennett.



1 Father, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire,
See my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in love divine.

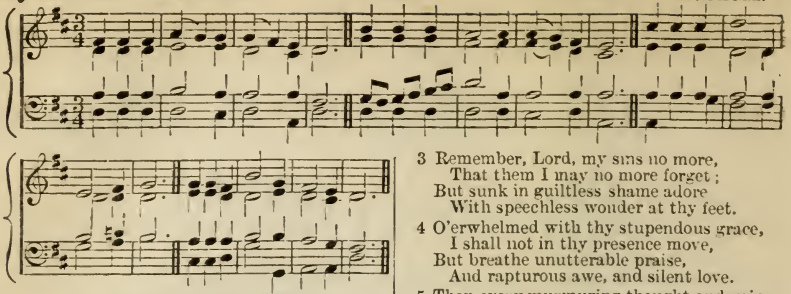
2 Lord, if thou from me hast broke
The power of outward sin,
Burst this Babylonish yoke,
And make me free within;
Bid my inbred sin depart,
And I thy utmost word shall prove,
Upright both in life and heart,
And perfected in love.

3 God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart;
Till, transformed by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again,
To restore thine image lost
By frail, apostate man;
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamped with real holiness,
And filled with perfect love!

Hymn 369. Habertree. L.M.

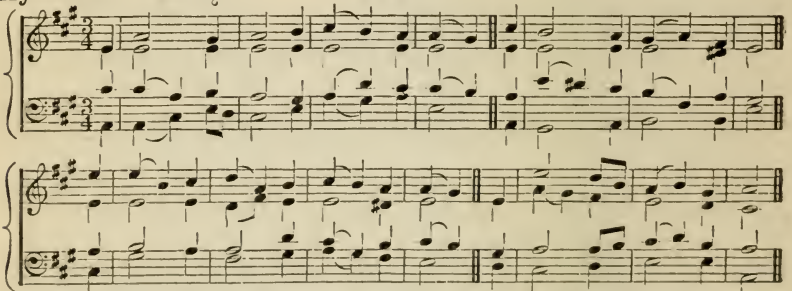
W. Shore.



1 O God, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart.
2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

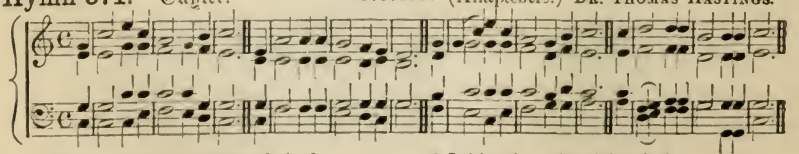
Hymn 370. Utrecht. C.M.



1 Deepen the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.
2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
4 O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

Hymn 371. Cuyler. 8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.) Dr. Thomas Hastings.



1 What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire;
My hope is all centred in thee,
I trust to recover thy love,
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

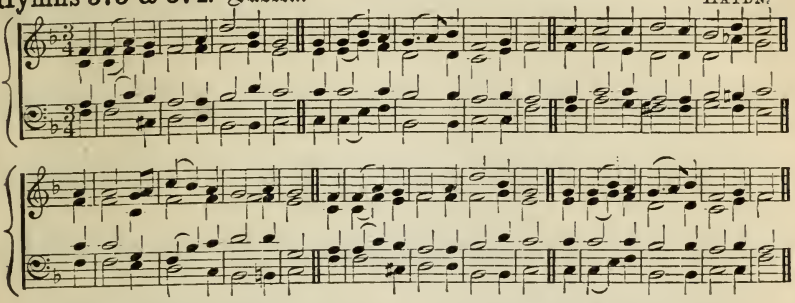
2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown,
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

Hymn 372. (*See Hymn* 175.) Kingswood.

Give me the enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole:

Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still;
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill!

Hymns 373 & 374. Lubeck. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HAYDN.



1 Jesu, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am,
Be thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies,
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

5 My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

6 More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flowed thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

7 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

8 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

9 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Hymn 374. Lubeck.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire!
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast!
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

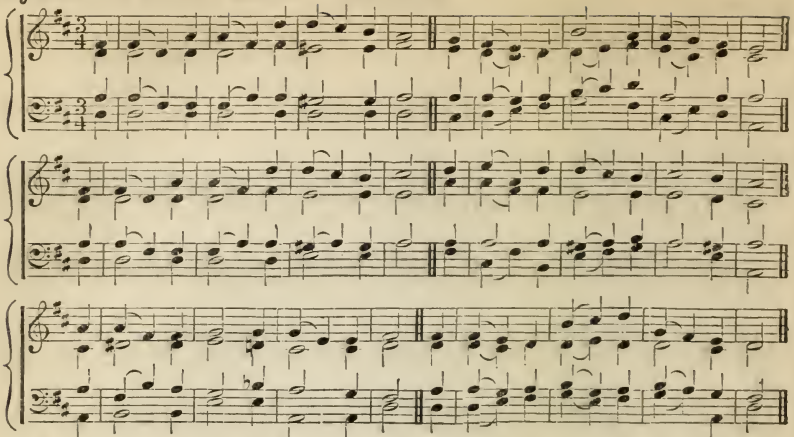
2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal,
Give me thyself, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art!
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give!
With clearer light thy witness bear,
More sensibly within me live;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal.

Hymns 375 & 376. Giessen. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Saviour from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name;
To lose, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:
I stay me on thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me
For which thy precious life was given,
Redeem from all iniquity,
Restore, and make me meet for heaven;
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst thou not in the flesh appear
Sin to condemn, and man to save?
That perfect love might cast out fear?
That I thy mind in me might have?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but thee?
Might body, soul, and spirit give
To him who gave himself for me?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change, and throughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

Hymn 376. Giessen.

1 I want the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin,
Of love, to thee and all mankind.
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

3 O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven,
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

Hymn 377. Morning Star. 8.8.8. 8.8.8.

P. Nicolai, 1597.

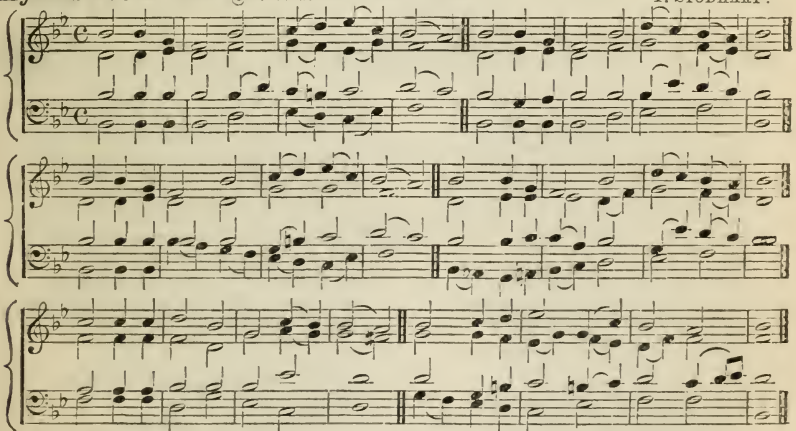
1 Father of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove;
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine:
Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above:

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

Hymns 378 & 379. Intercession. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. Stodhart?



1 What shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race,
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me!

2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine!
My God for me resigned his breath!
He died to save my soul from death!

3 How shall I thank thee for the grace
On me and all mankind bestowed?
O that my every breath were praise!
O that my heart were filled with God!
My heart would then with love o'erflow,
And all my life thy glory show.

4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint!
Me, weary of forbearing, see,
And let me feel thy love's constraint,
And freely give up all for thee;
True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay thee back thy dying love.

Hymn 379. Intercession.

1 O Love, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with lingering smart;
Weary and faint through long delay,
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee?

2 Come, O thou universal Good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

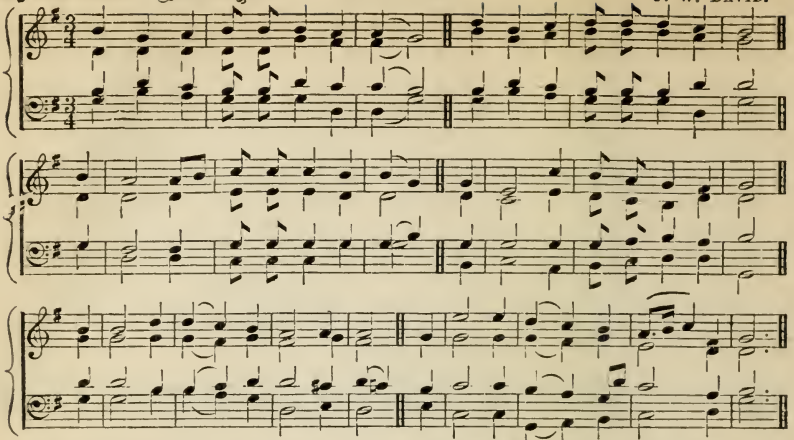
3 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want;
Support my feebleness of mind,
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind,
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

4 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise!

5 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone,
The Life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

Hymn 380. Marienlyst. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. W. David.



1 Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near!
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word
Himself hath caused to put your trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy mercy find,
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;
Nor canst thou it to me deny,
I ask, the chief of sinners I!

4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long,
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love!

5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!
Dare to believe; on Christ lay hold!
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer,
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.

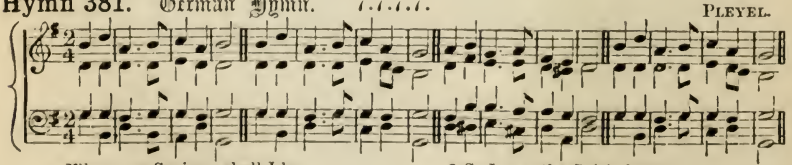
7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine;
In spirit joined to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

9 Faithful and True, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the when and how we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

Hymn 381. German Hymn. 7.7.7.7.

Pleyel.



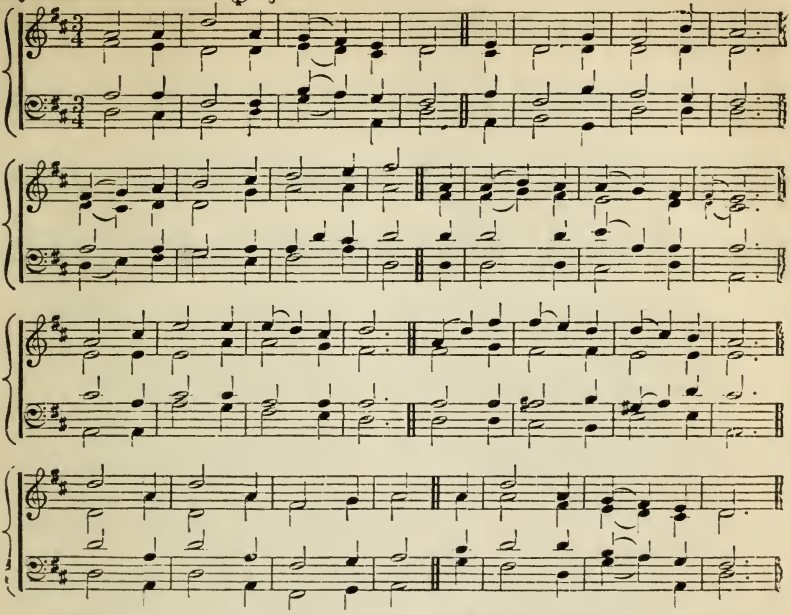
1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness,
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love!

Hymns 382 & 383. Pelham. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.



1 O great mountain, who art thou,
Immense, immovable?
High as heaven aspires thy brow,
Thy foot sinks deep as hell!
Thee, alas, I long have known,
Long have felt thee fixed within;
Still beneath thy weight I groan,
Thou art Indwelling Sin.

2 Thou art darkness in my mind,
Perverseness in my will,
Love inordinate and blind,
That always cleaves to ill;
Every passion's wild excess,
Anger, lust, and pride, thou art;
Thou art sin and sinfulness,
And unbelief of heart.

3 Not by human might or power
Canst thou be moved from hence;
But thou shalt flow down before
Divine omnipotence;
My Zerubbabel is near;
I have not believed in vain;
Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
Shalt sink into a plain.

4 Christ the head, the corner-stone,
Shall be brought forth in me;
Glory be to Christ alone!
His grace shall set me free;
I shall shout my Saviour's name,
Him I evermore shall praise;
All the work of grace proclaim,
Of sanctifying grace.

5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope;
Author of my faith he is,
He its finisher shall be;
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.

Hymn 383. SECOND PART. Pelham.

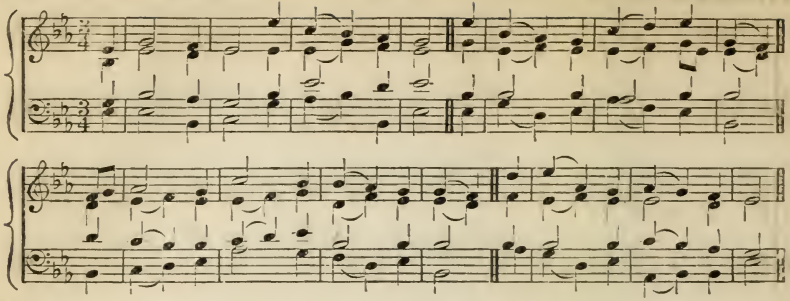
1 Who hath slighted or contemned
The day of feeble things?
I shall be by grace redeemed;
'Tis grace salvation brings:
Ready now my Saviour stands:
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in his hands,
To build and finish me.

2 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day;
Soon the Lamb of God shall take
My inbred sin away:
When to me my Lord shall come,
Sin for ever shall depart;
Jesus takes up all the room
In a believing heart.

3 Son of God, arise, arise,
And to thy temple come!
Look, and with thy flaming eyes
The man of sin consume;
Slay him with thy Spirit, Lord;
Reign thou in my heart alone;
Speak the sanctifying word,
And seal me all thine own.

Hymn 384. Manchester. C.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.



1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near,
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores;
And sure I taste thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height;
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

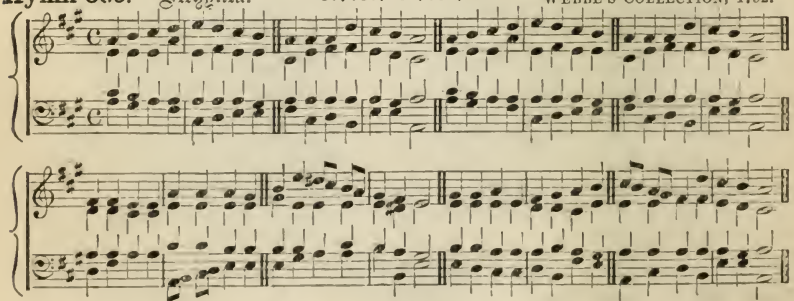
7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one!

Hymn 385. Bithynia. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

WEBBE'S COLLECTION, 1792.



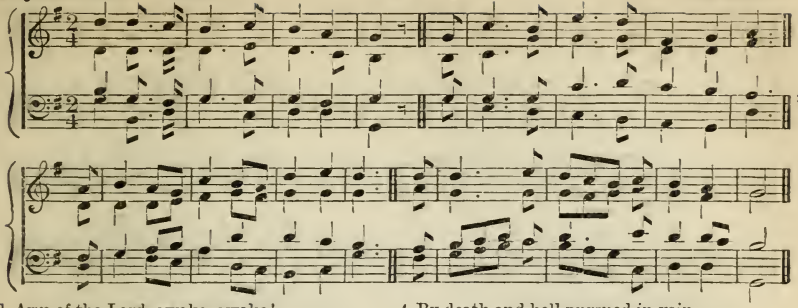
1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Hymn 386. Simeon. L.M.

STANLEY.



1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

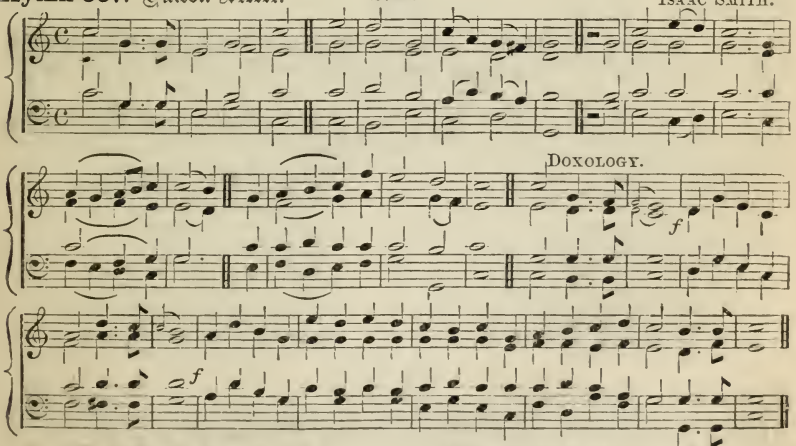
4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come,
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care,
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Hymn 387. Falcon Street. S.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1 Prisoners of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear;
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near;
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pardoning God;
Believe," he cries, "believe!"

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace;
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood-besprinkled race.
We yield to be set free;
Thy counsel we approve;
Salvation, praise, ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love.

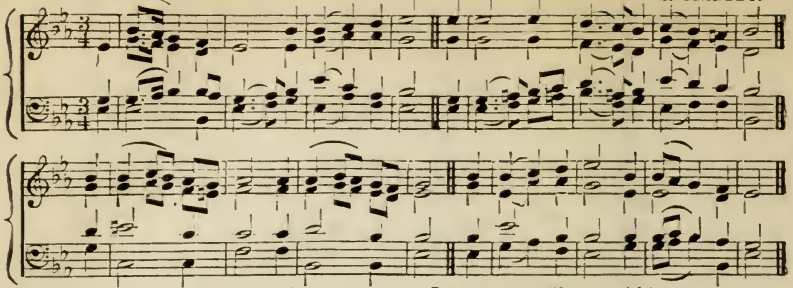
3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise ye the Lord,
Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord.

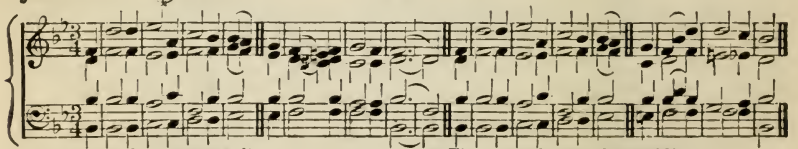
Hymn 388. Doberdale. L.M.

S. STANLEY.



1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
3 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
6 I would; but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
7 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

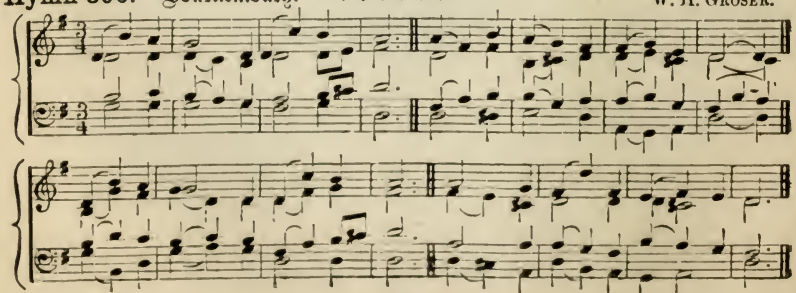
Hymn 389. Paradise. C.M.

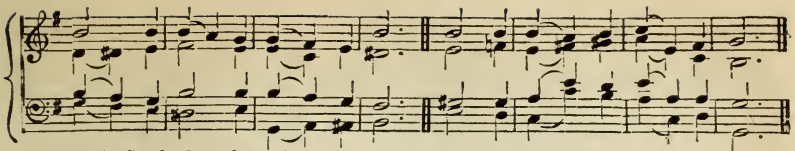


1 O Jesus, at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.
2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.
3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.
4 The counsel of thy love fulfil;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word!
5 According to our faith in thee
Let it to us be done;
O that we all thy face might see,
And know as we are known!
6 O that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

Hymn 390. Bournemouth. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

W. H. GROSER.





1 Since the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace,
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled,
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

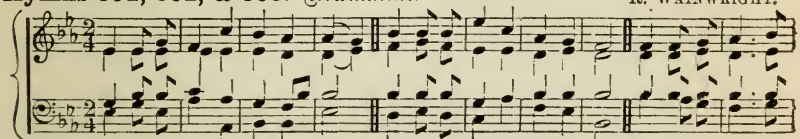
3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Joined to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me; for I will prevail!

4 Heavenly Adam, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

Hymns 391, 392, & 393. Newmarket. L.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT.



1 God of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure;

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

6 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay,
O take away this heart of stone!

7 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love!

Hymn 392. SECOND PART. Newmarket.

1 Father, supply my every need,
Sustain the life thyself hast given,
Call for the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven.

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase;
Nor ever let me hunger more.

3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
"My leanness, O my leanness!" cry;
Alone consumed with pining want,
Of all my Father's children, I.

4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
Thy joyous presence shall remove;
But my full soul shall still require
A whole eternity of love.

Hymn 393. THIRD PART. Newmarket.

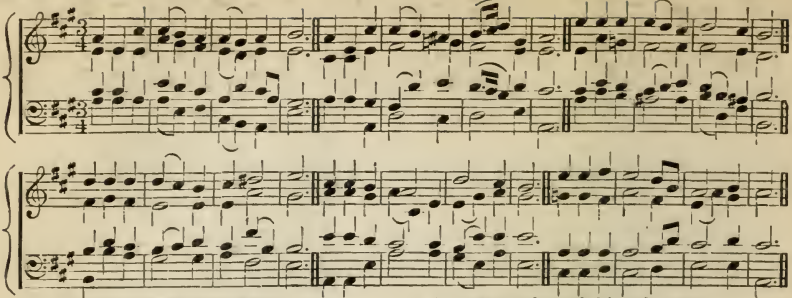
1 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will,
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall;
Be less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all!

Hymn 394. Wakefield. 8.8.8.8.8.8. F. J. Haydn.



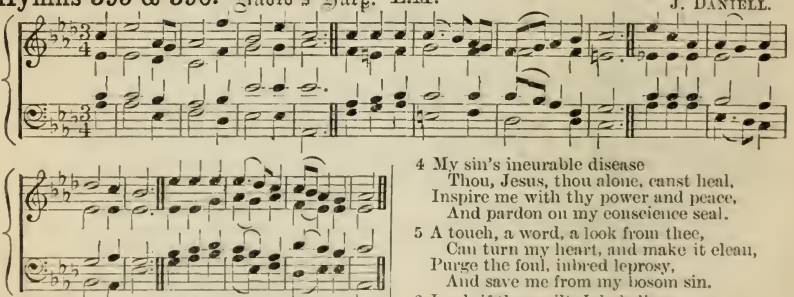
1 O God of our forefathers, hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known!
To thee through Jesus we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling face we see,
In whom thou art well-pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveness in his blood, we have;
But more abundant life we claim
Through him who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above!
On us let all thy grace be shown,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

Hymns 395 & 396. David's Harp. L.M. J. Daniell.



1 O God, to whom, in flesh revealed,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved and healed,
And found salvation in thy name;

2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,
To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distrest,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor,
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou, Jesus, thou alone, canst heal,
Inspire me with thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean,
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart,
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse,
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word,
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its little all to thee.

Hymn 396. David's Harp.

1 O Thou, whom once they flocked to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel;
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And want thine utmost power to save.

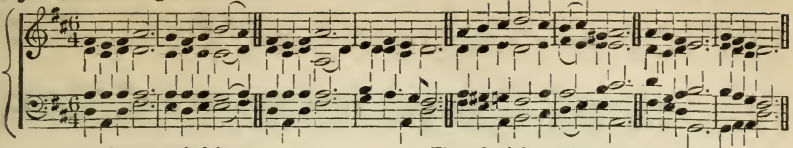
3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure;
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most inveterate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty, years,
Or thousands, are alike to thee:
Soon as thy saving grace appears,
My plague is gone, my heart is free.

6 Make this the acceptable hour!
Come, O my soul's physician, thou!
Display thy sanctifying power,
And show me thy salvation now.

Hymn 397. Misericordia. L.M.



1 Jesu, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still thy healing power is here!

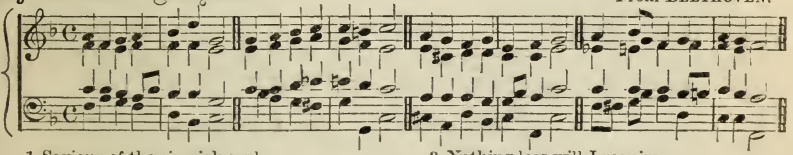
6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess;
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

Hymn 398. Beethoven. 7.7.7.7.

From BEETHOVEN.



1 Saviour of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

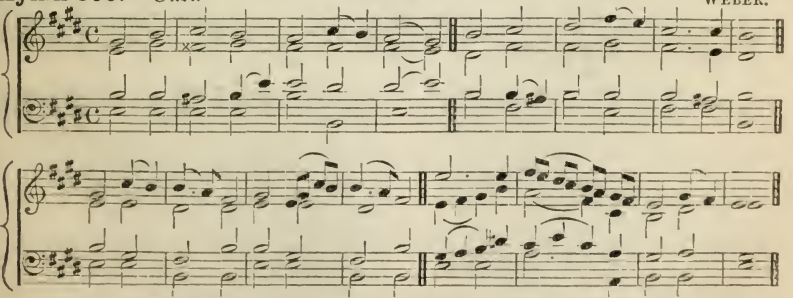
2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Every stumbling-block remove,
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire;
None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven!

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all!

Hymn 399. Carl. 7.7.7.7.

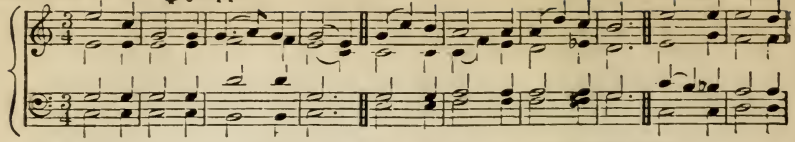
WEBER.



1 Light of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom,
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin;
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

Hymn 400. Philippi. 7.7.7.7. HIMMEL.



1 Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up!

2 Let the living stones cry out!
Let the sons of Abraham shout!
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing!

3 He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought,
He hath reconciled to God,
He hath washed us in his blood.

4 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

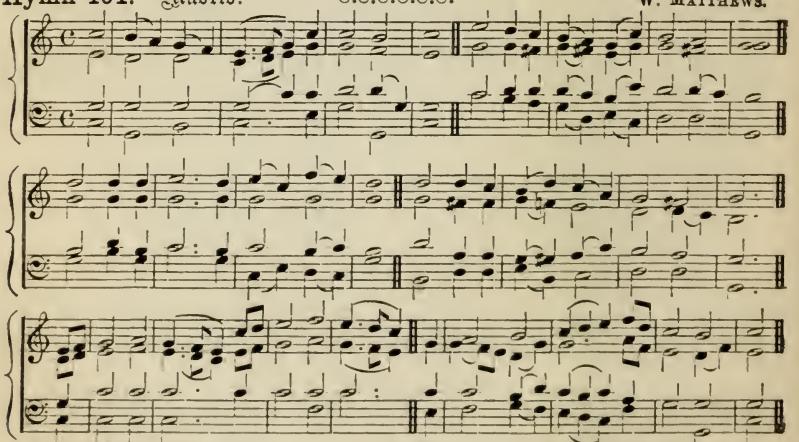
5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till he appear within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in thee:
Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day!
Let thy every servant say,
I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more.

Hymn 401. Madrid. 8.8.8.8.8.8. W. MATTHEWS.



1 All things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible;
The thing impossible shall be,
All things are possible to me.

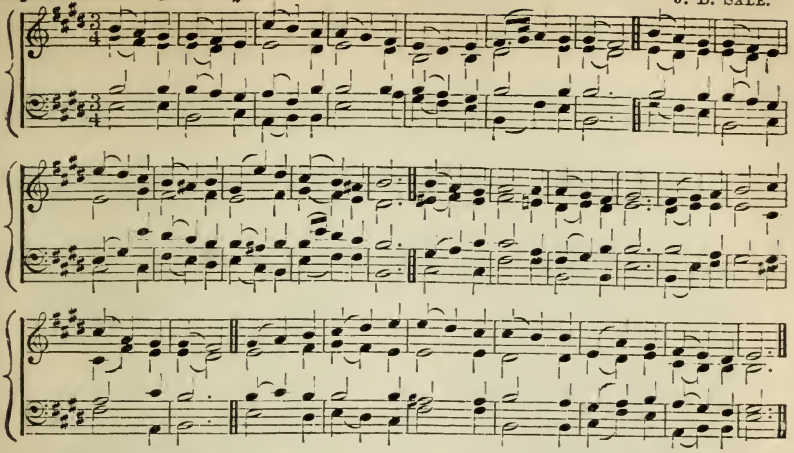
4 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree;
All things are possible to me.

5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn;
Holy, and pure, and perfect here,
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Hymn 402. Framington. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

J. B. Sale.

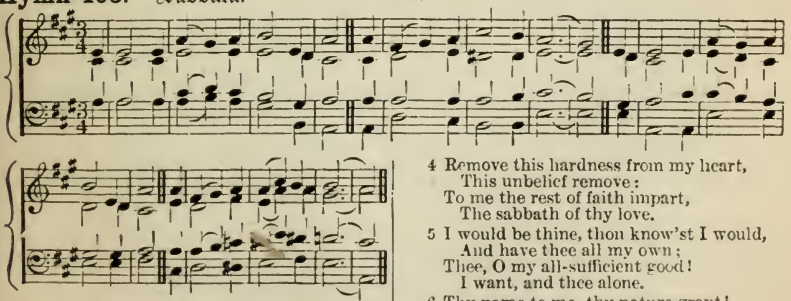


1 O might I this moment cease
From every work of mine,
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine!
Let me thy salvation see;
Let me do thy perfect will;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all thy fulness feel.

2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new!
For thy truth and mercy's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Call me forth thy witness, Lord,
Let my life declare thy power;
To thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more!

3 Fain would I the truth proclaim
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's name,
And all its virtues spread;
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to him.

Hymn 403. Sabbata. C.M.



1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.

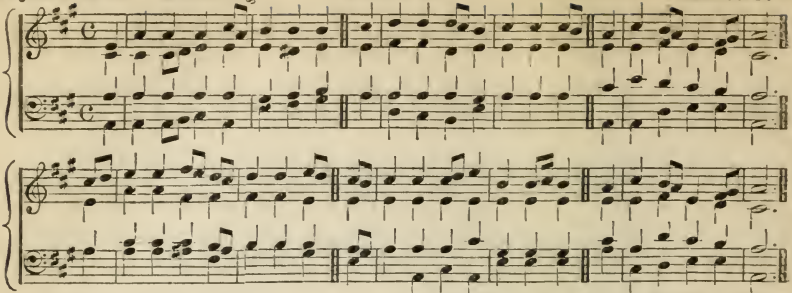
6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this be given:
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

Hymn 404. Willowby. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

AMERICAN.



1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

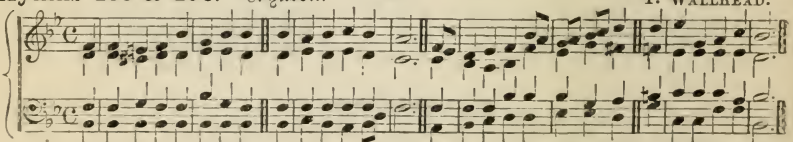
3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
Give me with all the sanctified
The heritage of love!

Hymns 405 & 406. Sharon. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



1 O joyful sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry,
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come,"
He saith, who cannot lie.

3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay,
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

6 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

7 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul!

8 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

9 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

Hymn 406. Sharon.

1 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

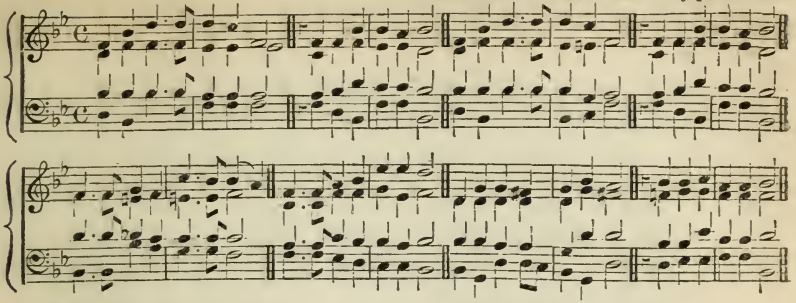
5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word!
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord,
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Hymn 407. Jeshurun. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

From TUNES NEW AND OLD. By permission.



1 None is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high,
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky!
Israel is his first-born son;
God, the Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

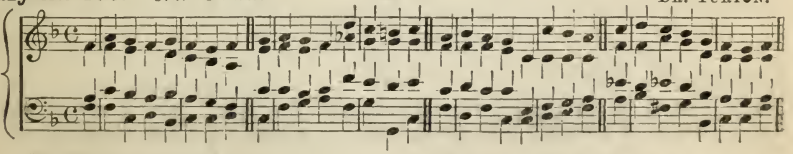
4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease,
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace;
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow;
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall for ever fill.

6 Blest, O Israel, art thou!
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be;
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
To God's almighty Word.

Hymn 408. St. Edward. L.M.

DR. TURTON.



1 He wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine,
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

5 Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty:

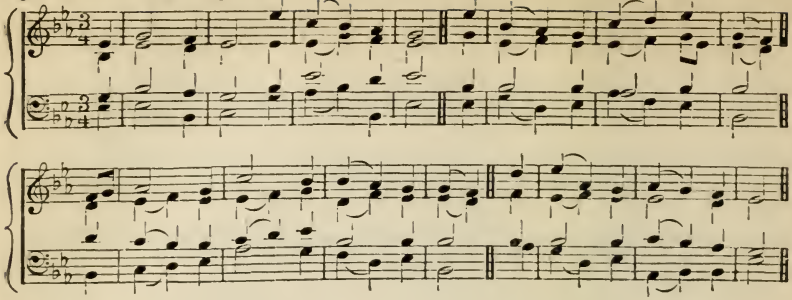
6 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

7 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

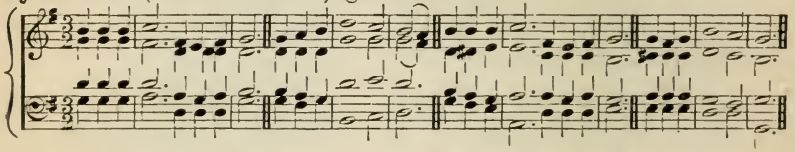
8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole!
Entirely all my sins remove:
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Hymn 409. Manchester. C.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.



Hymn 409. (SECOND TUNE.) Ilfracombe. C.M.



1 Jesus, my Lord, I cry to thee
Against the spirit unclean;
I want a constant liberty,
A perfect rest from sin.

2 Expel the fiend out of my heart,
By love's almighty power;
Now, now command him to depart,
And never enter more.

3 Thy killing and thy quickening power,
Jesus, in me display;
The life of nature from this hour,
My pride and passion, slay.

4 Then, then, my utmost Saviour, raise
My soul with saints above,
To serve thy will, and spread thy praise,
And sing thy perfect love.

5 This moment I thy truth confess;
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by thy mercy live.

6 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me thy Spirit pour:
And bless me, who believe thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

Hymn 410. Scott. S.M.

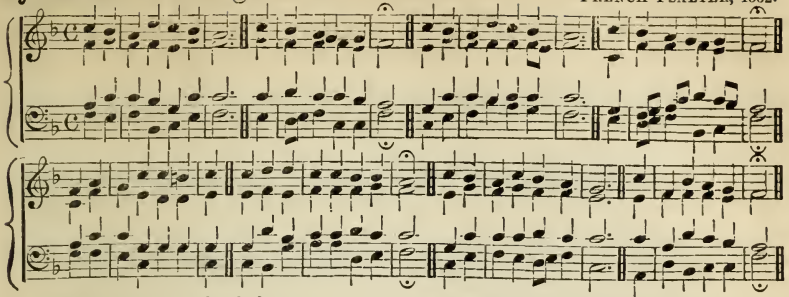
NÄGELI. Adapted by W. SMITH.

1 Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come then for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity:
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow,
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Hymns 411 & 413. Barnabas. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. FRENCH PSALTER, 1562.



1 God! who didst so dearly buy
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify
With all our ransomed powers:
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine;
O let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise!

2 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide:
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

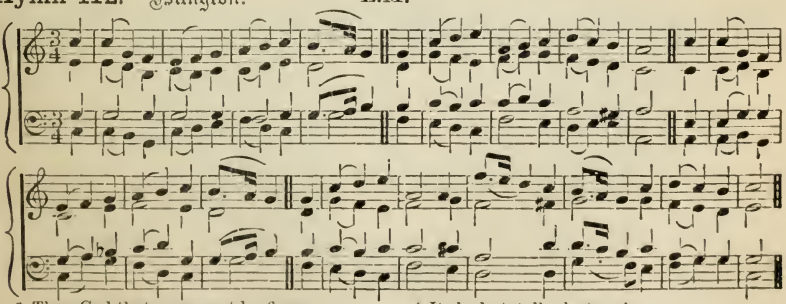
Hymn 413. Barnabas.

1 Once thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to atone;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone!
Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power;
Jesus, show thine open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up;
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Filled with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure eternal love.

3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable:
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain,
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign!

Hymn 412. Islington. L.M.



1 Thou God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

2 Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies;
Now, for the honour of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

3 Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within!
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

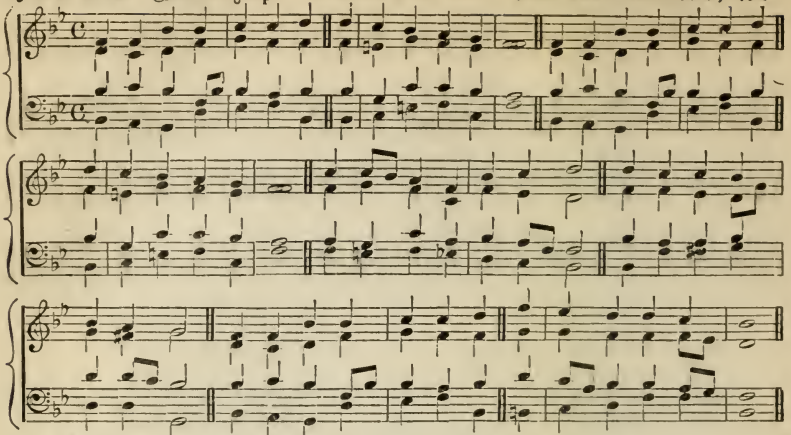
4 Its body totally destroy!
Thyself The Lord, The God, approve!
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

5 O that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind!

6 Then shall our prostrate souls adore;
The Lord, He is the God, confess:
He is the God of saving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

Hymn 414. Middlethorpe. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

From Freylinghausen, 1704.

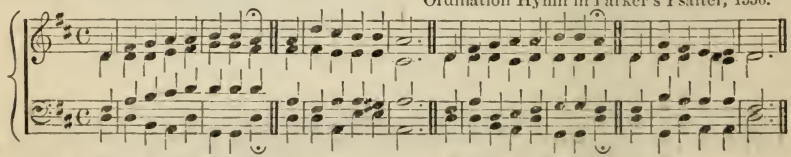


1 Now, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart;
Purge the love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold,
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

Hymns 415 & 416. Tallis. C.M.

Tallis.
Ordination Hymn in Parker's Psalter, 1556.



1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable!
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

Hymn 416.

Tallis.

1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

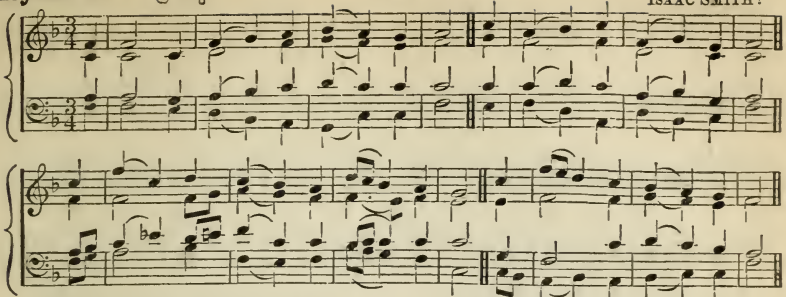
4 My vehement soul cries out opprest,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

Hymn 417. Irish. C.M.

ISAAC SMITH?



1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in;
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt;
Remove from hence! to sin I say,
Be cast this moment out!

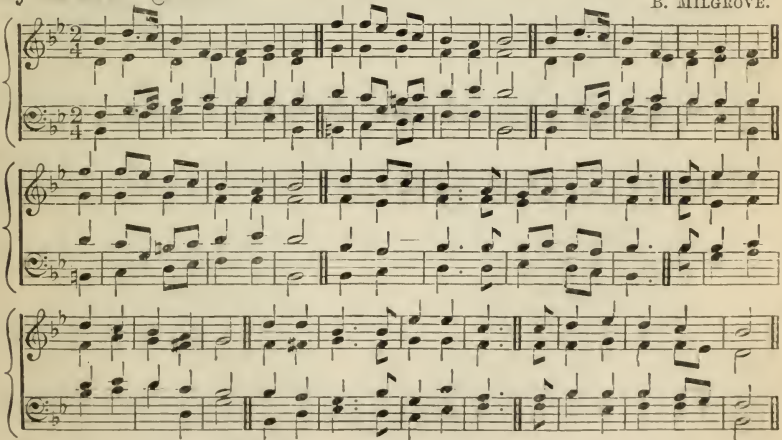
4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued!
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood!

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done! thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Hymn 418. Newark. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

B. MILGROVE.



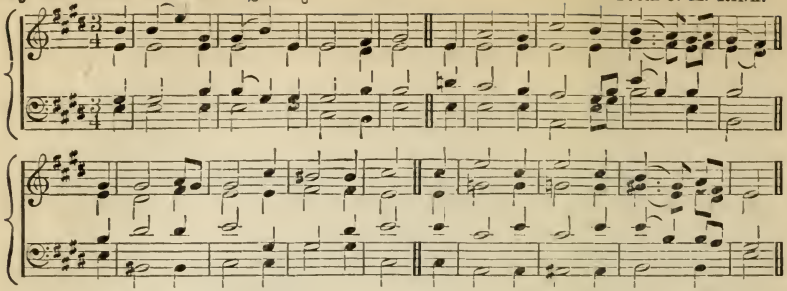
1 True and faithful Witness, thee,
O Jesus, we receive;
Fulness of the Deity,
In all thy people live!
First begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witnesses;
King of saints, thine empire spread
O'er all the ransomed race.

2 Grace, the fountain of all good,
Ye happy saints receive,
With the streams of peace o'erflowed,
With all that God can give;
He who is, and was, in peace,
And grace, and plenitude of power,
Come your favoured souls to bless
And never leave you more!

3 Let the Spirit before his throne,
Mysterious One and Seven,
In his various gifts sent down,
Be to the churches given;
Let the pure seraphic joy
From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend.
Holiness without alloy,
And bliss that ne'er shall end.

Hymns 419 & 420. Korah. L.M.

From C. H. Rink.



1 Quickened with our immortal Head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
We through thy gracious Spirit feel;
Full power the victory to win,
And answer all thy righteous will.

4 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

Hymn 420. Korah.

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

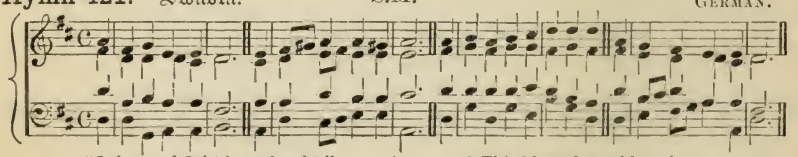
4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Hymn 421. Swabia. S.M.

German.

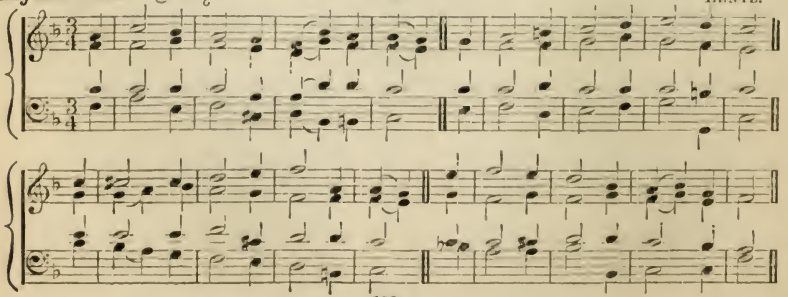


1 "I the good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.

2 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."
The apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Hymn 422. Lentz. L.M.

Lentz.



1 Let not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Hymns 423 & 424. Halstead. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Who can worthily commend
Thy love unsearchable!
Love that made thee condescend
Our curse and death to feel;
Thou, the great eternal God,
Who didst thyself our ransom pay,
Hast, with thy own precious blood,
Washed all our sins away.

2 By the Spirit of our Head
Anointed priests and kings,
Conquerors of the world, we tread
On all created things;
Sit in heavenly places down,
While yet we in the flesh remain;
Now, partakers of thy throne,
Before thy Father reign.

3 In thy members here beneath
The Intercessor prays;
Here we in the Spirit breathe
Unutterable praise;
Offer up our all to God;
And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
First the purchase of thy blood,
And then our sacrifice.

4 Jesus, let thy kingdom come!
(Inspired by thee we pray)
Previous to the general doom,
The everlasting day:
Take possession of thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

Hymn 424.

Halstead.

1 Us, who climb thy holy hill,
A general blessing make,
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake;
Grace to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above,
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness;
Make us trees of paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

Hymn 425. (*See Hymn* 422.)

Lentz.

1 The voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice, I long to hear;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze!

Hymn 426. St. George. S.M.

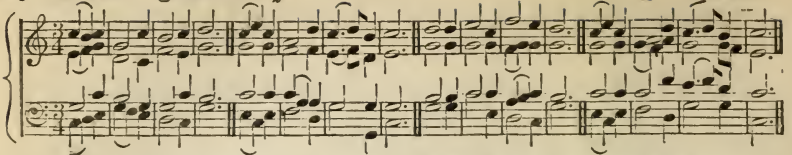
DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Hymn 427. Brandenburg. 7.7.7.7.

GERMAN.

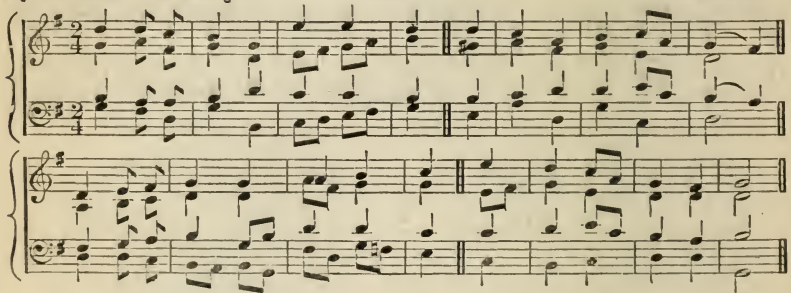


1 God of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield:
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art!
"Holiness unto the Lord"
Still be written on our heart.

Hymn 428. Tottenham. C.M.

T. GREATOREX.



1 Let Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

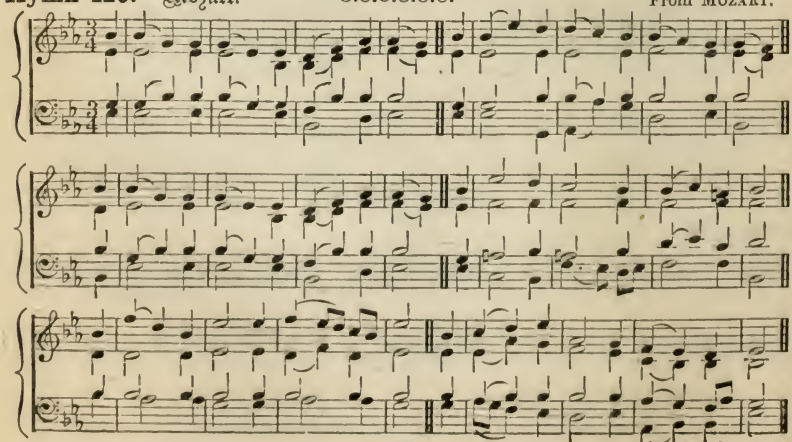
2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive!
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

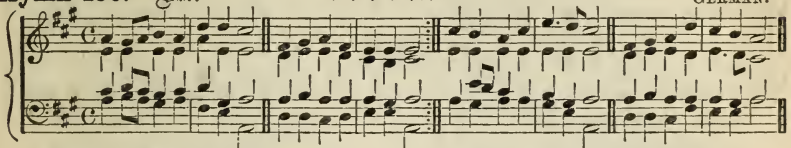
Hymn 429. Mozart. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

From MOZART.



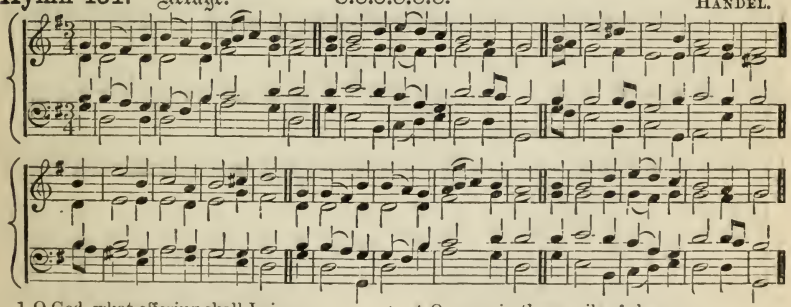
1 Behold the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will,
Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose,
Let all my fruit be found of thee;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems thee meet
Jesus, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleasing in thy Father's sight;
Thou only hast done all things right.
4 Here then to thee thy own I leave:
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay;
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey,
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

Hymn 430. Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7. GERMAN.



1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!
2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.
3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!
5 Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.
6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

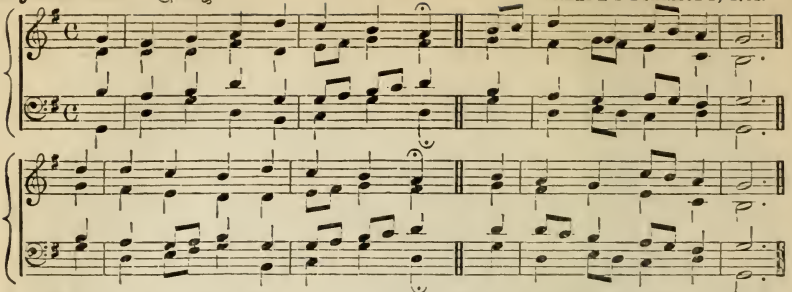
Hymn 431. Refuge. 8.8.8.8.8.8. HANDEL.



1 O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.
2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul,
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole,
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame;
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.
3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light for ever shine,
This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!
4 O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee!
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.
5 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.
6 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name,
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise!

Hymn 432. Ferry. C.M.

GREENE'S PSALMODY, 1751.



1 Father, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

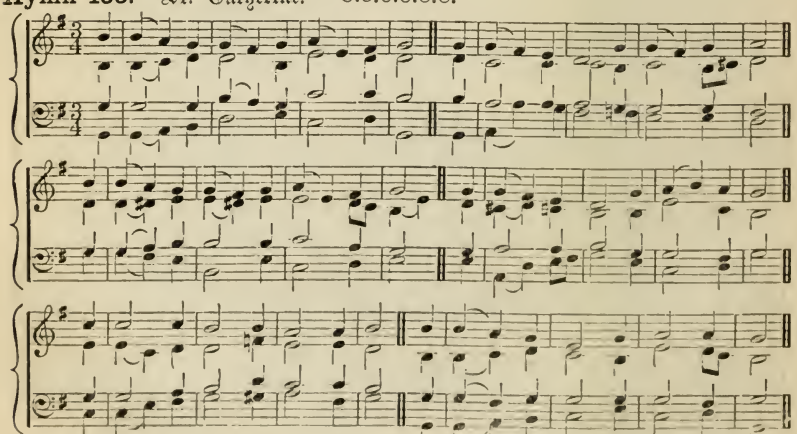
2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determined all thy will to obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

Hymn 433. St. Catherine. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known,
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Hymn 434. Weber. 7.7.7.7.

From WEBER.

1 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.
2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.
3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.
4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.
5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!
6 Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise,
Love be all my paradise.
7 Nothing else can I require,
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

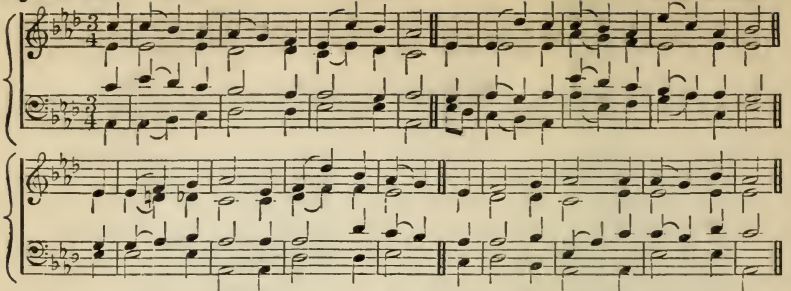
Hymn 435. *(See opposite.)* Ferry.

1 Father, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.
5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.
6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

Hymn 436. Lumen Verum. S.M.

1 Jesu, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
2 My Wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!
3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.
4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.
5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!
6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.
8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.
9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed,
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Hymn 437. Eden. L.M. T. B. Mason.



1 O God, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

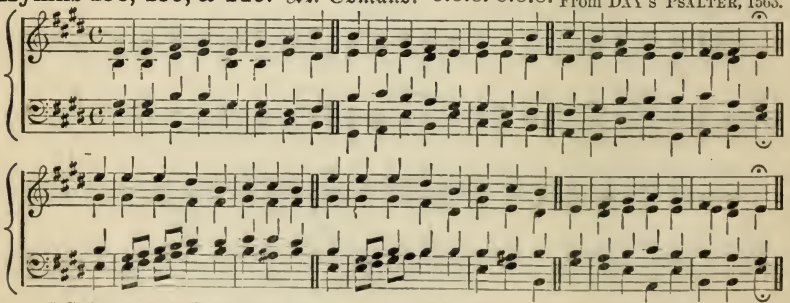
6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

7 Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

8 In all I do I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

9 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

Hymns 438, 439, & 440. St. Edmund. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. From Day's Psalter, 1563.



1 O God of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man,
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again!
His blood to all our souls apply;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone)
The covenant of redemption seal;
The depth of love, of God, reveal,
And speak us perfected in one.

2 O might our every work and word
Express the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above!
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in thy sight,
As vessels of thy richest grace;
And, having thy whole counsel done,
To thee and thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

Hymn 439. St. Edmund.

1 Thy power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and thy great might;
Gladly take up the hallowed cross;
And, suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy bloody banner fight.

A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit;
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus and him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.

2 Superior to their smile or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state;
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian, he alone is wise;
The Christian, he alone is great.

O God, let all my life declare
How happy all thy servants are,
How far above these earthly things;
How pure, when washed in Jesu's blood,
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of priests and kings.

3 For this alone I live below,
The power of godliness to show,
The wonders wrought by Jesu's name:
O that I might but faithful prove;
Witness to all thy pardoning love,
And point them to the atoning Lamb!

Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, the low and high,
Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
Damned, till by Jesus saved, thou art!
Till Jesu's blood hath washed thy heart,
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven!

Hymn 440. St. Edmund.

1 Thou, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song;

Mercy for all who know not God,
Mercy for all in Jesu's blood,
Mercy, that earth and heaven transcends;
Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divine, which never ends!

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared;
And find annexed the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.

When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word, "Well done!"
And let me take my place above;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

Hymns 441 & 442. Eaton. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Z. Wyvill.

1 Let God, who comforts the distrest,
Let Israel's consolation hear!
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
And show thyself the Comforter,
And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the throne!

2 We weep for those that weep below,
And burdened, for the afflicted sigh;
The various forms of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
By sin eternally undone,
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquished rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal:
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to paradise.

Hymn 442. Eaton.

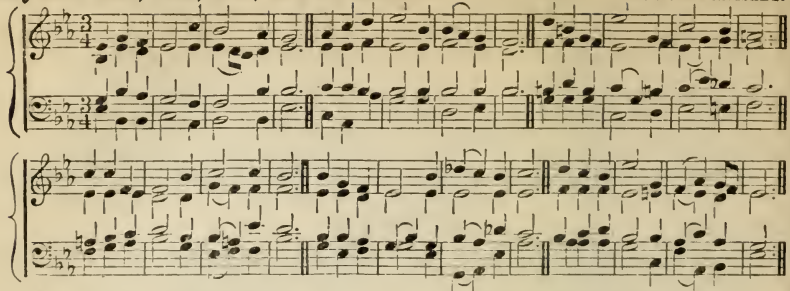
1 Our earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflowed,
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay:
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey;
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the universal friend
This havoc of his creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end;
Declare us reconciled in thee;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts!

4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth, constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love!

Hymns 443, 444, 445, & 448. Calcutta. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. B. Walmisley.



1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
The terrors of the Lord display;
Out of their sins the nations shake,
Tear their vain confidence away;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
2 Of judgment now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show;
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and his works destroy below;
To finish and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.
3 Then the whole earth again shall rest,
And see its paradise restored;
Then every soul, in Jesus blest,
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finished holiness renewed,
Immeasurably filled with God.

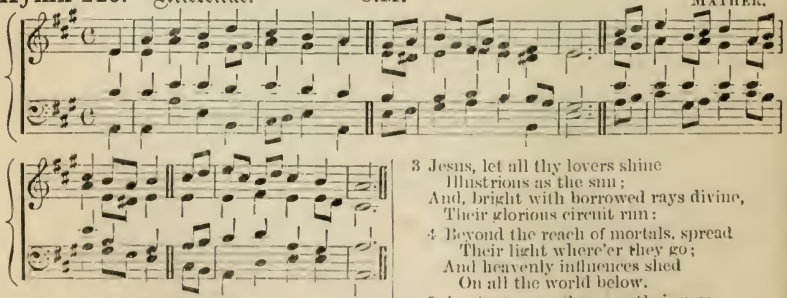
Hymn 444. Calcutta.

1 Lord over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransomed every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delayed?
Why unfulfilled the saving plan?
The bliss, for Adam's race designed,
When will it reach to all mankind?
2 Art thou the God of Jews alone?
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known;
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel call;
Light of the world, illumine all!
3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the heathen know thy name;
From idols to the living God
Their blinded votaries convert;
And shine in every pagan heart!
4 As lightning launched from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
Bow every soul and every knee;
Thy glory let all flesh behold,
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

Hymn 445. Calcutta.

1 O come, thou radiant morning Star,
Again in human darkness shine!
Arise resplendent from afar!
Assert thy royalty divine!
Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.
2 Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake!
To erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy possession take;
Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
The purchased souls of all mankind.
3 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain!
Dispread thy gracious kingdom here,
Fly on the rebel sons of men,
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold.

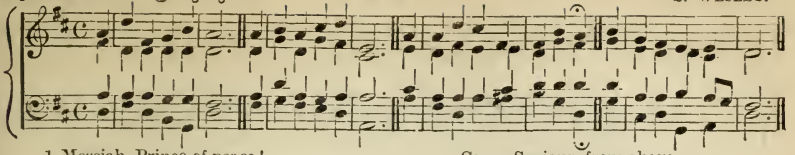
Hymn 446. Jitterclife. C.M. Mather.



1 Jesu, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
2 Clothed with the spirit of holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run:
4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night:
6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Hymn 447. Bethlehem. S.M.

S. Wesley.



1 Messiah, Prince of peace!
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learned, they must confess,
Thy kingdom is not there.
Who, prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollyon is their king, we know,
And Satan is their god.

2 But shall he still devour
The souls redeemed by thee?
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power
And end the apostasy!
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In every heart of man.

3 Then shall we exercise
The hellish art no more,
While thou our long-lost paradise
Dost with thyself restore.
Fightings and wars shall cease,
And, in thy Spirit given,
Pure joy and everlasting peace
Shall turn our earth to heaven.

Hymn 448. *(See opposite.)* Calcutta.

1 Eternal Lord of earth and skies,
We wait thy Spirit's latest call:
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all;
Whose only name, to sinners given,
Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.

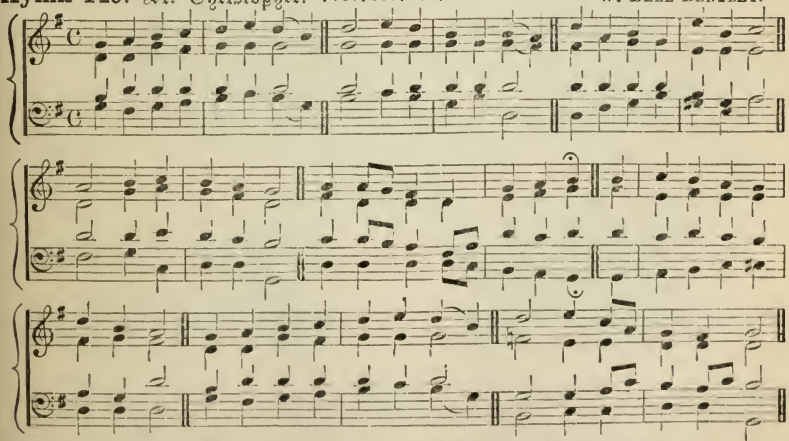
2 The word thy sacred lips has past,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to thee.

3 Jesus, for this we still attend,
Thy kingdom in the isles to prove,
The law of sin and death to end,
We wait for all the power of love,
The law of perfect liberty,
The law of life which is in thee.

4 O might it now from thee proceed,
With thee, into the souls of men!
Throughout the world thy gospel spread;
And let thy glorious spirit reign,
On all the ransomed race bestowed;
And let the world be filled with God!

Hymn 449. St. Christopher. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

W. Bell Bentley.

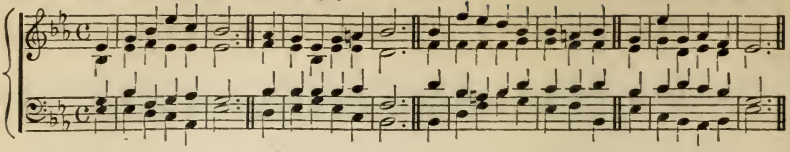


1 True and faithful Witness, thou
In righteousness hast sworn,
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every heart shall turn;
Girt with equity and might,
Arise to administer thy grace,
Claim the kingdoms in thy right,
And govern all our race.

2 Visit us, bright morning Star,
And bring the perfect day!
Urged by faith's incessant prayer,
No longer, Lord, delay:
Now destroy the envious root,
The ground of nature's feuds remove;
Fill the earth with golden fruit,
With ripe, millennial love.

Hymns 450, 452, & 453. Tytherton. S.M.

REV. L. R. WEST.



1 Messiah, full of grace,
Redeemed by thee, we plead
The promise made to Abraham's race,
To souls for ages dead.

2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
Throughout the vale appear:
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

Hymn 452. Tytherton.

1 Almighty God of love,
Set up the attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine;
From favoured Abraham's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Them, snatched out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal friend;
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews to adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

3 O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And, gathered out of every land,
Present to Zion's King!
Of all the ancient race
Not one be left behind,
But each, impelled by secret grace,
His way to Canaan find.

4 We know it must be done,
For God hath spoke the word:
All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored;
Rebuilt by his command,
Jerusalem shall rise;
Her temple on Moriah stand
Again, and touch the skies.

5 Send then thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wanderers come;
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

6 An offering to their God,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean;
With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete!

Hymn 453. Tytherton.

1 Jesus, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Hymn 451. (*See Hymn* 441.) Eaton.

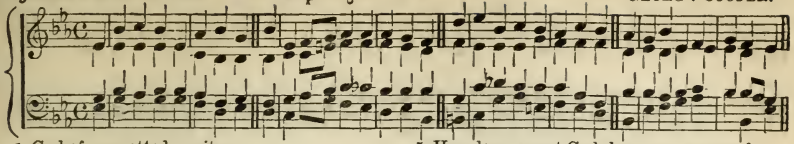
1 Father of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed!
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the outcasts look
On him they pierced, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is passed;
All Israel shall be saved at last.

3 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home!
That, quickened by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

Hymns 454 & 455. St. Sepulchre. L.M.

GEORGE COOPER.



1 God of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold!
Justly we are abhorred by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

2 We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey;
In soft Laodicean ease
We sleep our useless lives away.

3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
In search of fame and wealth we live:
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.

4 A lifeless form we still retain;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain;
The power of godliness is lost!

5 How long, great God, have we appeared
Abominable in thy sight!
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel light.

6 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
Less guilty if, with those of old,
We worshipped Thor and Woden still.

8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
Than us, who cast our faith away,
And trample on thy richer love.

Hymn 455. SECOND PART. St. Sepulchre.

1 O let us our own works forsake,
Ourselves, and all we have deny;
Thy condescending counsel take,
And come to thee pure gold to buy!

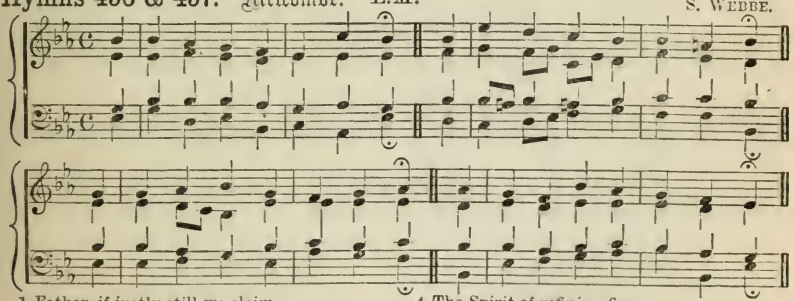
2 O might we, through thy grace, attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove,
The faith that purges every stain,
The faith that always works by love!

3 O might we see, in this our day,
The things belonging to our peace,
And timely meet thee in thy way
Of judgments, and our sins confess!

4 Thy fatherly chastisements own,
With filial awe revere thy rod;
And turn, with zealous haste, and run
Into the outstretched arms of God.

Hymns 456 & 457. Melcombe. L.M.

S. WEBBE.



1 Father, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart,
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart;

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind;

5 The Spirit of faith, in this thy day,
To break the power of cancelled sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife,
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

Hymn 457. SECOND PART. Melcombe.

1 On all the earth thy Spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

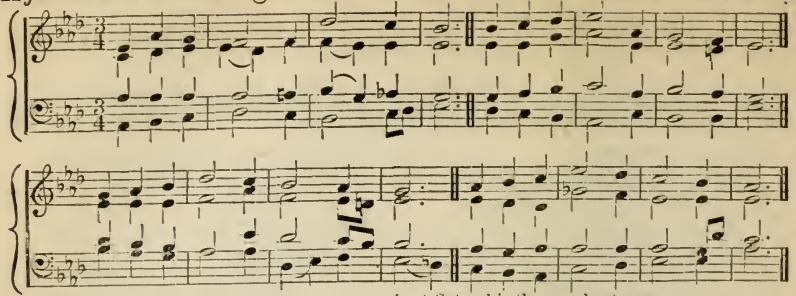
2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

Hymns 458 & 462. Abends. L.M.

SIR H. S. OAKLEY.



1 Author of faith we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their guide.

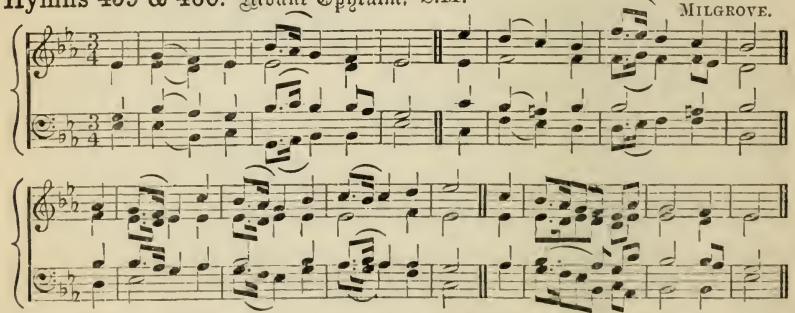
4 Satan his thousand arts essays,
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 Baffle the crooked serpent's skill,
And turn his sharpest dart aside;
Hide from their eyes the devilish ill,
O save them from the demon, pride!

6 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

Hymns 459 & 460. Mount Ephraim. S.M.

MILGROVE.



1 Shepherd of Israel, hear
Our supplicating cry;
And gather in the souls sincere
That from their brethren fly.
Scattered through devious ways,
Collect thy feeble flock;
And join by thine atoning grace,
And hide them in the rock.

2 O wouldst thou end the storm,
That keeps us still apart!
The thing impossible perform,
And make us of one heart,
One spirit and one mind,
The same that was in thee:
O might we all again be joined
In perfect harmony!

3 The soul-transforming word
In us, even us, fulfil;
Join to thyself, our common Lord,
And all thy servants seal.
Confer the grace unknown,
The mystic charity;
As thou art with the Father one,
Unite us all in thee.

4 So shall the world believe
Our record, Lord, and thine;
And all with thankful hearts receive
The Messenger divine,
Sent from his throne above,
To Adam's offspring given,
To join and perfect us in love,
And take us up to heaven.

Hymn 460. Mount Ephraim.

1 Father of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies
In unexhausted grace,
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesu's sake,
By him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:

While gathered in by thee,
And perfected in one,
They all at once thy glory see
In thine eternal Son.

Hymn 461. (*See Hymn* 378.) Intercession.

1 Saviour, to thee we humbly cry!
The brethren we have lost restore;
Recall them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the Tempter's power;
By thy victorious blood east down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.

2 Beguiled alas! by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved;
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.

3 In vain, till thou the power bestow,
The double power of quickening grace,
And make the happy sinners know
Their Tempter, with his angel-face,
Who leads them captive at his will,
Captive—but happy sinners still!

4 O wouldst thou break the fatal snare
Of carnal self-security;
And let them feel the wrath they bear,
And let them groan their want of thee,
Robbed of their false, pernicious peace,
Stripped of their fancied righteousness!

5 The men of careless lives, who deem
Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
Awake out of the soothing dream,
Alarm their souls with humble fears:
Thou jealous God, stir up thy power,
And let them sleep in sin no more!

6 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain;
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wanderers rest,
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

Hymn 462. Abends.

1 O let the prisoners' mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear!
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banished ones!
Lead captive their captivity!

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope;
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.

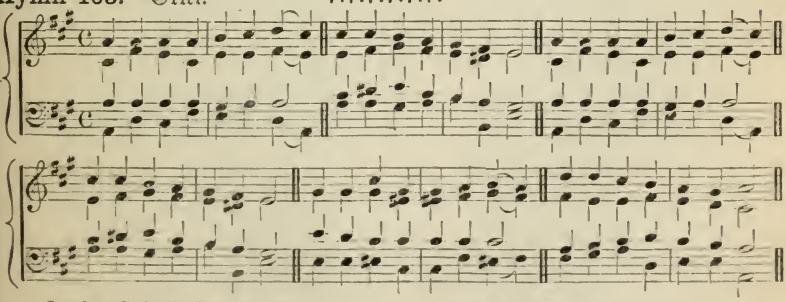
4 Out of the deep regard their cries,
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
O Sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear!

5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul!
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

6 Stand by them in the fiery hour,
Their feebleness of mind defend;
And in their weakness show thy power,
And make them patient to the end.

7 O satisfy their soul in drought!
Give them thy saving health to see;
And let thy mercy find them out;
And let thy mercy reach to me.

Hymn 463. Oriel. 7.7.7.7.7.7.



1 Lamb of God, who bear'st away
All the sins of all mankind,
Bow a nation to thy sway;
While we may acceptance find,
Let us thankfully embrace
The last offers of thy grace.

2 Thou thy messengers hast sent,
Joyful tidings to proclaim,
Willing we should all repent,
Know salvation in thy name,
Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
Find in thee the way to heaven.

3 Jesus, roll away the stone!
Good Physician, show thy art!
Make thy healing virtue known,
Break the unbelieving heart,
By thy bloody cross subdue;
Tell them, "I have died for you!"

4 Let thy dying love constrain
Those who disregard thy frown;
Sink the mountain to a plain;
Bring the pride of sinners down;
Soften the obdurate crowd;
Melt the rebels with thy blood!

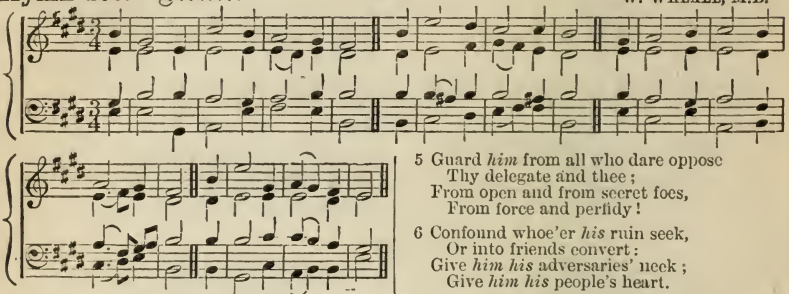
Hymn 464. (*See Hymn* 244.) Elevation.

Jesus, from thy heavenly place,
Thy dwelling in the sky,
Fill our church with righteousness,
Our want of faith supply;
Faith our strong protection be,
And godliness, with all its power,
Stablish our posterity,
Till time shall be no more.

2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
Our re-converted land:
Let the least and greatest know
And bow to thy command:
Wisdom, pure religious fear,
Our King's peculiar treasure prove,
Blest with piety sincere,
Inspired with humble love.

Hymn 465. Bedford. C.M.

W. Wheall, M.B.



1 Sovereign of all! whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee:

2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear,
And for thy servant fight;
Support thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate *his* right.

3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear *him* to thy throne;
Receive thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.

4 With favour look upon *his* face;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around *his* sacred head.

5 Guard *him* from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and thee;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy!

6 Confound whoe'er *his* ruin seek,
Or into friends convert:
Give *him his* adversaries' neck;
Give *him his* people's heart.

7 Let us, for conscience' sake, revere
The man of thy right hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bless *his* mild command.

8 Thou only didst the blessing give;
The glory, Lord, be thine:
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.

9 To those who thee in *him* obey,
The Spirit of grace impart:
His dear, *his* sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.

10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend *him*, Lord, defend:
Stablish *his* throne in glorious peace,
And save *him* to the end!"

Hymn 466. (*See Hymn* 97.) Latrobe.

1 A nation God delights to bless,
Can all our raging foes distress,
Or hurt whom they surround?
Hid from the general scourge we are,
Nor see the bloody waste of war,
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve,
By labouring for the rest of love,
The soul-composing power;
Bless us with that internal peace,
And all the fruits of righteousness,
Till time shall be no more.

Hymn 467. (*See Hymn* 129.) Mainzer.

1 Father of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hast entrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high,
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,
And crowds of wretched parents see,
Who, blindly fond, their children rear
In tempers far as hell from thee:

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,
Their babes who pamper and admire,
And make the helpless infants pass
To murderer-Moloch through the fire.

5 Rather this hour resume his breath,
From selfishness and pride to save;
By death prevent the second death,
And hide him in the silent grave!

6 Or, if thou grant a longer date,
With resolute wisdom us endue,
To point him out his lost estate,
His dire apostasy to show:

7 To time our every smile or frown,
To mark the bounds of good and ill;
And beat the pride of nature down,
And subjugate his rising will.

8 Him let us tend, severely kind,
As guardians of his giddy youth;
As set to form his tender mind,
By principles of virtuous truth:

9 To fit his soul for heavenly grace,
Discharge the Christian parents' part,
And keep him, till thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

Hymn 468. (*See Hymn* 532.) French.

1 God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt, by thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny:

4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucified.

5 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts to obey,
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined:
Withhold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

Hymn 469. (*See Hymn* 532.) French.

1 Father of lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 O'erwhelmed with justest fear, again
To thee for help we call:
Where many mightier have been slain,
By thee unsaved, we fall.

3 Unless restrained by grace we are,
In vain the snare we see;
We see, and rush into the snare
Of blind idolatry.

4 Ah! what avails superior light,
Without superior love?
We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's ways approve:

5 We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong;
And we shall do the same.

6 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

7 We soon shall do what we condemn,
And, down the current borne,
With shame confess our nature's stream
Too strong for us to turn.

8 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength, thou art!
Above the world, and Satan's power,
And greater than our heart!

9 Us from ourselves thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways;
And make our feeble footsteps sure
By thy sufficient grace.

10 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:

11 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet
To guard what thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

Hymn 470. (*See Hymn* 129.) Mainzer.

1 Master supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love:

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may the appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart, and all my might.

3 Inferiors as a sacred trust
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedness restrain;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.

5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him would I tenderly entreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.

6 Yet let me not my place forsake,
The occasion of his stumbling prove,
The servant to my bosom take,
Or mar him by familiar love.

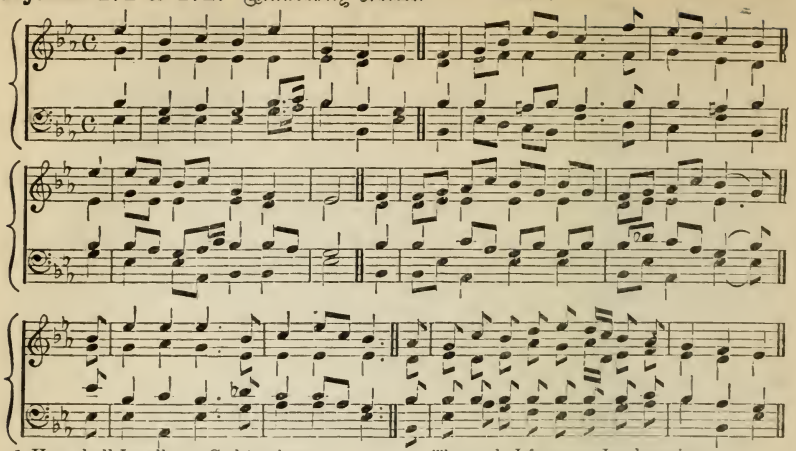
7 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel sound,
And trace the providential way.

8 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assigned by thee.

9 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear!
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls entrusted to my care:

10 In daily prayer to God commend
The souls whom Jesus died to save;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave!

Hymns 471 & 472. Maudesley Street. 8.8.6.8.8.6.



1 How shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care?
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,
Remissness and severity,
And know not how to shun
The precipice on either hand,
While in the narrow path I stand,
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray, my charge divine,
My delegated power?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour!

4 Lord over all, and God most high!
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace;
That, taught by thy good Spirit and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now!
And, while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee
Is governing by love.

Hymn 472. Maudesley Street.

1 I and my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

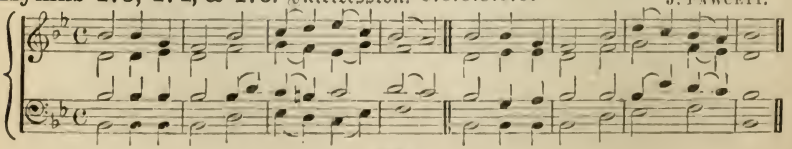
3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

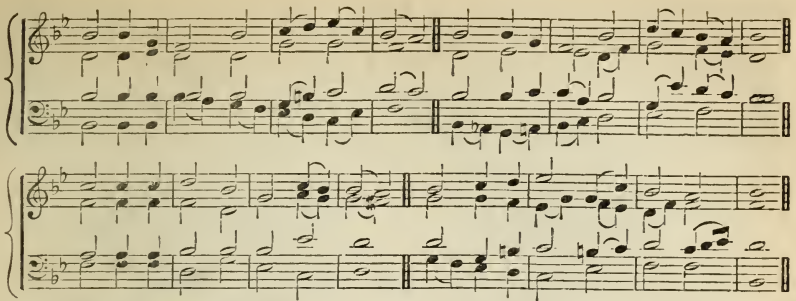
4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive!
Work in me both to will and do;
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

5 With all-sufficient grace supply;
And lo! I come to testify
The wonders of thy name
Which saves from sin, the world, and hell,
Whose virtue every heart may feel,
And every tongue proclaim.

6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
I come my family to win,
To preach their sins forgiven;
Children, and wife, and servants seize,
And through the paths of pleasantness
Conduct them all to heaven.

Hymns 473, 474, & 475. Intercession. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. Fawcett.





1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recovered from their fall,
Stamped with the humble character,
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

3 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind,
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

4 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be all cut off, and cast aside,
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.

5 Unite the pair so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

6 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is filled with God.

Hymn 474. (*See Hymn* 378.) Intercession.

1 Captain of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

3 Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days;
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed;
Rise every child a man of God!

4 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread;
Or send them to proclaim the word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread,
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

Hymn 475. (*See Hymn* 378.) Intercession.

1 But who sufficient is to lead
And execute the vast design?
How can our arduous toil succeed,
When earth and hell their forces join
The meanest instruments to o'erthrow
Which thou hast ever used below?

2 Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,
To make our utmost efforts vain;
The work our feeble strength defies.
And all the helps and hopes of man;
Our utter impotence we see;
But nothing is too hard for thee.

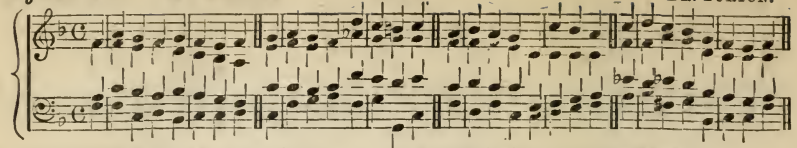
3 The things impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do:
Thy strength be in our weakness seen,
Thy wisdom in our folly show!
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.

4 Unless the power of heavenly grace,
The wisdom of the Deity,
Direct and govern all our ways,
And all our works be wrought in thee,
Our blighted works we know shall fail,
And earth and hell at last prevail.

5 But, O almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take!
The mountain-obstacles remove,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

Hymn 476. St. Edward. L.M.

DR. TURTON.



1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by thee!
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim.
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name;
We now thy promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal thy Son:
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus! with us thou always art:
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

6 O that the souls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

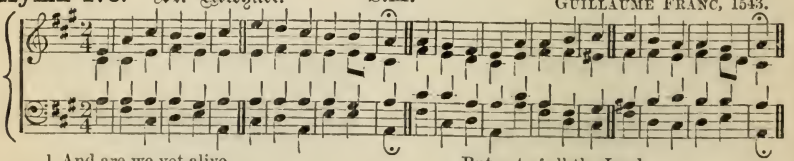
Hymn 477. (*See Hymn* 335.) Amsterdam.

1 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood,
Plunge *him*, by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine;
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew, and dwell
For ever in *his* heart!

Hymn 478. St. Michael. S.M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



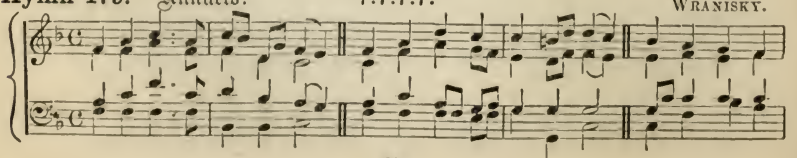
1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

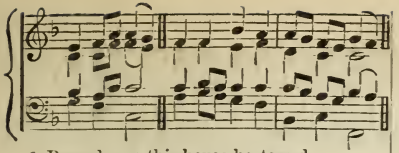
2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Hymn 479. Annfield. 7.7.7.7.

WRANISKY.



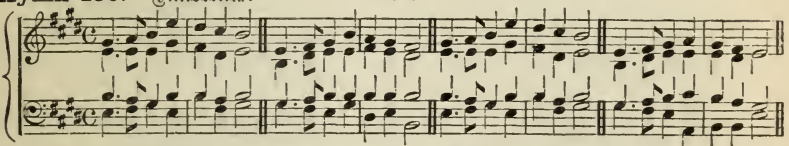


1 Peace be on this house bestowed,
Peace on all that here reside!
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide.
Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the blessing now take place!
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word;
Visit them, and visit me!
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come!
Save our souls from inbred sin,
Make us thy eternal home.

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfilled;
Till we are of thee possessed,
Pardoned, sanctified, and sealed.
Till we all, in love renewed,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Hymn 480. Innocents. 7.7.7.7.

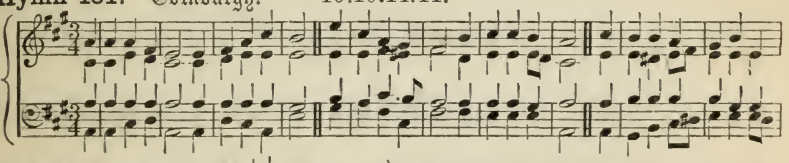


1 Glory be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below;
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure,
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure;
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound;
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest;
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

Hymn 481. Edinburgh. 10.10.11.11.



1 All thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet!
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat;
We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, In him we have power,
Preserved by his grace Throughout the dark hour,
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

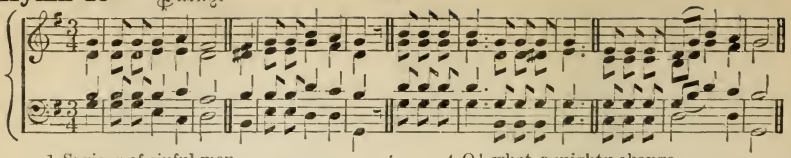
3 Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone,
Through water and fire In him we went on;
The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
Our Saviour from evil, For ever the same.

4 When we would have spurned His mercy and grace,
To Egypt returned, And fled from his face.
He hindered our flying (His goodness to show)
And stopped us by crying, "Will ye also go?"

5 O what shall we do Our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give,
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.

6 Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song;
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and praise.

Hymn 482. Parah. S.M.



1 Saviour of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name;
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the accuser's power.

2 Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from Sodom flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

3 Awhile in flesh disjoined,
Our friends that went before
We soon in Paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.
In yon thrice-happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!

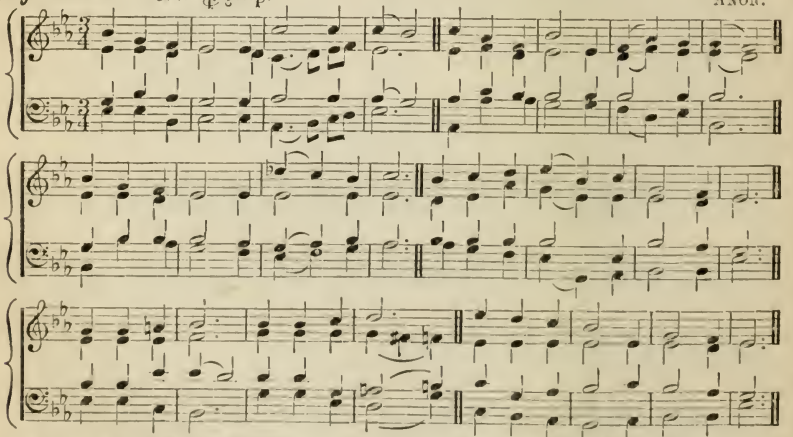
4 O! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

5 There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend!
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:
No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

6 Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise,
These gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

Hymn 483. St. Philip. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

ANON.



1 Jesu, to thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow!)
With thanks for thy continued gift,
That still thy precious name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

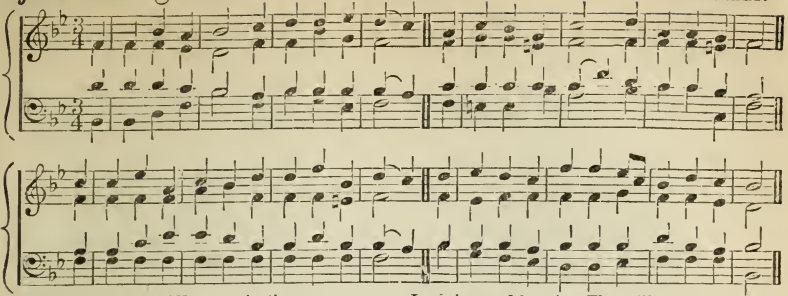
2 What mighty troubles hast thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here!
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw thee on the floods appear,
But felt thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
Leaped desperate from their guardian Rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss,
Thy strength was in our weakness shown;
And still it guards and keeps thine own.

4 All are not lost or wandered back;
All have not left thy church and thee;
There are who suffer for thy sake,
Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek divine applause

5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

Hymn 484. Bavaria. 10.10.11.11. MOZART.

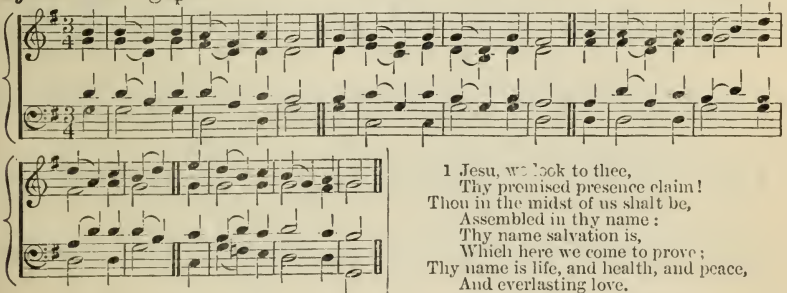


1 Appointed by thee, We meet in thy name,
And meekly agree To follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, The world to disdain,
And constantly trample On pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, We humbly go on,
And daily take up The pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing The will of our Lord,
We still are preparing To meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
To sanctify here, And bear us away,
The end of our meeting On earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting In glory with thee!

Hymn 485. Ripon. S.M. NÄGELI.

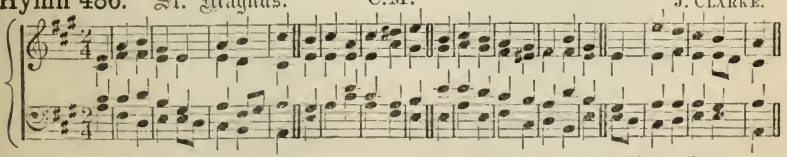


1 Jesu, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.
O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

Hymn 486. St. Magnus. C.M. J. CLARKE.



1 See, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive!"

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak, and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

Hymn 487. (*See Hymn* 335.) Amsterdam.

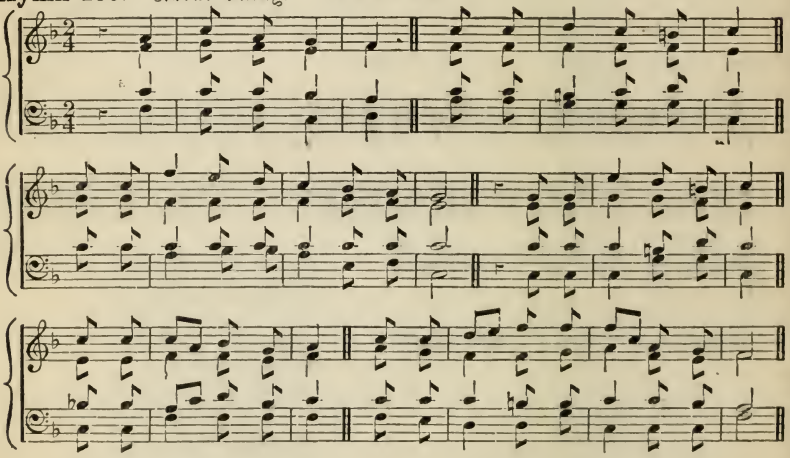
1 Two are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands,
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls alone!
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on:
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity,
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath joined?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints!
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants:
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

Hymn 488. Stour Valley. 5.5.9.5.5.9.



1 How happy are we
Who in Jesus agree
To expect his return from above!
We sit under our Vine,
And delightfully join
In the praise of his excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,
In his name when we meet,
Is his fruit to our spiritual taste!
We are banqueting here
On angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by him,
We drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne:
Who in Jesus believe,
We the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace
He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith he imparts;
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 True believers have seen
The Saviour of men,
As his head he on Calvary bowed:
We shall see him again,
When, with all his bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.

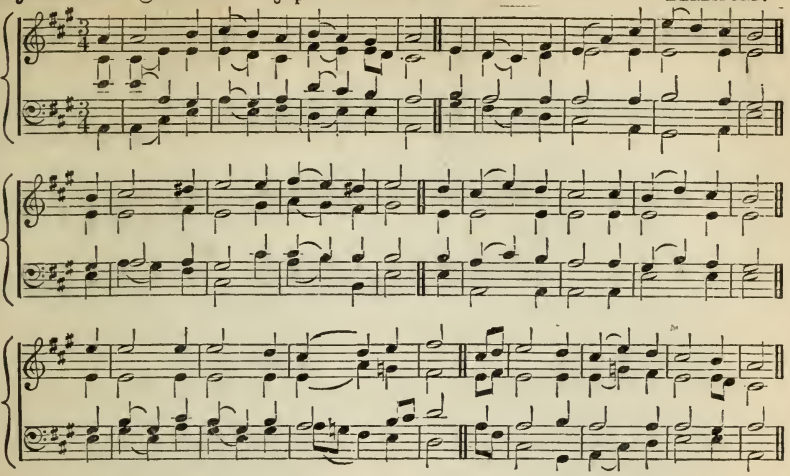
6 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When he went to prepare us a place;
"I will come in that day,
And transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face."

7 With earnest desire
After thee we aspire,
And long thy appearing to see,
Till our souls thou receive
In thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in thee.

8 Come, Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise,
Ready made for the mansions above;
With our Head to ascend,
And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

Hymn 489. Brunswick Chapel. 8.8.8. 8.8.8.

BERESFORD.



1 How good and pleasant 'tis to see,
When brethren cordially agree,
And kindly think and speak the same!
A family of faith and love,
Combined to seek the things above,
And spread the common Saviour's fame.

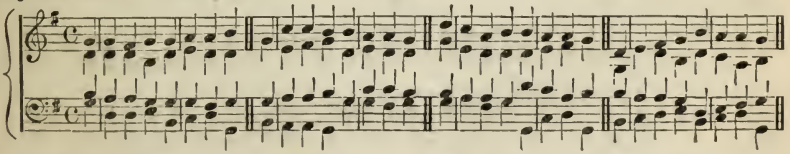
The God of grace, who all invites,
Who in our unity delights,
Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless;
Revives us with refreshing showers,
The fulness of his blessing pours,
And keeps our minds in perfect peace.

2 Jesus, thou precious corner-stone,
Preserve inseparably one
Whom thou didst by thy Spirit join:
Still let us in thy Spirit live,
And to thy church the pattern give
Of unanimity divine.

Still let us to each other cleave,
And from thy plenitude receive
Constant supplies of hallowing grace;
Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

Hymn 490. Tallis' Canon. L.M.

T. TALLIS.



1 Brethren in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and show yourselves approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.

3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
Then let them burn with sacred love;
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

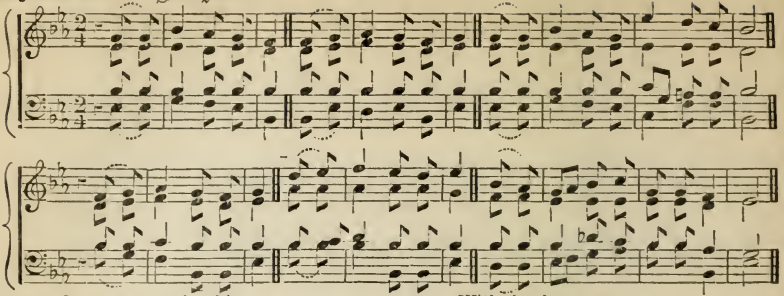
4 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

5 Thou God that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

6 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

7 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love.

Hymn 491. Hungerford. 6.6.9.6.6.9.



1 Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestowed;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are,
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

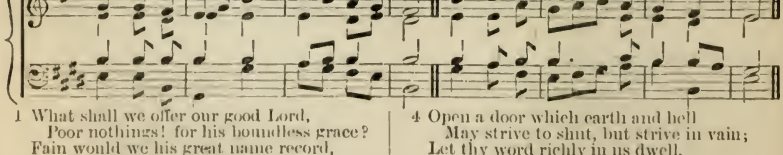
6 There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah, we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurled in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

Hymn 492. Duke Street. L.M.

HATTON.



1 What shall we offer our good Lord,
Poor nothings! for his boundless grace?
Fain would we his great name record,
And worthily set forth his praise.

2 Great object of our growing love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free;
Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.

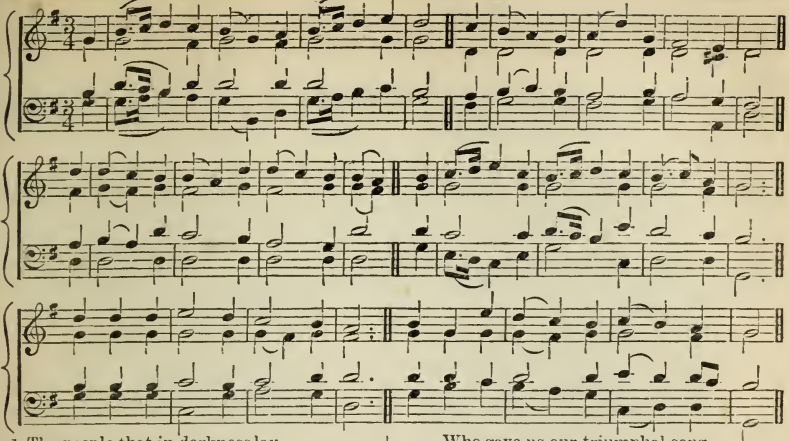
4 Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Let thy word richly in us dwell,
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 O multiply the sower's seed!
And fruit we every hour shall bear.
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of thy power;
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

Hymn 493. Worsley. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

HOWGATE.



1 The people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen a gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And showed the Father in the Son.

2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us thy arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon sealed,
Of joy unspeakable possest,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.

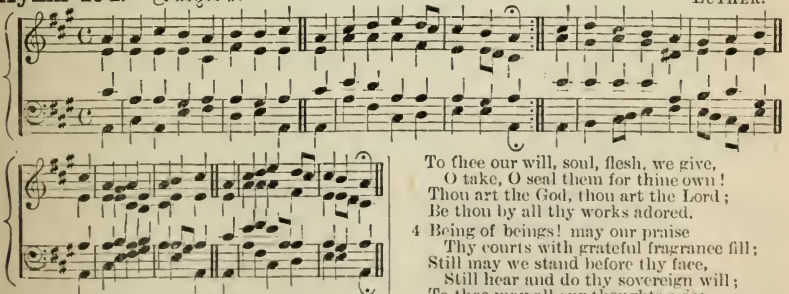
3 In tears who sowed, in joy we reap,
And praise thy goodness all day long:
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gave us our triumphal song,
And doth his spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.

4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day)
Redeemed us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments rolled in blood,
Our Captain doth the fight maintain;
But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire;
And all our sins as smoke expire.

Hymn 494. Luther's. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

LUTHER.



1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

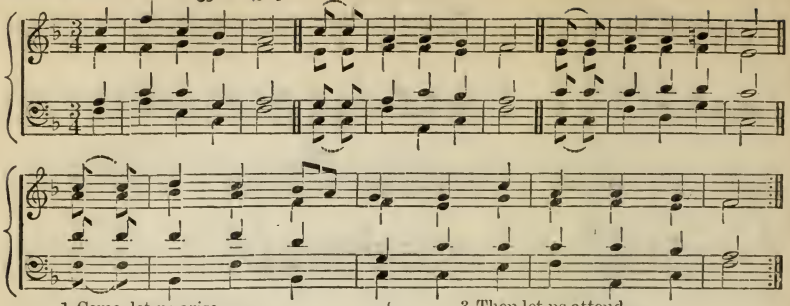
3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take, O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 In thee we move: all things of thee
Are full, thou source and life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable sea!
(Full prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

6 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou beam of the eternal benn,
Thou purging fire, thou quickening flame.

Hymn 495. New Year Hymn. 5.5.5.11.5.5.5.11.



1 Come, let us arise,
And press to the skies;
The summons obey,
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
The Master of all
For our service doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.

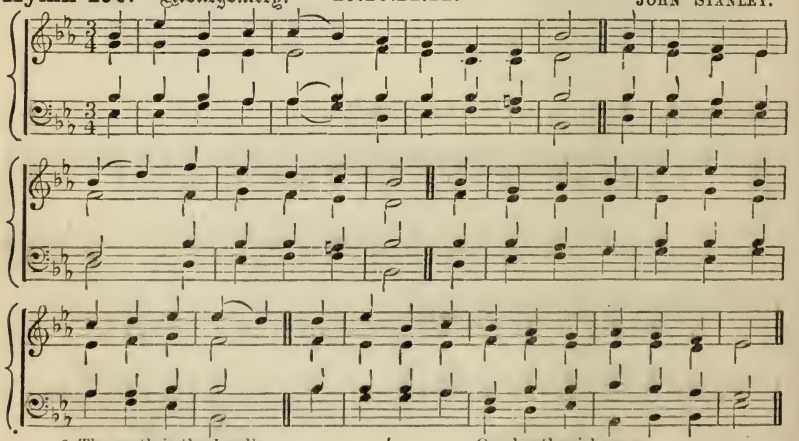
2 His burden who bear,
We alone can declare
How easy his yoke, [provoke;
While to love and good works we each other
By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The souls to relieve,
And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In his members distrest,
By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest:
The prisoner relieve,
The stranger receive,
Supply all their wants,
And spend and be spent in assisting his saints.

4 Thus while we bestow
Our moments below,
Ourselves we forsake,
And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take:
His passion alone
The foundation we own;
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

Hymn 496. Montgomery. 10.10.11.11.

JOHN STANLEY.

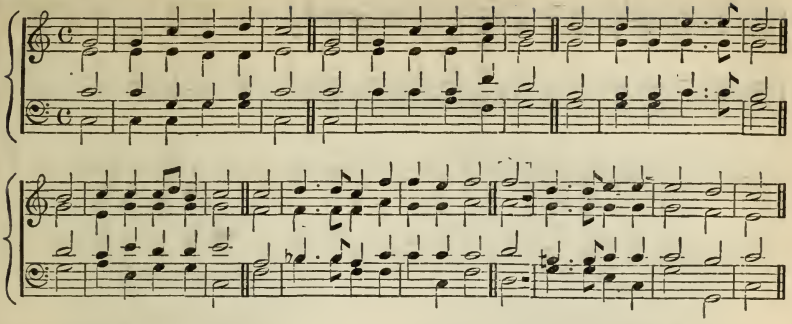


1 The earth is the Lord's,
And all it contains;
The truth of his words
For ever remains;
The saints have a mountain
Of blessings in him;
His grace is the fountain,
His peace is the stream.

2 To him our request
We now have made known,
Who sees what is best
For each of his own:
Our heathenish care,
We cast it aside;
He heareth the prayer,
And he will provide.

3 The modest and meek
The earth shall possess:
The kingdom who seek
Of Jesus's grace
The power of his Spirit
Shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit
In virtue of one.

Hymn 497. Thyatira. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 Come, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

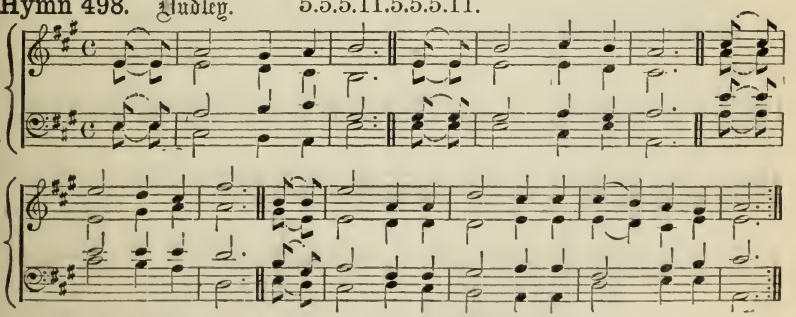
2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all, is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

Hymn 498. Dudley. 5.5.5.11.5.5.5.11.



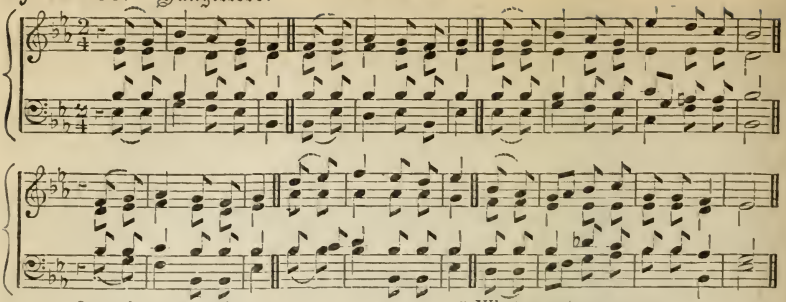
1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth,
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
We gave up our all;
And still we forego
For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below.
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair:
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land:
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

Hymn 499. Hungerford. 6.6.9.6.6.9.



1 Come, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

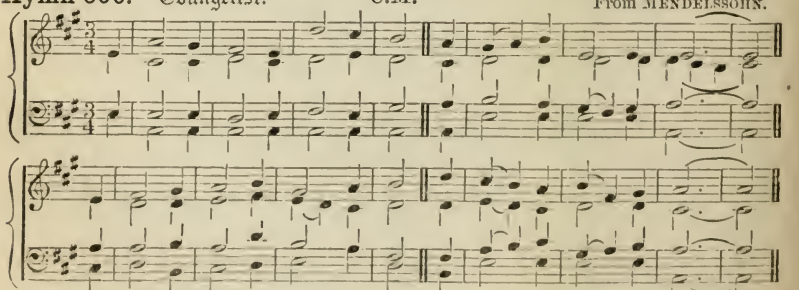
6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

Hymn 500. Evangelist. C.M.

From Mendelssohn.



1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

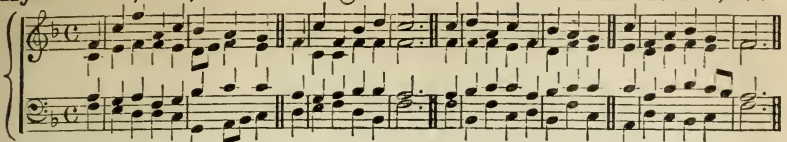
4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

Hymns 501, 502, & 503. St. David. C.M.

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, 1671.



1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For O! the wolf is nigh.
2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!
6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receeive,
And reign above the sky.

Hymn 502. St. David.

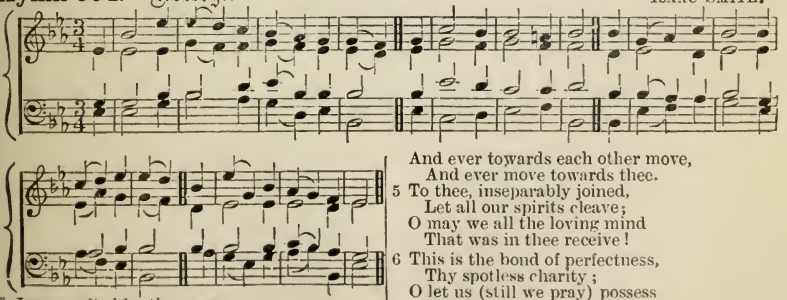
1 Come, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting power;
Come with thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.
2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven!
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.
3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.
4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.
5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Saved, to the utmost saved below,
And perfectly like thee.

Hymn 503. St. David.

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart,
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!
2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Hymn 504. Abridge. C.M.

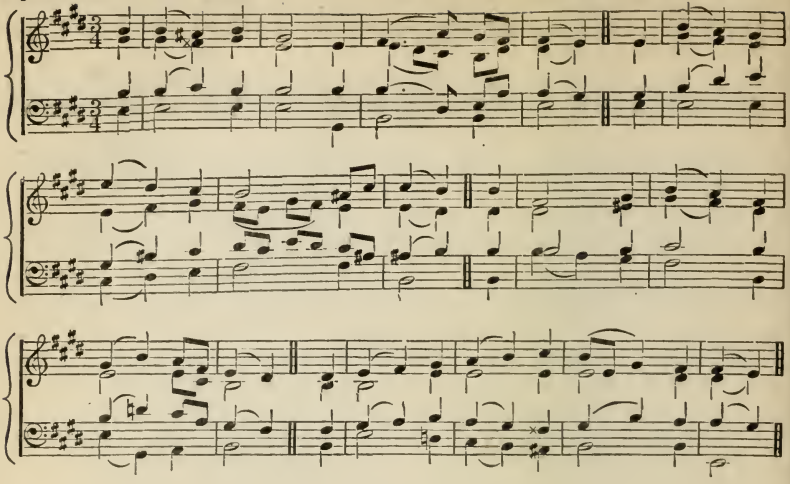
ISAAC SMITH.



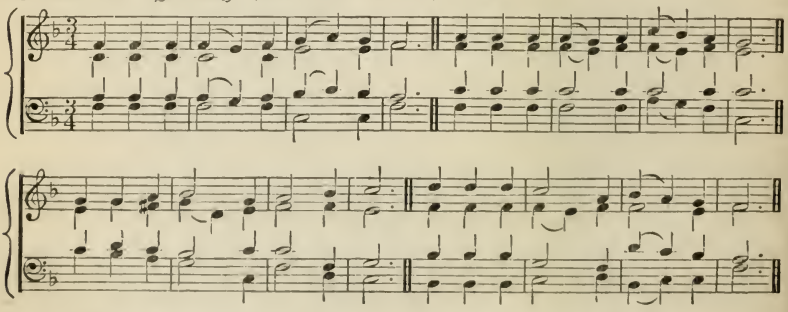
1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.
4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.
5 To thee, inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!
6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!
7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!
8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise,
And thence, on wings of angels, ride
Triumphant through the skies.
9 Yet, when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Hymn 505. St. Vincent. L.M.

Adapted by C. E. WILLING.



Hymn 505. Hursley. (SECOND TUNE.) L.M.



1 Unchangeable, almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way!

2 O let us all join hand in hand
Who seek redemption in the blood,
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,
Our wild unruly passions bind,
Tame the old Adam in our soul,
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word,
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,
We all shall praise our common Lord,
Our Jesus, and him crucified.

5 Giver of peace and unity,
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove;
We all shall then in one agree,
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same,
Delightful lesson of thy grace!
One undivided Christ proclaim,
And jointly glory in thy praise.

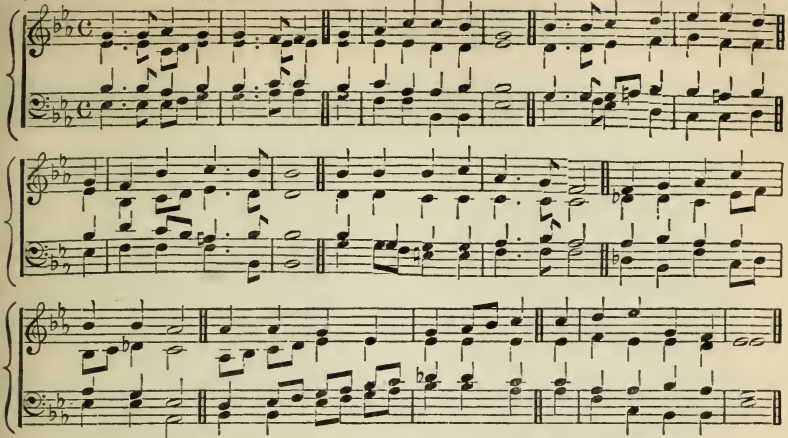
7 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gathered into thee;
Under one Shepherd make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

8 Regard thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down;
To us thy Father's name declare;
Unite and perfect us in one!

9 So shall the world believe and know
That God hath sent thee from above,
When thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays thy love.

Hymn 506. St. Hilary. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

REV. DR. DYKES.

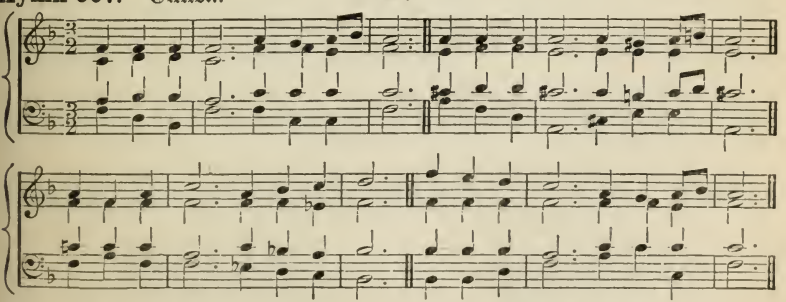


1 Father of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

Hymn 507. Clifton. L.M.



1 Saviour of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

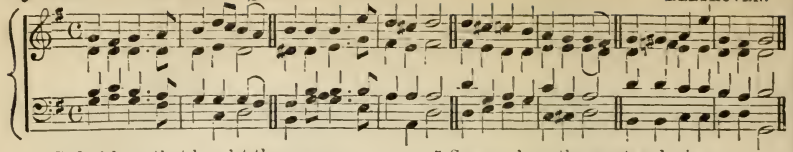
3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve,
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit,
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride,
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

5 O let us on thy fulness feed,
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesu, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesu, thy flesh is angels' food.

6 The heavenly manna faith imparts,
Faith makes thy fulness all our own;
We feed upon thee in our hearts,
And find that heaven and thou are one.

Hymns 508 & 509. Kendal. 7.7.7.7. BEETHOVEN.

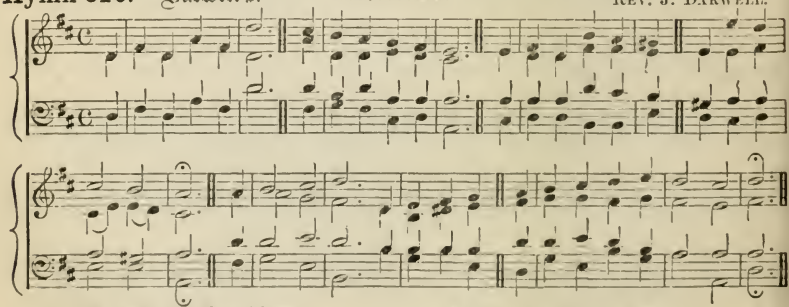


1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.
2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
3 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man,
Every arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love!
4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in thee.
5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.
6 Never let the world break in;
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
7 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's Strength and Hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.
8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings;
Taste our glorious liberty,
Find our happy all in thee!

Hymn 509. Kendal.

1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.
2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here!
3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!
6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

Hymn 510. Darwell's. 6.6.6.6.8.8. REV. J. DARWELL.



1 Thou God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey:
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face?
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?
4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join, with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.
6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day,
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

Hymns 511 & 513. Strasburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Ascribed to LUTHER.

1 Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel;
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept in our hearts:
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine.

Hymn 513. Strasburg.

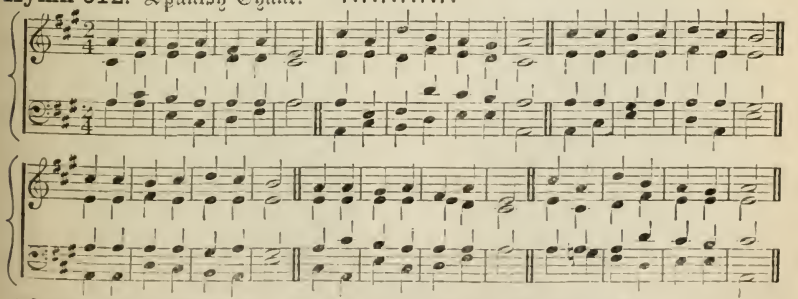
1 Jesus, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one in thee:
If now, accepted in thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,
Allow us even on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love.

2 Before thy glorious eyes we spread
The wish which doth from thee proceed:
Our love from earthly dross refine;
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee its great Author let it show,
And back to the pure fountain flow.

3 A drop of that unbounded sea,
O Lord, resorb it into thee!
While all our souls, with restless strife,
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless raptures, prove
Thy whole immensity of love.

4 A spark of that ethereal fire,
Still let it to its source aspire,
To thee in every wish return,
Intensely for thy glory burn;
While all our souls fly up to thee,
And blaze through all eternity.

Hymn 512. Spanish Chant. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

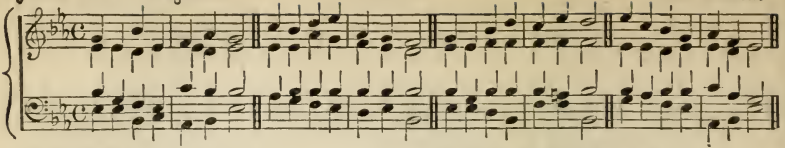


1 Centre of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heavenly fires;
Cemented by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Levelled at one common aim;
Every word, and every thought,
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored,
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven!

Hymn 514. Sharon. 7.7.7.7. Dr. Boyce.



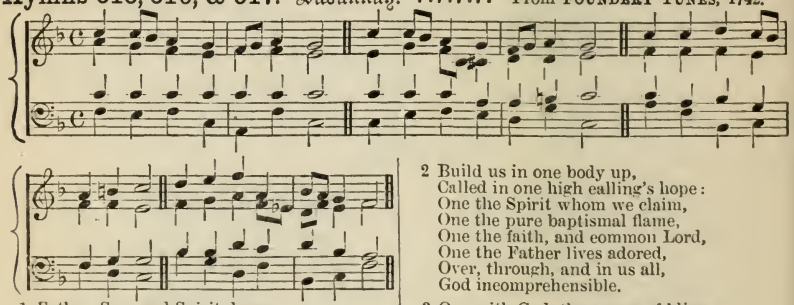
Father, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone,
Give, O give us to thy Son!

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite, and bless;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy over-shadowing love,
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost,
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise.

Hymns 515, 516, & 517. Savannah. 7.7.7.7. From Foundery Tunes, 1742.



1 Father, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel.
Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit whom we claim,
One the pure baptismal flame,
One the faith, and common Lord,
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

3 One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow!
Rise eternal in our heart:
Thou our long-sought Eden art;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

Hymn 516. second part. Savannah.

1 Other ground can no man lay,
Jesus takes our sins away;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this:
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies.

2 Husband of thy church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part;
Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

3 Steadfast let us cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be,
Union to the world unknown,
Joined to God, in spirit one:
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

Hymn 517. third part. Savannah.

1 Christ, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh:
Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!

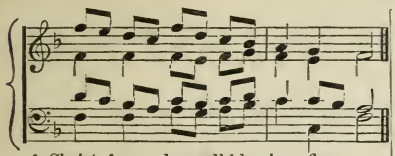
2 One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One, as Thou and He are one!

3 Still, O Lord, (for thine we are)
Still to us his name declare:
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.

4 Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Hymn 518. Sicilian Mariners. 7.7.7.7.

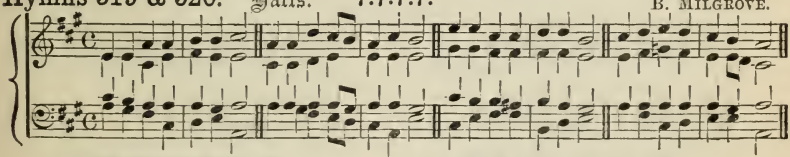
SICILIAN AIR.



1 Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are,
2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call;
Thou who fillest all in all.
3 Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed!
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
4 Jesus, we thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!
5 Move, and actuate, and guide:
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honoured if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.
9 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee!
10 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

Hymns 519 & 520. Harts. 7.7.7.7.

B. MILGROVE.

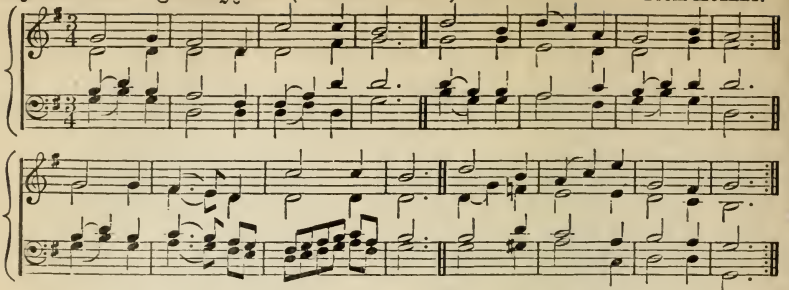


1 Come, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.
3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.
4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified;
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quickening Spirit breathe;
Christ is now gone up on high,
Thither all our wishes fly;
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

Hymn 520. SECOND PART. Harts.

1 Come, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again,
Come and visit abject men!
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast,
For thyself our hearts prepare,
Come, and sit, and banquet there!
2 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace,
Thou thyself within us move,
Make our feast a feast of love.
3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let in us thy bowels sound;
Faith, and love, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness;
Plant in us thy humble mind;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
4 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breast,
Love be there our endless feast!

Hymn 521. Nottingham. (THIRD PART.) 7.7.7.7. From Mozart.



1 Let us join, ('tis God commands)
Let us join our hearts and hands;
Help to gain our calling's hope,
Build we each the other up:
God his blessings shall dispense,
God shall crown his ordinance;
Meet in his appointed ways;
Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies;
Only faith the grace applies;
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

4 Let us for this faith contend,
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear,
Never from the rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

Hymn 522. FOURTH PART. Nottingham.

1 Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up,
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received,
Show we not in vain believed.

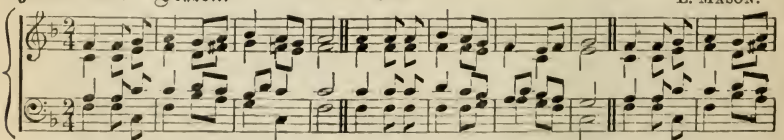
2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

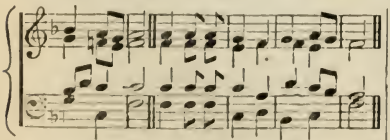
3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness,
Thee the unholy cannot see:
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Hymn 523. Boston. L.M.

L. Mason.





1 O Thou, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head!

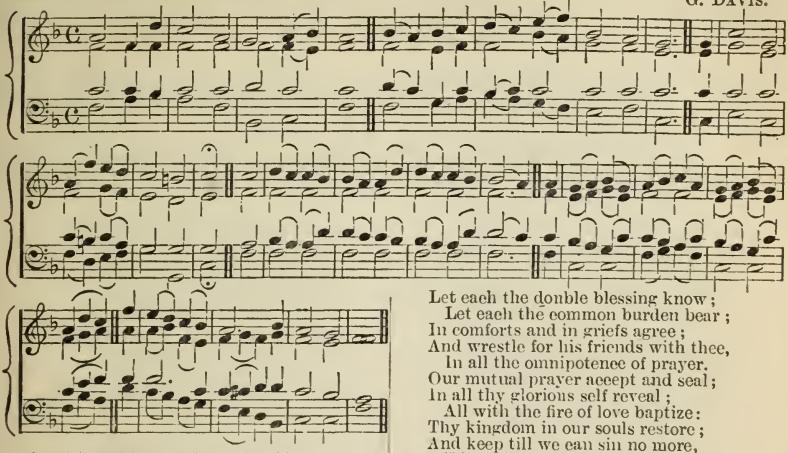
5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and throughly sanctify.

7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord!

Hymn 524. Monmouth. 8.8.8. 8.8.8.

G. DAVIS.

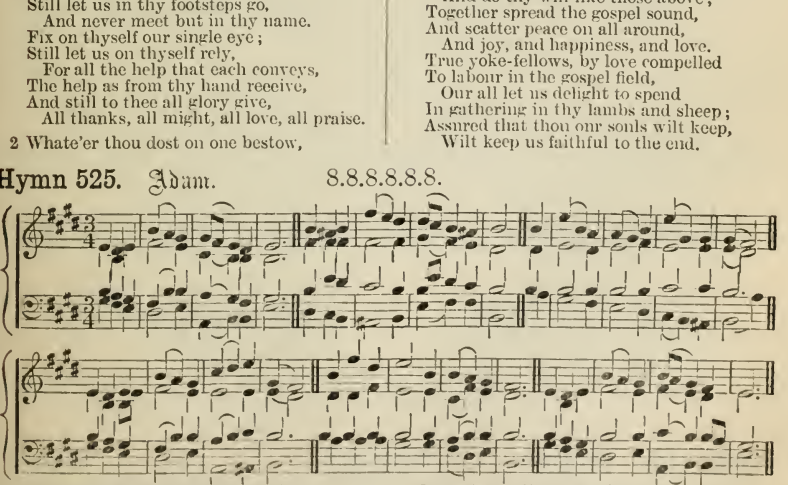


1 Our friendship sanctify and guide:
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim!
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in thy name.
Fix on thyself our single eye;
Still let us on thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from thy hand receive,
And still to thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

2 Whate'er thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know;
Let each the common burden bear;
In comforts and in griefs agree;
And wrestle for his friends with thee,
In all the omnipotence of prayer.
Our mutual prayer accept and seal;
In all thy glorious self reveal;
All with the fire of love baptize:
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in thy whole image rise.

3 Witnesses of the all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,
And do thy will like those above;
Together spread the gospel sound,
And scatter peace on all around,
And joy, and happiness, and love.
True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
To labour in the gospel field,
Our all let us delight to spend
In gathering in thy lambs and sheep;
Assured that thou our souls wilt keep,
Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

Hymn 525. Adam. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



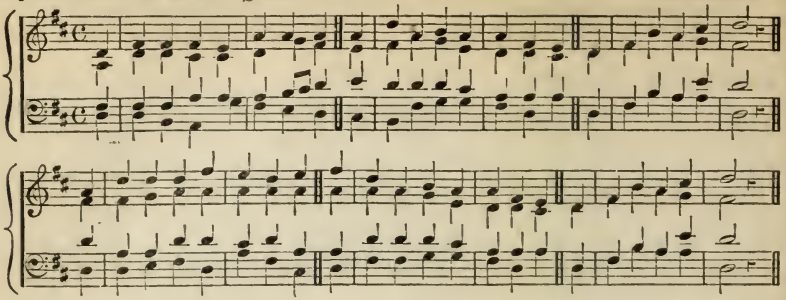
1 Jesu, thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of thy peace restored
Let all thy followers perceive,
And happy in thy Spirit live;
Retain the grace through thee bestowed,
The favour and the power of God.

2 Give all thy saints to find in thee
The fulness of the Deity;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love:
Fountain of grace, thyself make known
With God and man for ever one.

3 Still with and in thy people dwell;
Thy gracious plenitude reveal;
Till coming with thy heavenly train
We eye to eye behold the Man,
And share thy majesty divine,
And mount our thrones encircling thine.

Hymns 526 & 527. Hull. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

OLD MELODY.



1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought:
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim,
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name!

3 In Jesu's name, behold, we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will:
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.

Hymn 527. Hull.

1 Come, wisdom, power, and grace divine,
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

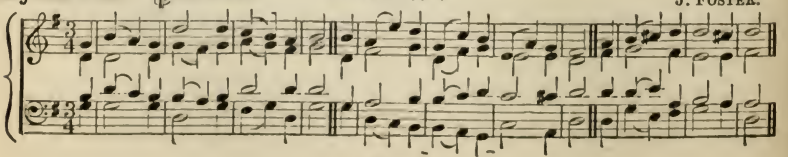
3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

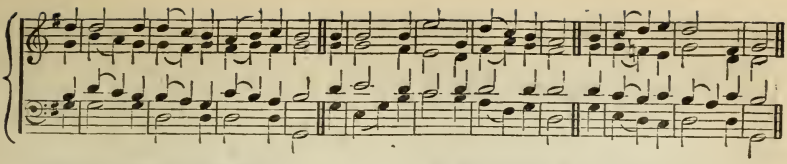
4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare!
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity.
The pity of the bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

Hymn 528. Pembroke. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

J. FOSTER.





1 O Saviour, cast a gracious smile!
Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
And shy distrust remove;
The true simplicity impart,
To fashion every passive heart,
And mould it into love.

2 Our naked hearts to thee we raise;
Whate'er obstructs thy work of grace,
For ever drive it hence;
Exert thy all-subduing power,
And each regenerate soul restore
To child-like innocence.

3 Soon as in thee we gain a part,
Our spirit purged from nature's art
Appears, by grace forgiven:
We then pursue our sole design,
To lose our melting will in thine,
And want no other heaven.

4 O that we now the power might feel
To do on earth thy blessed will,
As angels do above!
In thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
To walk, and perfectly to obey
Thy sweet constraining love!

5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
And spread the spark of living fire
Through every hallowed breast;
Bless with divine conformity,
And give us now to find in thee
Our everlasting rest.

Hymn 529. Requies. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

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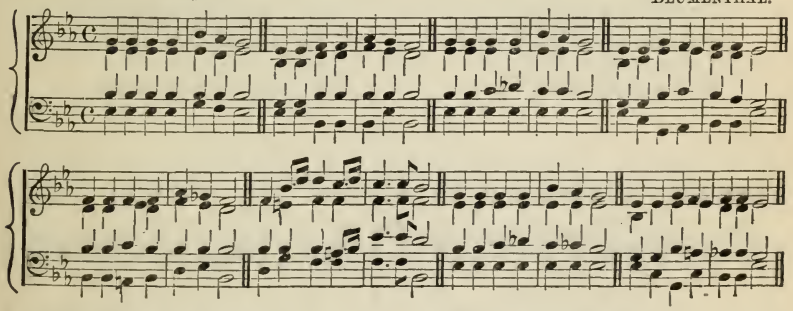


1 Holy Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Governed by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

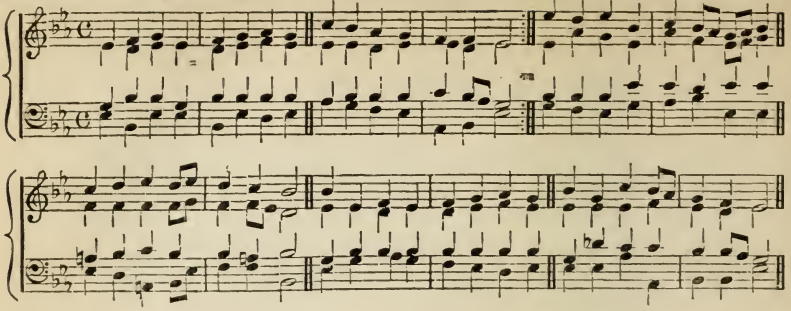
2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power his image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

Hymn 530. Daventry. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

ANCIENT LATIN HYMN.



1 Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now thy blissful self impart;
Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in the atoning blood!
Make our hearts a watered garden;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

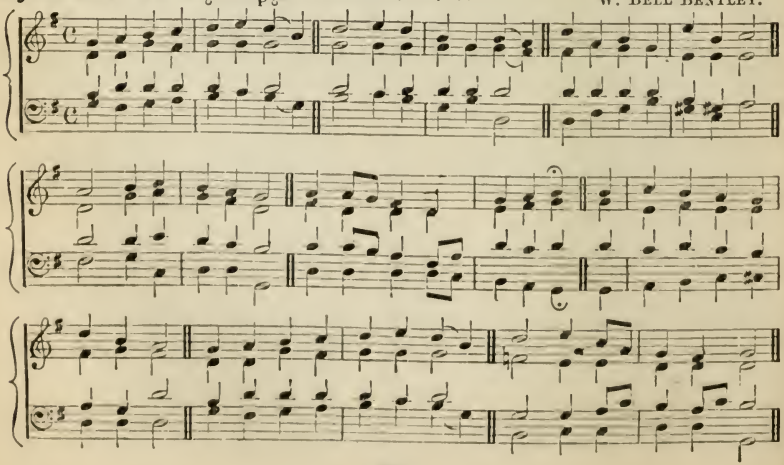
2 If thou gav'st the enlarged desire,
Which for thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancelled sin reveal;
Claim us for thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallowed breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let thee go,
Till thou all thy mind declare,
All thy grace on us bestow;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All thou hast, and all thou art!

Hymn 531. St. Christopher. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

W. BELL BENTLEY.



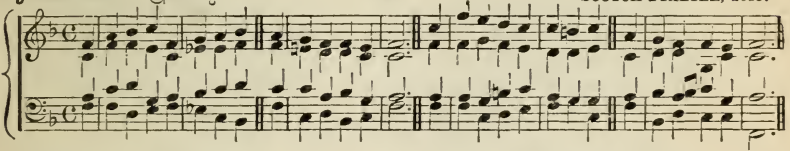
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
That famous Plant thou art:
Tree of Life eternal, rise
In every longing heart!
Bid us find the food in thee
For which our deathless spirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And filled with love divine.

2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unfaithfulness,
Object of the heathen's scorn,
Who mocked our scanty grace;
Jesus, our reproach remove;
Let sin no more thy people shame!
Show us rooted in thy love,
In life and death the same.

3 In thy spotless people show
Thy power and constancy;
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowship with thee:
Give us all thy mind to express,
And blameless in our Lord to abide,
Transcripts of thy holiness,
Thy fair, unspotted bride.

Hymn 532. French. C.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.



1 Come, let us use the grace divine.
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For GOD to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

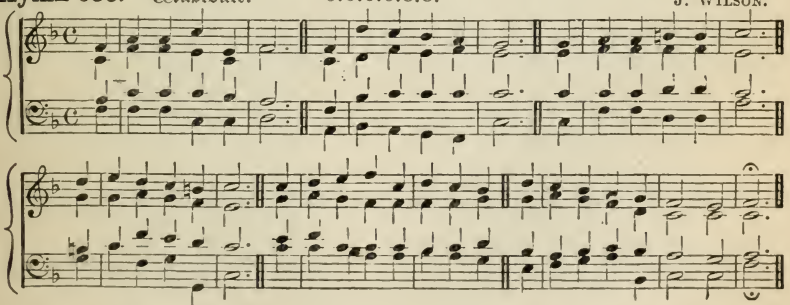
4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow:
And if thou art well-pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give!

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

Hymn 533. Mastdale. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. WILSON.



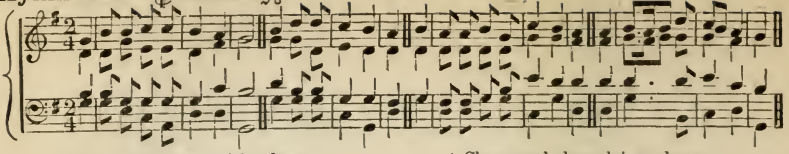
1 Lord, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
We, only we, can say,
"Whatever is, is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.

2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee,
We let each other go,
From every creature free:
And cry, in answer to thy call,
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"

3 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Counsellor divine!
Thy chosen ones depend
On no support but thine:
Our everlasting Comforter!
We cannot want, if thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below;
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know;
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapped up in thee!

Hymn 534. Peterborough. C.M.



1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

Hymn 535. Bethlehem. S.M.

S. Wesley.

1 And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair!
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are!
Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below:
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go!
The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

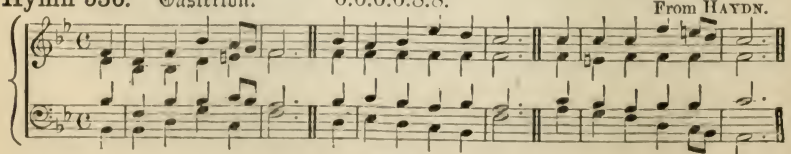
4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet:
The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

5 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

Hymn 536. Casterton. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

From Haydn.



1 Jesus, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
To embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy the appointed race!
Keep us, and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom;
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven!
In a new world his truth to prove
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release;
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

Hymn 537. Sharon. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.

1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And, each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise and oceans roll
To sever us, in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

7 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.

8 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill!

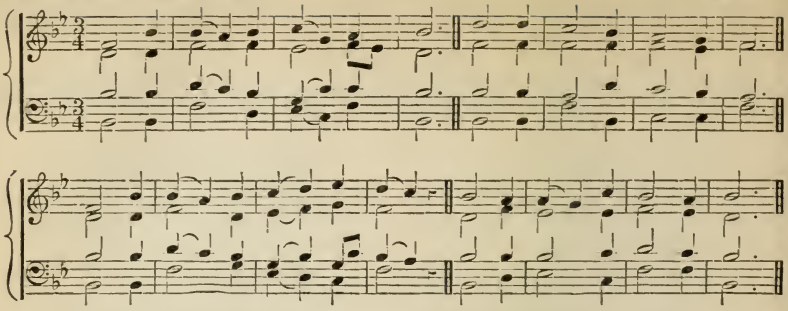
9 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

10 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

11 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

12 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come!

Hymn 538. St. Jude. 7.7.7.7. J. V. Watts.



1 Jesus, soft, harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See thy followers, O Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run.
Hand in hand we seek thy face:
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute:
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings.

3 See the souls that hang on thee!
Severed though in flesh we are,
Joined in spirit all agree;
All thy only love declare;
Spread thy love to all around:
Hark! we now our voices raise!
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

Hymn 539. Kent. C.M. Stanley.

1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is king;
The King is now our friend!

3 We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

5 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:

6 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now.

7 Surely we now your souls embrace,
With you we now appear
Present before the throne of grace,
And you, and Christ, are here.

8 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.

9 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

10 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
Our Saviour now prepares our home:
Go on;—we 'll meet you there.

SUPPLEMENT.

Hymn 540. Dunfermline. C.M. Psalm i. Scottish Psalter, 1615.

1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His study and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

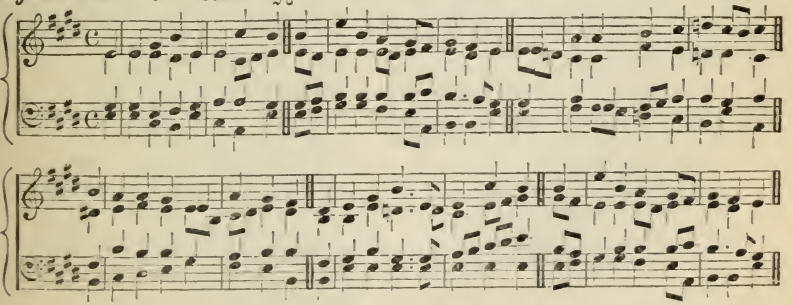
3 Like some fair tree which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find,
Untimely withered, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

Hymn 541. St. Werburgh. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Psalm ii. Dr. Dykes.



1 How are the Gentiles all on fire!
Why rage they with vain menacing?
'Gainst God, and his Anointed King,
Earth's haughty potentates conspire;
Break we (say they) their servile bands,
And cast their cords from our free hands.

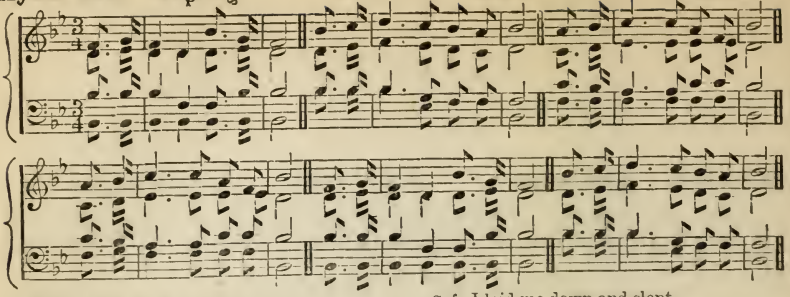
2 But God from his celestial throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incensed thus check their pride,
(His wrath in their confusion shown)
Lo! I my King have crowned, and will
Enthrone, on Zion's sacred hill.

3 That great decree I shall declare;
For thus I heard Jehovah say,
"Thou art my Son, begot this day;
Request, and I will grant thy prayer,
Subject all nations to thy throne,
And make the sea-bound earth thine own.

4 "Thou shalt an iron sceptre sway,
As earthen vessels, break their bones;"
Be wise then, ye who sit on thrones,
And judges grave, advice obey;
With joyful fear O serve the Lord!
With trembling joy embrace his Word.

5 In reverent homage kiss the Son,
Lest he his wrathful looks display,
And so ye perish in the way,
His anger newly but begun;
Then blessed only are the just,
Who on the Anointed fix their trust.

Hymn 542. Toplady. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm iii. AMERICAN.

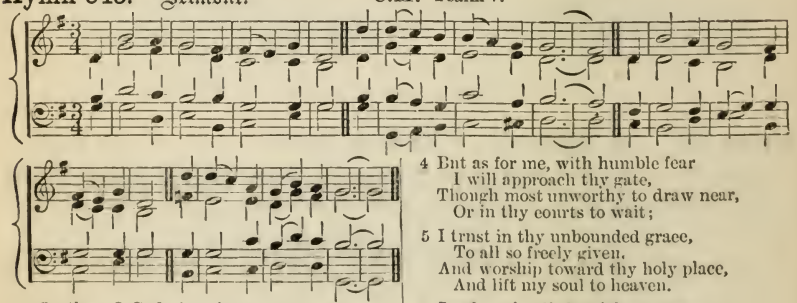


1 Thou, Lord, art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in thee;
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine omnipotence.

2 To the Lord I cried; the cry
Brought my helper from the sky;
By my kind protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms, and rose;
Blest him for the sweet repose.

3 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in thee thy people have;
Safe from sin in thee they rest,
With the gospel-blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

Hymn 543. Belmont. C.M. Psalm v.



1 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face:

2 In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity,
The heart unkind, the heart untrue,
Are both abhorred by thee.

4 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait;

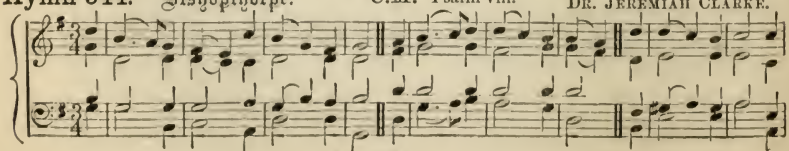
5 I trust in thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

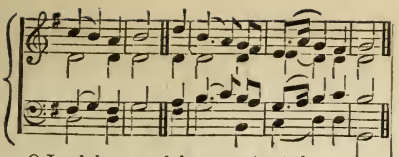
6 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be thou my guide!

7 All those that put their trust in thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with cheerful melody
Their great Redeemer's name.

8 Protected by thy guardian grace,
They shall extol thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore.

Hymn 544. Bishopthorpe. C.M. Psalm viii. DR. JEREMIAH CLARKE.





1 O Lord, how good, how great art thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at thy footstool bow,
Here babes thy grace proclaim.

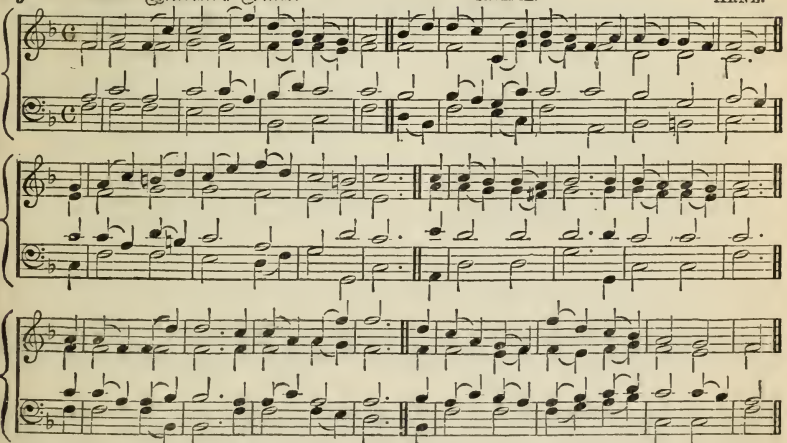
2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
O what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by thee!

3 To him thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit thy throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

4 Close to thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

5 O Lord, how good, how great art thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at thy footstool bow,
Here babes thy grace proclaim.

Hymn 545. Martin's Lane. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Psalm ix. ARNE.



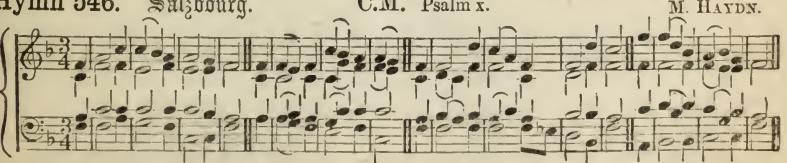
1 Thee will I praise with all my heart,
And tell mankind how good thou art,
How marvellous thy works of grace;
Thy name I will in songs record,
And joy and glory in my Lord,
Extolled above all thanks and praise.

2 The Lord will save his people here;
In times of need their Help is near,
To all by sin and hell oppressed;
And they that know thy name will trust
In thee, who to thy promise just
Hast never left a soul distressed.

3 The Lord is by his judgments known;
He helps his poor afflicted one,
His sorrows all he bears in mind;
The mourner shall not always weep,
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.

4 A helpless soul that looks to thee
Is sure at last thy face to see,
And all thy goodness to partake;
The sinner who for thee doth grieve,
And longs, and labours to believe,
Thou never, never wilt forsake.

Hymn 546. Salzbourg. C.M. Psalm x. M. HAYDN.



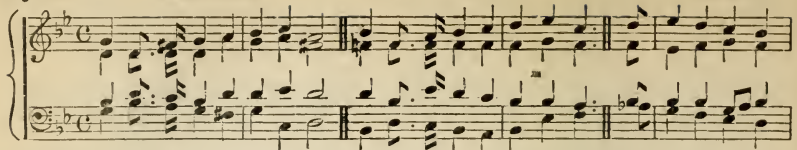
1 O God, the help of all thy saints,
Our hope in time of ill:
We trust thee, though thy face be hid,
And seek thy presence still.

2 Why should the men of pride and sin
Thy truth and power defy;
And boast, as if their evil way
Were hidden from thine eye?

3 Lord, thou hast seen: arise and save;
To thee our cause we bring;
Reign thou in righteousness and power,
For thou alone art King.

4 All our desires to thee are known;
Thy help is ever near;
O first prepare our hearts to pray,
And then accept our prayer!

Hymn 547. Worcester. L.M. Psalm xiii. HANDEL.



1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy face?
Leave me unchanged, and unrestored,
An alien from the life of grace?

2 How long shall I inquire within,
And seek thee in my heart, in vain,
Vexed with the dire remains of sin,
Galled with the tyrant's iron chain?

3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a faltering tongue)
See at thy feet my spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, "How long?"

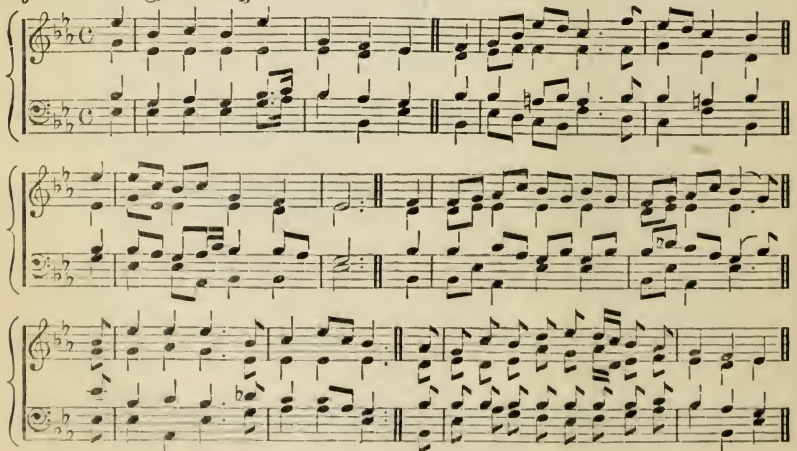
4 Ah! suffer not my foe to boast
His victory o'er a child of thine;
Nor let the proud Philistines' host
In Satan's hellish triumph join.

5 Will they not charge my fall on thee?
Will they not dare my God to blame?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name!

6 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near;
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour
When perfect love shall cast out fear.

7 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now;
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost thou!

Hymn 548. Maudesley Street. 8.8.6.8.8.6. Psalm xvi.



1 O Lord, thy faithful servant save,
Faith in thy name thou know'st I have;
My soul hath called thee mine:
My good cannot to thee extend,
My good did first from thee descend,
And all I have is thine.

2 The Lord himself my portion is;
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,
And wilt no more remove;
My fair inheritance thou art;
The needful thing, the better part,
I find in perfect love.

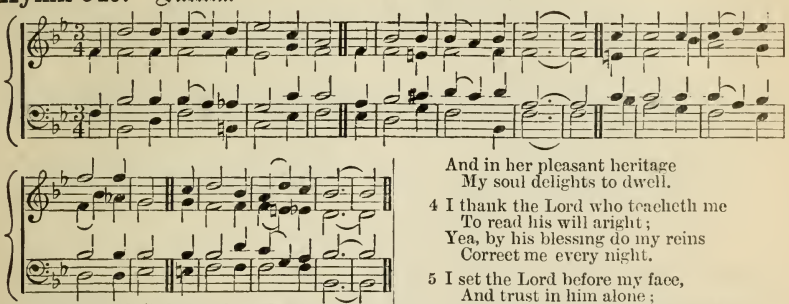
3 The Lord I will for ever bless;
The Counsellor and Prince of peace,
He teaches me his will;
He doth with nightly pains chastise,
And makes me to salvation wise
By every scourge I feel.

4 Him have I set before my face,
The pardoning God of boundless grace,
Of everlasting love;
By faith I always see him stand,
And with him placed on my right hand
I never shall remove.

5 Wherefore my heart doth now rejoice;
I wait to hear thy quickening voice;
My flesh exults in hope;
Thou wilt not leave me in the grave;
Sure confidence in thee I have
That thou wilt raise me up.

6 Thou wilt the path of life display,
And lead me in thyself the way,
Till all thy grace is given:
Fulness of joy with thee there is;
Thy presence makes the perfect bliss,
And where thou art is heaven.

Hymn 549. Lætitia. C.M. Psalm xvi.



1 Save me, O God; for thou alone
My tower of refuge art;
Thou art my Lord, my only good;
I bless thee from my heart.

2 The Lord alone shall be my cup,
And mine inheritance:
And thou art he that guards my lot
From every evil chance.

3 The fields wherein my lot is cast
In loveliness excel,
And in her pleasant heritage
My soul delights to dwell.

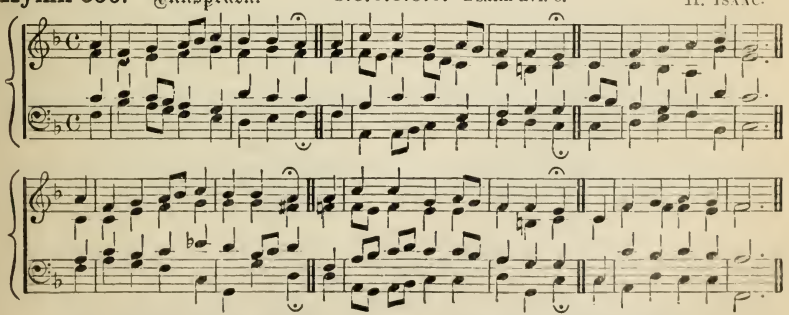
4 I thank the Lord who teacheth me
To read his will aright;
Yea, by his blessing do my reins
Correct me every night.

5 I set the Lord before my face,
And trust in him alone;
At my right hand the Lord doth stand;
I shall not be o'erthrown.

6 Therefore my heart is very glad;
My spirit shall rejoice;
My flesh in tranquil hope shall rest,
For thou wilt crown thy choice.

7 The path of life thou wilt display,
And keep for me in store
The fulness of thy joy, and peace
With thee for evermore.

Hymn 550. Innspruck. 8.8.6.8.8.6. Psalm xvi. 8. H. Isaac.

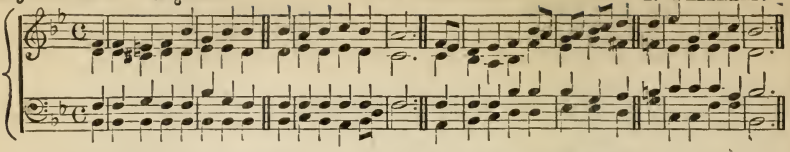


1 O that I could, in every place,
By faith behold Jehovah's face,
My strict observer see,
Present my heart and reins to try;
And feel the influence of his eye
For ever fixed on me!

2 Discerning thee, my Saviour, stand
My Advocate at God's right hand,
I never shall remove;
I cannot fall, upheld by thee,
Or sin against the majesty
Of omnipresent love.

3 Now, Saviour, now appear, appear!
And let me always see thee near,
And know as I am known:
My spirit to thyself unite,
And bear me through a sea of light
To that eternal throne.

Hymn 551. Sharon. C.M. Psalm xviii. T. Wallhead.



1 O God my strength and fortitude
In truth I will love thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

2 When I, beset with pain and grief,
Prayed to my God for grace;
Forthwith my God heard my complaint,
Out of his holy place.

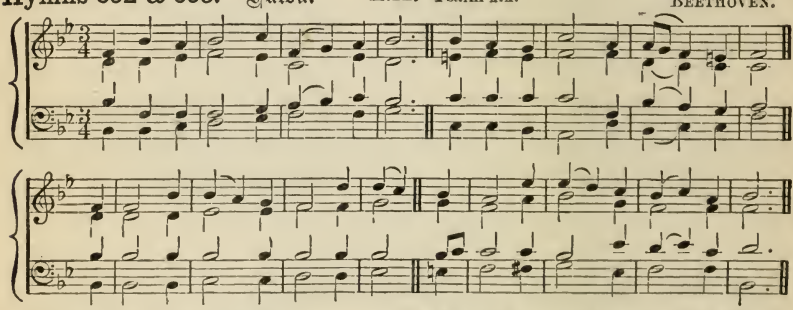
3 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

4 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

5 He brought me forth in open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because he had
A favour unto me.

6 Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is truly tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in his ways abide.

Hymns 552 & 553. Fulda. L.M. Psalm xix. Beethoven.



1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Hymn 553. Fulda. Psalm xix.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

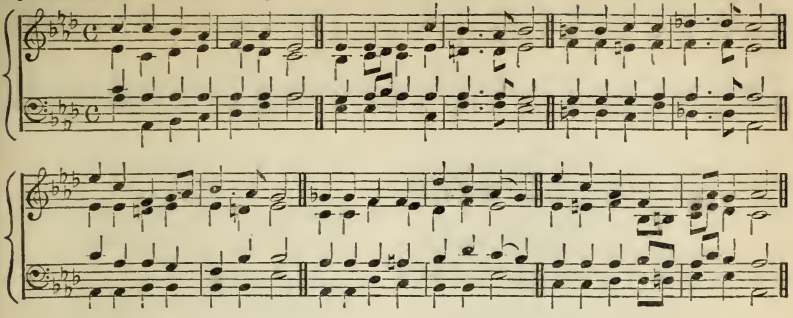
2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Hymn 554. Glastonbury. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm xxiii. Rev. Dr. Dykes.



1 Jesus the good Shepherd is;
Jesus died the sheep to save;
He is mine, and I am his;
All I want in him I have,
Life, and health, and rest, and food,
All the plenitude of God.

2 Jesus loves and guards his own;
Me in verdant pastures feeds;
Makes me quietly lie down,
By the streams of comfort leads:
Following him where'er he goes,
Silent joy my heart o'erflows.

3 He in sickness makes me whole,
Guides into the paths of peace;
He revives my fainting soul,
Stablishes in righteousness;
Who for me vouchsafed to die,
Loves me still,—I know not why!

4 Unappalled by guilty fear,
Through the mortal vale I go;
My eternal Life is near;
Thee my Life in death I know;
Bless thy chastening, cheering rod,
Die into the arms of God!

5 Till that welcome hour I see,
Thou before my foes dost feed;
Bidd'st me sit and feast with thee,
Pour'st thy oil upon my head;
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.

6 Love divine shall still embrace,
Love shall keep me to the end;
Surely all my happy days
I shall in thy temple spend,
Till I to thy house remove,
Thy eternal house above!

Hymn 555. Abbey. C.M. Ps. xxiii. Scotch Psalter, 1615.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

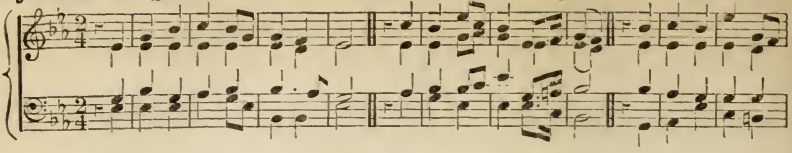
2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes
Doth now my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

Hymn 556. Kilmarnock. C.M. Psalm xxiii. N. Dougall.



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

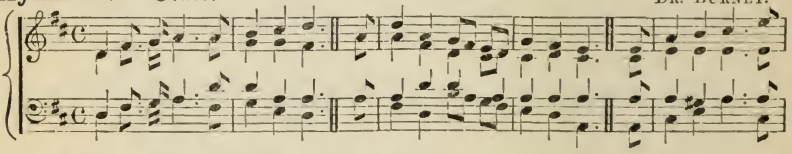
2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Hymn 557. Truro. L.M. Psalm xxiv. Dr. Burney.



1 The earth with all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is;
Launched on the floods this solid ball,
And fixed it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?

4 The man whose hands and heart are clean
That blessed portion shall receive;
Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

5 He shall obtain the starry crown;
And, numbered with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

SECOND PART.

6 Our Lord is risen from the dead!
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky;

7 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

8 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!

9 Who is this King of glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

10 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

11 Who is this King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed!

Hymn 558. St. Bartholomew. C.M. Psalm xxvii. Rev. R. R. Chope.

1 One thing with all my soul's desire
I sought, and will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

2 Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet.

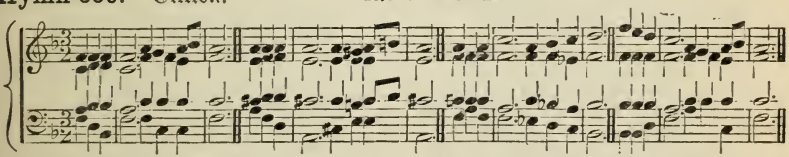
3 "Seek ye my face;"—without delay,
When thus I heard thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God will think on me.

5 Oft had I fainted, and resigned
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

6 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait,
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

Hymn 559. Clifton. L.M. Psalm xxx.



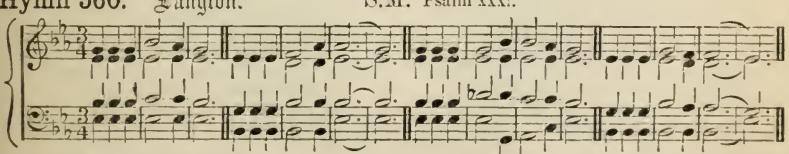
1 I praise thee, Lord, who o'er my foes
Hast raised my head in triumph high,
Not slow to mark my secret woes,
Not deaf to my desponding cry.
I praise thee, Lord; my heart was faint,
My feet were sinking to the grave,
But thou wast nigh to hear my plaint,
To hear, to heal me, and to save.

2 A moment, and thine anger dies;
Thy grace is life for evermore:
The sun may set on weeping eyes,
But joy returns when night is o'er.
In song before the Lord rejoice,
His praise let all his saints proclaim,
And still, with thankful heart and voice,
Give glory to his holy name.

3 In prosperous times I dared to say
"My mountain stands for ever sure;"
But thou didst turn thy face away;—
O grief too heavy to endure!
And then I raised my voice in prayer:
"Lord, to my humble suit attend;
In pity yet thy servant spare,
And be my helper, and my friend.

4 "What profit in my blood is found?
What voices from the tomb are heard?
Can dust to distant years resound
The mercies of thy faithful word?"
Gladness for mourning thou hast given,
That I may thank thee all my days,
And every saint in earth and heaven
Swell the loud anthem of thy praise.

Hymn 560. Langton. S.M. Psalm xxxi.



1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
For thou art Love divine.

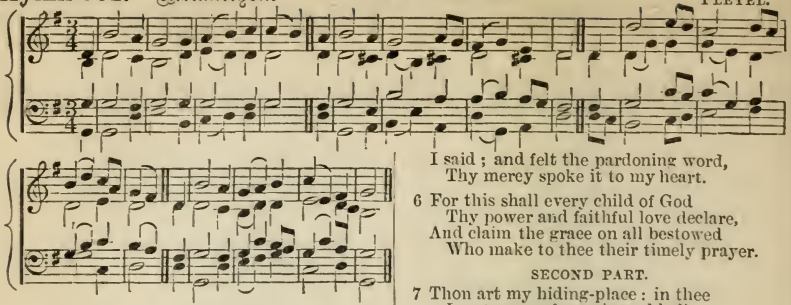
2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Hymn 561. Melancthon. L.M. Psalm xxxii.

PLEYEL.



1 Blest is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.

2 Blest is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
From all the guile of Satan free.

3 But while through pride I held my tongue,
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consumed with pining grief.

4 Resolved at last, "To God," I cried,
"My sins I will at large confess;
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desperate wickedness.

5 "All will I own unto my Lord,
Without reserve, or cloaking art:"
I said; and felt the pardoning word,
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

6 For this shall every child of God
Thy power and faithful love declare,
And claim the grace on all bestowed
Who make to thee their timely prayer.

SECOND PART.

7 Thou art my hiding-place: in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell;
Safe in the love that ransomed me,
And sheltered in thy wounds, I dwell.

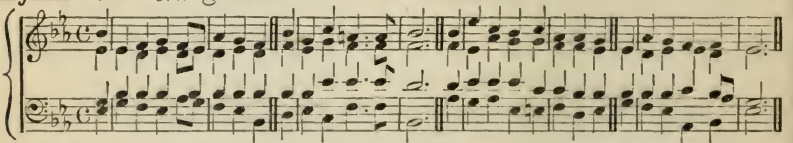
8 Still shall thy grace to me abound;
The countless wonders of thy grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise.

9 "I will instruct thy child-like heart,"
(My Teacher saith, for ever nigh)
"Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye:

10 "Only my gracious look obey,
And yield my perfect will to approve,
Nor cast my easy yoke away,
Nor stop thine ears against my love."

11 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him
Whose arms are still your sure defence;
Your Lord is mighty to redeem:
Believe, and who shall pluck you thence?

Hymn 562. St. Bernard. C.M. Psalm xxxiv.



1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

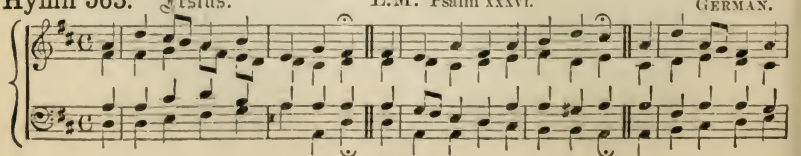
4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blessed they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He 'll make your wants his care.

Hymn 563. Festus. L.M. Psalm xxxvi.

GERMAN.



1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

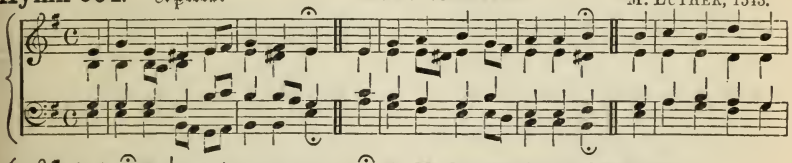
2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Hymn 564. Spires. L.M. Psalm xxxix. M. Luther, 1543.



1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures, mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

Hymn 565. St. Bride. S.M. Psalm xxxix. Dr. Howard.

1 Lord, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with thee;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

3 A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or racked with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

4 What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy Name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

5 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low;
Remove thy judgments, lest I die,
I faint beneath thy blow.

6 At thy rebuke the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

7 Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

8 A stranger, Lord, with thee
I walk in pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.

9 O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

Hymns 566 & 567. Spohr. C.M. Psalm xl.

From Spohr.

1 Day after day I sought the Lord,
And waited patiently;
Until he bent down from his throne,
And hearkened to my cry.

2 He drew me from the fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
He placed my feet upon a rock,
And led me in his way.

3 He taught my soul a new-made song,
A song of holy praise,
All they who see these things, with fear
Their hopes to God shall raise.

4 Most blessed is the man whose hope
Upon the Lord relies;
Who follows not the proud, nor those
That turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord, what wonders hast thou wrought,
All number far above!
Thy thoughts to us-ward overflow
With mercy, grace, and love.

SECOND PART.

6 Show forth thy mercy, gracious Lord;
O take it not away!
Thy lovingkindness and thy truth,
Let them be still my stay.

7 For countless sorrows hem me round;
And my iniquities
So hold me fast, and drag me down,
I cannot raise my eyes.

8 My hairs in number they surpass;
Hence is my heart dismayed;
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to rescue me!
O hasten to my aid.

9 Let those who seek thee faithfully
In peace and joy abide;
Let those who love thy grace still say,
"The Lord be magnified."

10 Poor am I, and in need; yet God
Care of my soul doth take.
Thou art my help; my Saviour thou,
Lord, no long tarrying make.

Hymn 567. Spohr. Psalm xlii.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

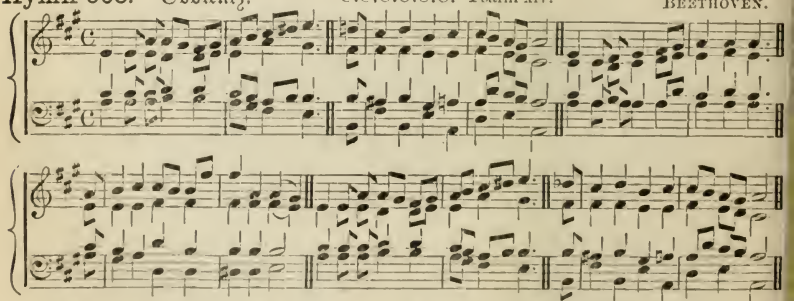
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Hymn 568. Coblentz. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Psalm xlv.

Beethoven.



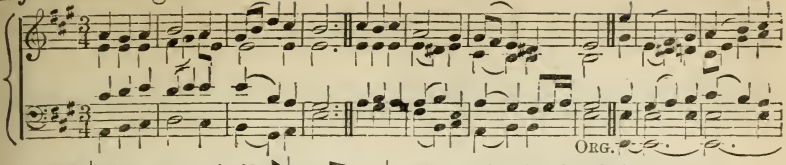
1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

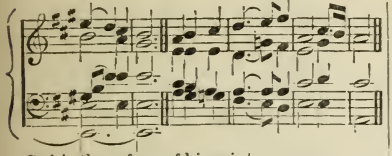
2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art;
Replenished are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine;
Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are thine:
Assert thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

Hymn 569. Altona. L.M. Psalm xlvi. HAYDN.





1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his faithfulness and power.

SECOND PART.

6 Let Zion in her King rejoice,
Though Satan rage, and kingdoms rise:
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

7 The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought!
What desolations he hath made!

8 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

9 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name:

10 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
Exalted over all the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad;
For still my throne in Zion stands."

11 O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

Hymn 570. Regent Square. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Psalm xlvi. HENRY SMART.

1 God, our Hope and Strength abiding,
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh:
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in ocean's heart they lie.

2 Let them roar, his awful surges,—
Let them boil—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges;
Here is yet one quiet rill;
Her calm waters,
Zion's joy, flow clear and still.

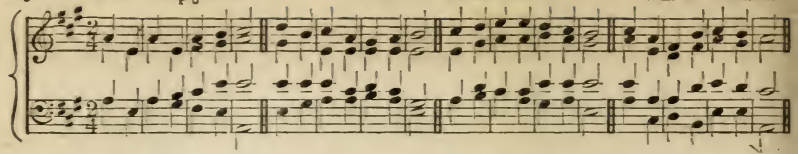
3 Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed his tent:—
God is there, a strong salvation,
On her place she towers unbent.
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent.

4 Heathens rage, dominions tremble,
God spake out, earth melts away:
God is where our hosts assemble,
Jacob's God, our rock, and stay.
Come, behold him
O'er the wide earth wars allay.

5 Come, behold God's work of wonder,
Searing, wasting earth below;
How he knapped the spear in sunder,
How he brake the warrior's bow.
Wild war chariots
Burn before him, quenched as tow.

6 "Silence—for the Almighty know me;
O'er the heathen throned am I,
Throned where earth must crouch below me."—
Lord of hosts, we know thee nigh:
God of Jacob,
Thou art still our rock on high.

Hymn 571. Ephraim. 7.7.7.7. Psalm xlvii. Dr. H. Leslie.



1 Clap your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sovereign grace!

2 Glorious is the Lord most High,
Terrible in majesty;
He his sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-choirs aloud
Echoing to the trump of God.

4 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

5 Shout the God enthroned above,
Trumpet forth his conquering love;
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King!

6 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven!
Power he now to us imparts;
Praise him with believing hearts.

7 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,—
"Glory be to God most High!"

Hymn 572. Twyford. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Psalm xlviii. Dr. Gauntlett.

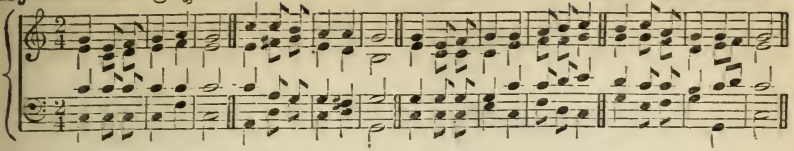
1 Great is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth doth praise:
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

2 For thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay;
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display:
With thy name thy praise is known,
Glorious thy perfections shine;
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

3 See the gospel church secure,
And founded on a rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The church can never fail.

4 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the new Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be:
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Hymn 573. Boylston. S.M. Psalm xlviii. Dr. Lowell Mason.



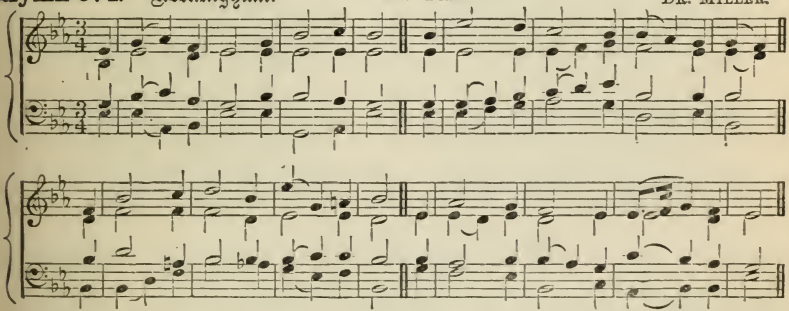
1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Hymn 574. Rockingham. L.M. Psalm li. Dr. Miller.



1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

3 Lord I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward form can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

6 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

SECOND PART.

7 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book!

8 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

9 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

10 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

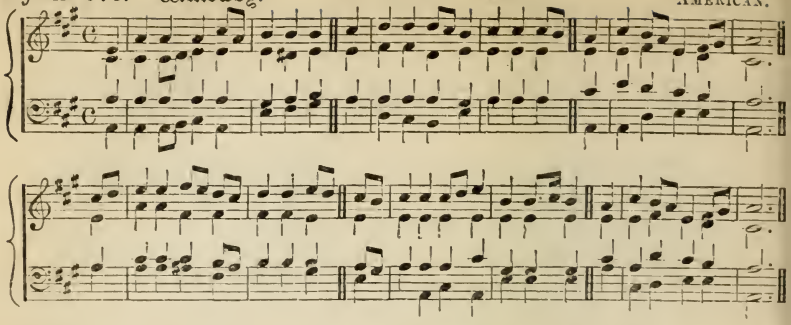
11 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

12 Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

13 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

Hymn 575. Willoughby. 8.8.6.8.8.6. Psalm lvi.

AMERICAN.



1 Through God I will his word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's name,
In whom I still confide:
Jesus is good, and strong, and true;
I will not fear what men can do,
When God is on my side.

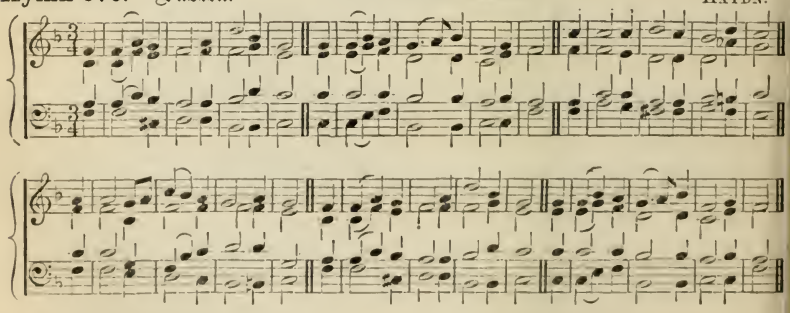
2 I now beneath their fury groan,
But thou hast all my wanderings known,
The hasty flights I took;
Thou treasurest up my counted tears;
And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears
Are noted in thy book.

3 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For God is on my side;
Through thee I will thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's name,
And still in him confide.

4 In God I trust, the good, the true;
I will not fear what flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my part:
I bless thee, Saviour, for thy grace,
Offer my sacrifice of praise,
And yield thee all my heart.

Hymn 576. Lubeck. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Psalm lvii.

HAYDN.

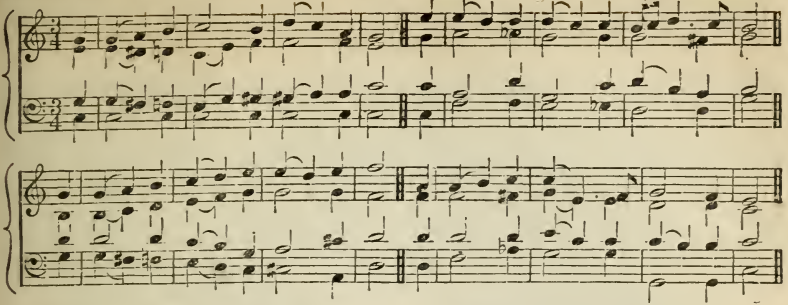


1 My heart is fixed, O God, my heart
Is fixed to triumph in thy grace:
(Awake, my lute, and bear a part)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till all thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.

2 Thee will I praise among thine own,
Thee will I to the world extol,
And make thy truth and goodness known:
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all;
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend;
Thy faithful mercies never end.

3 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest name in earth or heaven;
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the name to sinners given;
All earth and heaven their King proclaim!
Bow every knee to Jesu's name!

Hymn 577. Trinity. L.M. Psalm lxiii. PIERACCINI.



1 Great God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.

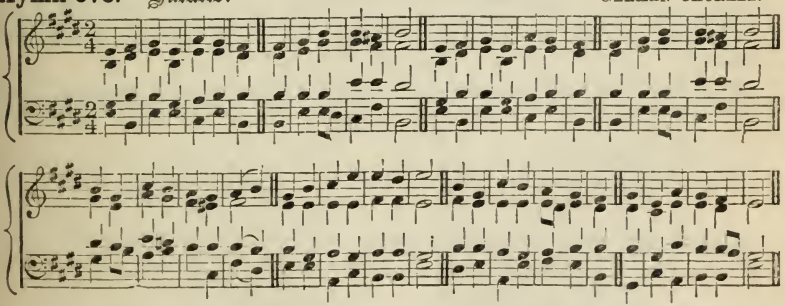
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With fainting heart, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

Hymn 578. Hatfield. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Psalm lxv. GERMAN CHORALE.

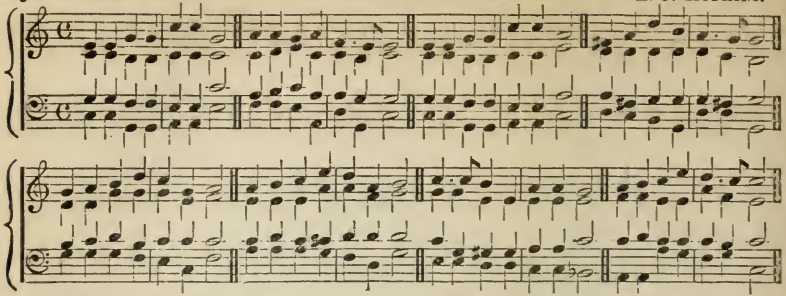


1 Full of providential love,
Thou dost thy sons sustain,
Send thy blessings from above
In earth-enriching rain;
From thy river in the skies
Streams through airy channels flow,
Bid the springing corn arise,
And cheer the world below.

2 Kindly do the showers distil,
Taught by the art of God,
All the settled furrows fill,
And soften every clod;
Thou the acceptable year
Dost with smiling plenty crown;
Clouds the treasured fatness bear,
And drop in blessings down.

3 Springs the watered wilderness
Into a fruitful field;
Earth her hundred-fold increase
Doth at thy bidding yield;
Hills and vales with praises ring,
Joy ascends to heaven above;
Laugh the harvesters, and sing
The bounteous God of love.

Hymn 579. Culford. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm lxv. E. J. Hopkins.

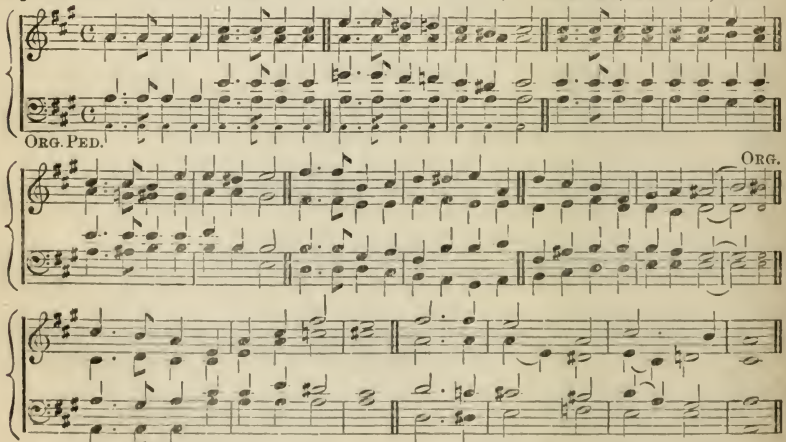


1 O thou God who hearest prayer,
All shall come to thee that live:
Sins too great for us to bear
Thou wilt pity and forgive.
Great, O God, thy saving grace,
Wonderful thy truth is found:
Hope of earth's extremest race,
Hope of ocean's utmost bound.

2 God of goodness, from thy store
Earth receives the wealthy rain;
Thy full channels gushing o'er
Raise for man the springing grain.
Earth, by thy soft dews prepared,
Fills her furrows, smooths her soil;
And her crops with rich reward
Bless the labourer's happy toil.

3 With thy gifts the year is crowned;
Clouds, thy chariots, from on high
Scatter o'er the desert ground
Drops of fatness, as they fly.
Gladness girds the mountain height,
Fleecy meads with gladness ring:
Vales, with gleaming harvest white,
Shout for gladness, shout and sing.

Hymn 580. Censorinus. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Ps. lxvi. A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac., Oxon.



1 Earth, with all thy thousand voices,
Praise in songs the eternal King;
Praise his name, whose praise rejoices
Ears that hear, and tongues that sing.
Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling
Earth shall raise the glad acclaim;
All shall kneel, thy greatness telling,
Sing thy praise and bless thy name.

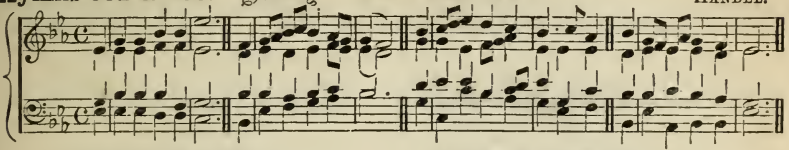
2 Come and hear the wondrous story,
How our mighty God of old,
In the terrors of his glory,
Back the flowing billows rolled:
Walled within the threatening waters,
Free we passed the upright wave;
Then was joy to Israel's daughters,
Loud they sang his power to save.

3 Bless the Lord, who ever liveth;
Sound his praise through every land,
Who our dying souls reviveth,
By whose arm upheld we stand.
Now upon this cheerful morrow
We thine altars will adorn,
And the gifts we vowed in sorrow
Pay on joy's returning morn.

4 Come, each faithful soul, who fearest
Him who fills the eternal throne:
Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,
What our God for us hath done:

When we made our supplication,
When our voice in prayer was strong,
Straight we found his glad salvation;
And his mercy fills our tongue.

Hymns 581 & 583. Hindley. S.M. Psalm lxvii. HANDEL.



1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame:
Yea, let the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name!

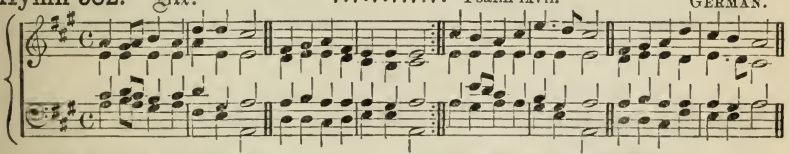
4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth!
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Hymn 583. Hindley. Psalm lxviii. 18.

1 Jesus, Jehovah, God,
Thou art gone up on high,
Amidst the angelic multitude,
Thy chariots through the sky;
In majesty supreme,
Absolute God confessed,
Captive thyself hast taken them
Who all mankind oppressed.

2 Thou hast in triumph led
Our enemies and thine,
And, more than conqueror, displayed
The omnipotence divine:
We see them all before
Thy bleeding cross subdued,
And prostrate at thy feet adore
The one eternal God.

Hymn 582. Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm lxvii. GERMAN.



1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face,
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above
One in joy and light and love.

Hymn 584. (*See Hymn* 346.) Martyrdom. Psalm lxxi.

1 God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

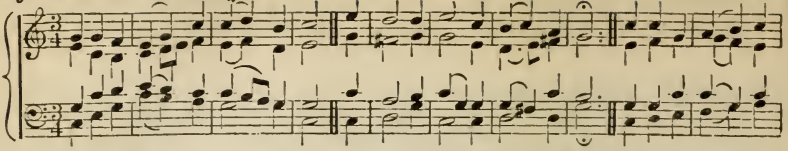
3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving race;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit my place.

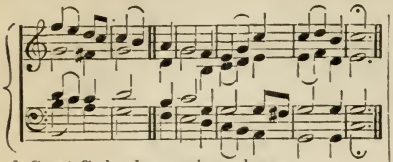
4 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

5 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

Hymn 585. Warrington. L.M. Psalm lxxii. HARRISON.





1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last
Till the full course of time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Decked in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

SECOND PART.

7 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

8 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

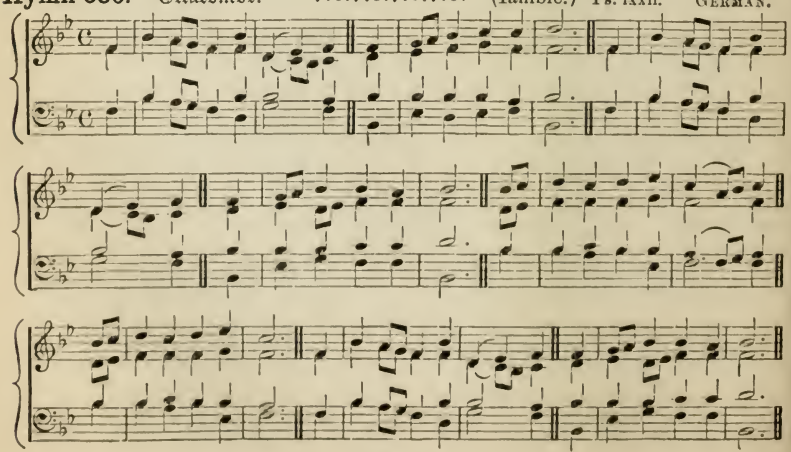
9 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young Hosannas to his name.

10 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

11 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

12 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

Hymn 586. Ellacombe. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) Ps. lxxii. GERMAN.



1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

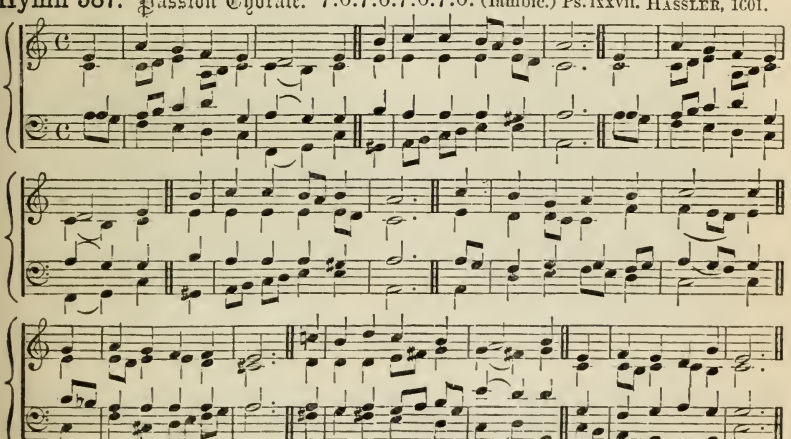
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

Hymn 587. Passion Chorale. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) Ps. lxxvii. Hassler, 1601.



1 In time of tribulation
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring banished bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition,
Their joys, in pangs renew;
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

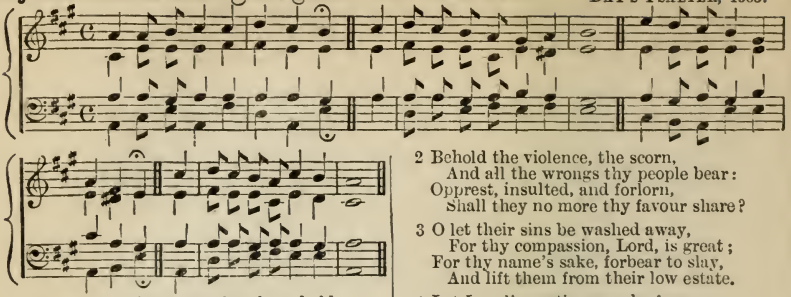
3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his lovingkindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No: this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand;
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe;
The clouds shot hail, they lightened;
The earth reeled to and fro;
Thy fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Through the wild sea thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves thou treadest,
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

Hymns 588 & 589. Audi Israel. L.M. Psalm lxxix. Day's Psalter, 1563.



1 O Lord, how long shall heathens hold
The heritage that once was thine?
How long shall they invade thy fold,
How long pollute thy holy shrine?

2 Behold the violence, the scorn,
And all the wrongs thy people bear:
Opprest, insulted, and forlorn,
Shall they no more thy favour share?

3 O let their sins be washed away,
For thy compassion, Lord, is great;
For thy name's sake, forbear to slay,
And lift them from their low estate.

4 Let Israel's captive sons be free;
Restore them, and remove thy rod;
That all the earth thy hand may see,
And, wondering, own thee for their God.

Hymn 589. Audi Israel. Psalm lxxx.

1 Of old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

2 Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root;
Perennial verdure crowned its head,
It bore in every season fruit.

3 That vine is desolate and torn,
Its shoots low in the dust are laid:
High o'er its branches springs the thorn,
The wild boar revels in its shade.

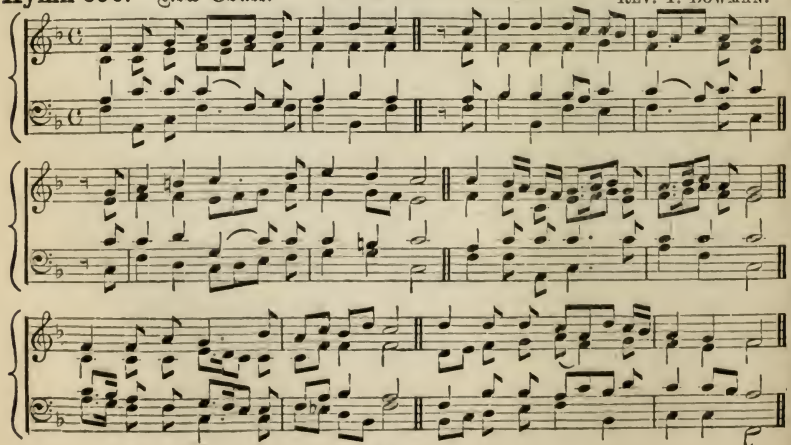
4 Lord God of hosts, thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

5 The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

6 Then shall it flourish wide and fair,
While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

7 So shall thine enemies be dumb,
Thy banished ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

Hymn 590. New Court. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Ps. lxxxiv. Rev. T. Bowman.



1 How lovely are thy tents, O Lord!
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place thy house of prayer,
My soul outflies the angel-choir,
And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
To meet thy special presence there.

2 Happy the men to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise;
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace:

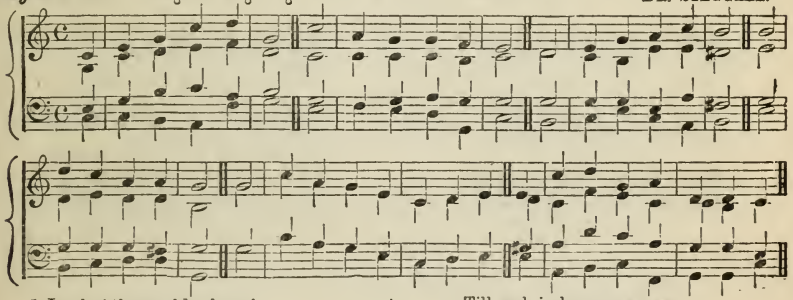
3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well,
That flows replenished from above;
From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives the crown of love.

4 Better a day thy courts within
Than thousands in the tents of sin;
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all divine,
And kings and priests thy servants are.

5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,
Their light and strength, their shield and sun:
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited his bounteous grant;
No real good they e'er shall want;
All, all is theirs, who righteous live.

6 O Lord of hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
He all thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on thy love is cast
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

Hymn 591. Christ Church. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Psalm lxxxiv. DR. STEGGALL.



1 Lord of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

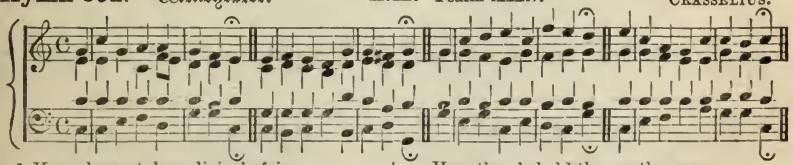
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still, And happy they
Who love the way To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts his hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee!

Hymn 592. Winchester. L.M. Psalm lxxxiv. CRASSELIUS.



1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

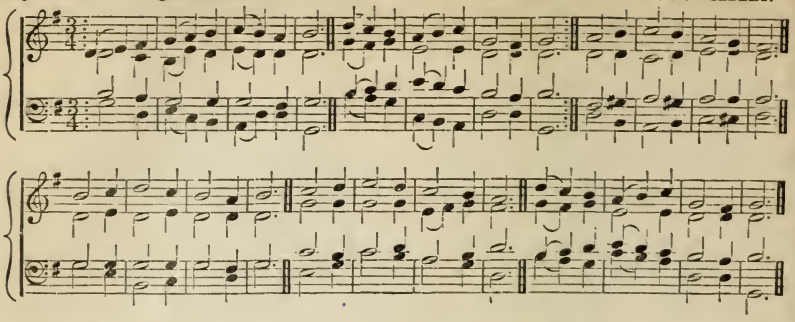
3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Hymn 593. Maidstone. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm lxxxiv.

W. B. Gilbert.



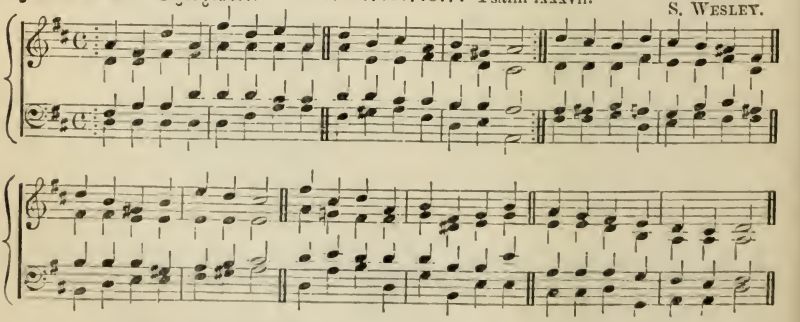
1 Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

3 On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Hymn 594. Chichester. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Psalm lxxxvii.

S. Wesley.

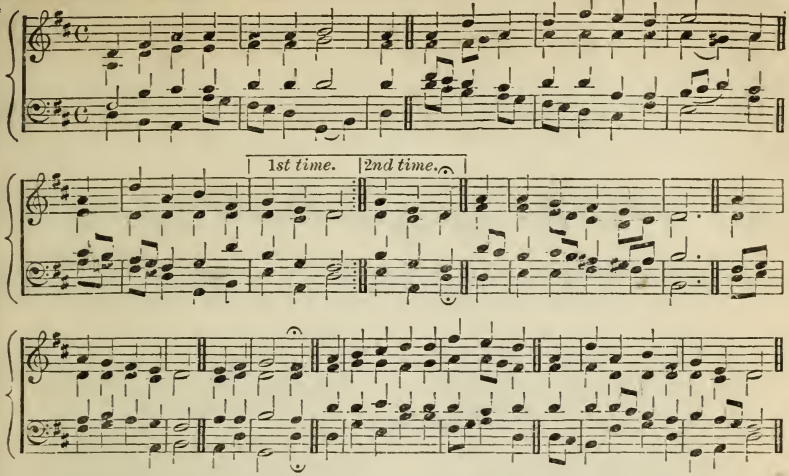


1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou enrol my humble name,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in the shame;
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Hymn 595. Sleepers, Wake. 8.9.8.8.9.8.6.6.4.4.4.8. Ps. lxxxvii. P. Nicolai? 1599.



1 By the holy hills surrounded,
On her firm base securely founded,
Stands fast the city of the Lord;
None shall rend her walls asunder;
On her men look with fear and wonder,
And mark who here keeps watch and ward.
He slumbers not, nor sleeps,
Who his loved Israel keeps.
Hallelujah!
Happy the race
Who through God's grace
Shall have in her their dwelling place!

2 Zion's gates Jehovah loveth,
And with especial grace approveth;
He maketh fast her bolts and bars;
Those who dwell in her he blesses,
And comforts them in their distresses
Who cast on him their griefs and cares.
How wonderful the grace
With which he doth embrace
All his people!
City of God,
How sweet the abode
On which such blessings are bestowed

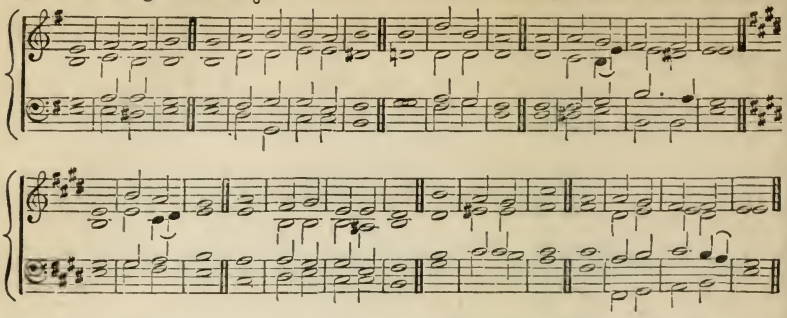
3 Taught in thee is a salvation
Unknown to every other nation;
There great and holy things are heard,
In the midst of thee abiding,
Enlightening, comforting and guiding,
Thou hast the Spirit, and the Word;
There breathing peace around
Is heard the joyful sound,
Grace and mercy!
How sweet that is,
Which here speaks peace,
There crowns with everlasting bliss.

4 Nations that have never known thee,
From the world's end shall come to own thee,
And eagerly to Zion run;
Even to those in darkness sitting
The Lord shall show when he sees fitting
What once for all the world was done.
Where is the Son of God?
Where is his blest abode?
All enquiring,
Till far and wide
On every side,
The Lord is praised and magnified.

5 Dry your tears, ye hearts nigh broken,
Of Zion it shall yet be spoken,
"How do her citizens increase!"
Men shall see with fear and wonder
How God builds Zion up, and ponder
His love and truth who hath wrought this.
Lift up your heads! at last
The night of death has past
From the heathen;
The day shall break
When they awake,
And Israel their joy partake.

6 Mother thou of every nation
Which here has sought and found salvation,
O Zion, yet on earth shalt be:
Hark! what shouts the air are rending!
What cries to heaven's gates ascending!
All our fresh springs shall be in thee.
From thee the waters burst,
To slake our burning thirst.
Hallelujah!
From sin and death
God's own word saith
That he alone delivereth.

Hymn 596. Metrical Chant. 10.10.10.10.10.10.10.10. FLINTOFT & E. J. HOPKINS.

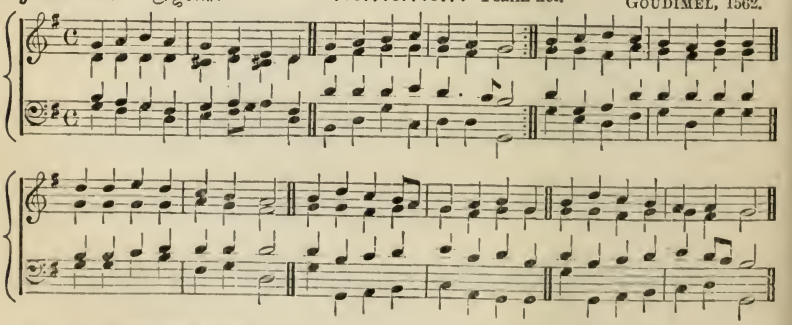


1 Heavy on me, O Lord, thy | judgments | lie:
And curst I am, for | God ne- | glects my | cry;
O Lord, in darkness, in des- | pair I | groan;
And every place is | hell; for | God is | gone!
O Lord arise, and let thy | beams con- | trol
These horrid clouds that | press my | frighted | soul,
O rise and save me from e- | ternal | night!
Thou art the God of light!

2 Downward I hasten to my | destined | place:
There none obtain thy | aid, none | sing thy | praise: [drowned;
Soon I shall lie in death's deep | ocean |
Is mercy there, is | sweet for- | giveness | found?
O save me yet, while on the | brink I | stand!
Rebuke these storms, and | set me | safe on | land.
O make my longings and thy | mercy | sure!
Thou art the God of power!

3 Behold the weary prodi- | gal is | come,
To thee his hope, his | harbour, | and his | home.
No father can he find, no | friend a- | broad;
Deprived of joy, and | desti- | tute of | God.
O let thy terrors and his | anguish | end!
Be thou his father, | Lord, be | thou his | friend;
Receive the son thou didst so | long re- | prove!
Thou art the God of love!

Hymn 597. Lyons. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Psalm xci. GOUDIMEL, 1562.

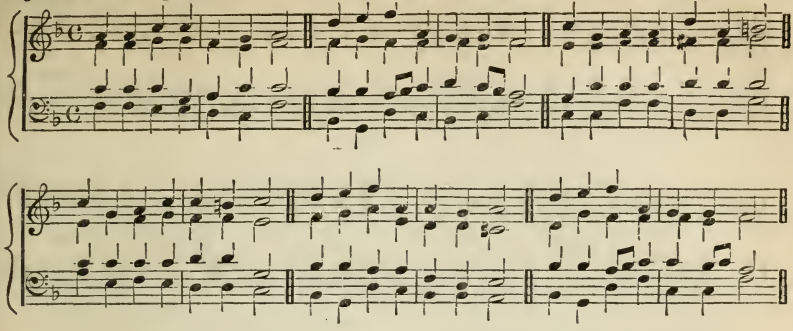


1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
shall be thy sure defence;
Fear thou not the deadly quiver.
When a thousand fell the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Hymn 598. Nassau. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm xcii. ROSENMÜLLER.

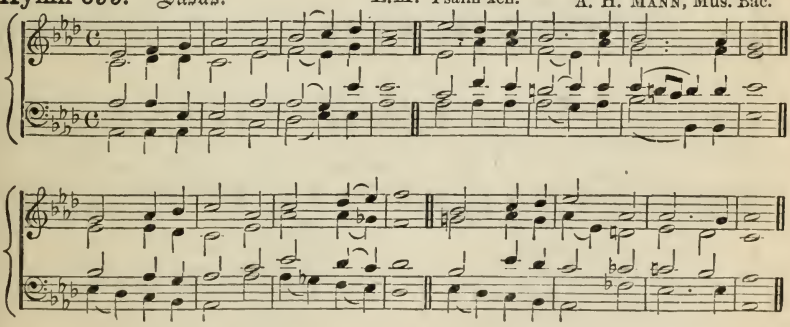


1 Thou who art enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
O how sweet with heart and tongue
To resound thy name in song,
When the morning paints the skies,
When the evening stars arise!

2 From thy works my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in thy deeds!
Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, thou art most great, most high;
God from all eternity.

3 All who in their sins delight
Shall be scattered by thy might;
But, as palm-trees lift the head,
As the stately cedars spread,
So the righteous shall be seen,
Ever fruitful, ever green.

Hymn 599. Lasus. L.M. Psalm xcii. A. H. MANN, Mus. Bac.



1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares disturb my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

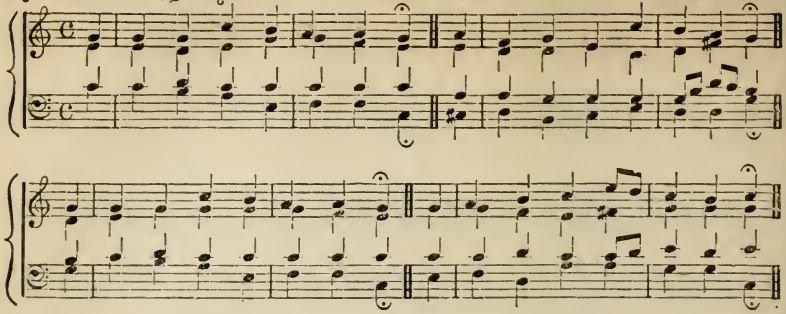
3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Hymn 600. Mainzer. L.M. Psalm xciii. Dr. Mainzer.



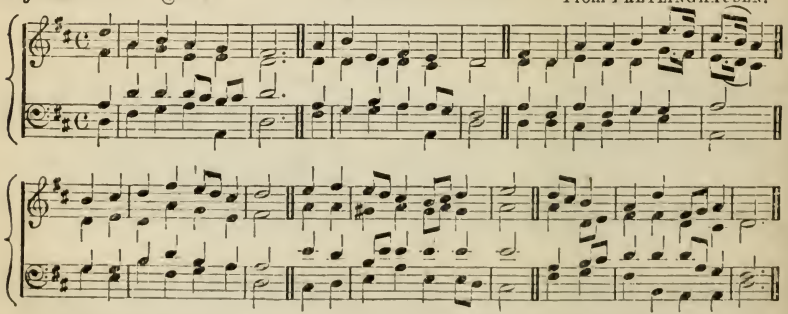
1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure established is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure:
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Hymn 601. Irene. 6.6.7.7.7.7. Ps. xciii. From Freylinghausen.



1 Jehovah reigns on high
In peerless majesty;
Boundless power his royal robe,
Purest light his garment is;
Rules his word the spacious globe,
Stablished it in floating seas.

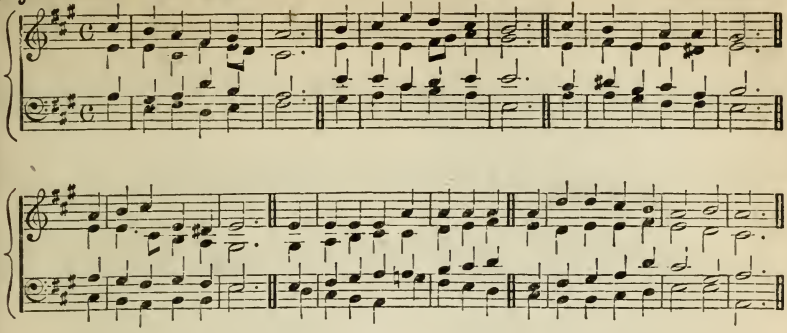
2 Ancient of days! Thy name
And essence is I AM;
Thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Gav'st whatever is to be;
Stood thine everlasting throne,
Stands to all eternity.

3 The floods, with angry noise,
Have lifted up their voice,
Lifted up their voice on high;
Fiends and men exclaim aloud;
Rage the waves and dash the sky,
Hell assails the throne of God.

4 Their fury cannot move
The Lord who reigns above;
Him the mighty waves obey,
Sinking at his awful will,
Ocean owns his sovereign sway;
Hell at his command is still.

5 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,
And as thyself endure;
Thine eternal house above
Holy souls alone can see,
Fitted here by perfect love,
There to reign enthroned with thee.

Hymn 602. St. Godric. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Psalm xciv. Dr. Dykes.



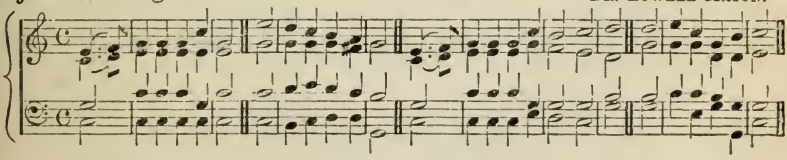
1 O Lord, with vengeance clad
Most awful thou art seen!
Yet blessed when most sad
Our chastened souls have been;
For we have hope to rest in joy,
When all thy foes thou shalt destroy.

2 The Lord will not forsake
Nor cast the souls away,
Who his salvation make
Their refuge and their stay;
But though they mourn awhile, his voice
Shall bid his faithful ones rejoice.

3 Had not thy help been nigh,
O Lord, my soul had died;
Thy mercy doth supply
Strength when my footsteps slide:
With many a gloomy care oppressed,
I sought thy comforts, and found rest.

4 A sure defence in thee
I never fail to find;
The tower to which I flee
When fears distract my mind:
Thy goodness, Lord, shall still defend,
And guide me to my journey's end.

Hymn 603. Laban. S.M. Psalm xcv. Dr. Lowell Mason.



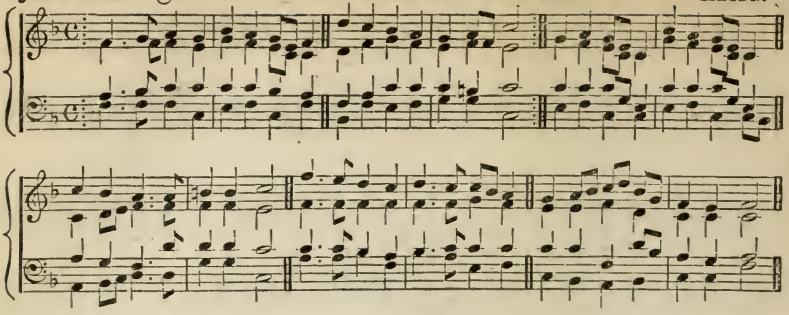
1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Hymn 604. Austria. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Psalm xcvi. HAYDN.



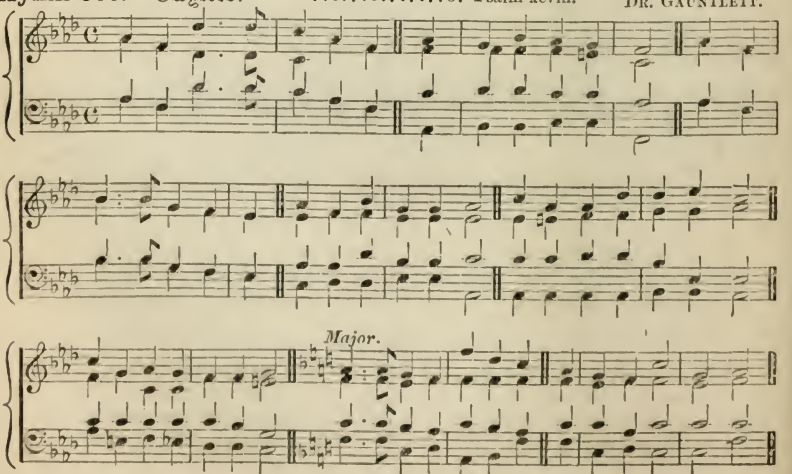
1 Raise the psalm: let earth adoring,
Through each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
To her God his praise restoring,
Raise the new accordant song.
Bless his name, each farthest nation;
Sing his praise, his truth display:
Tell anew his high salvation
With each new return of day.

2 Tell it out beneath the heaven,
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Tell it out from morn till even
In your unexhausted song:
Tell that God for ever reigneth,
He, who set the world so fast,
He, who still its state sustaineth
Till the day of doom to last.

3 Tell them that the day is coming
When that righteous doom shall be:
Then shall heaven new joys illumine,
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.
Yea, the far-resounding ocean
Shall its thousand voices raise,
All its waves in glad commotion
Chant the fulness of his praise.

4 And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,
Shall put on their choice array,
And in all their leafy bowers
Shall the woods keep holyday:
When the Judge, to earth descending,
Righteous judgment shall ordain,
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

Hymn 605. Twyford. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Psalm xcviii. DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 Sing we to our conquering Lord
A new triumphant song;
Joyfully his deeds record,
And with a thankful tongue!
Wonders his right hand hath wrought;
Still his outstretched arm we see;
He alone the fight hath fought,
And got the victory.

2 God, the Almighty God, hath made
His great salvation known;
Openly to all displayed
His glory in his Son:
Christ hath brought the life to light,
Bade the glorious gospel shine,
Showed in all the heathen's sight
His righteousness divine.

3 He to Israel's chosen race
His promise hath fulfilled:
Mindful of his word of grace
His saving health revealed:
He to all the sons of men
Hath his truth and mercy showed;
Earth's remotest bounds have seen
The pardoning love of God.

4 Make a loud and cheerful noise
To him that reigns above;
Earth, with all thy sons, rejoice
In the Redeemer's love:
Raise your songs of triumph high,
Bring him every tuneful strain,
Praise the Lord who stooped to die,
To ransom wretched man.

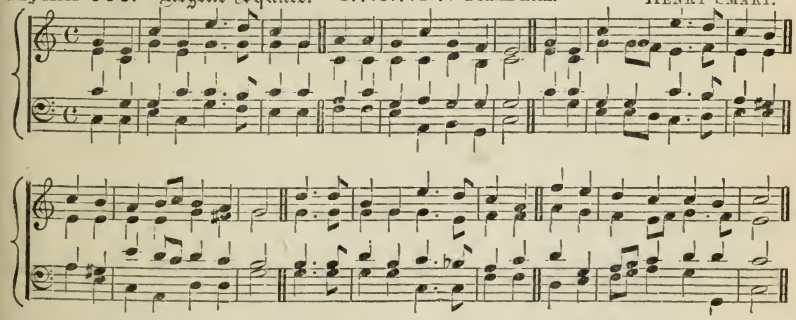
5 Him with lute and harp record,
With shawms and trumpets praise;
Sing, rejoice, before the Lord,
And glory in his grace:
Hymn his grace, and truth, and power;
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing;
Praise him, praise him evermore,
And triumph with your King.

6 Ocean, roar, with all thy waves,
In honour of his name;
He who all creation saves
Doth all their homage claim:
Clap your hands, ye floods! Ye hills,
Joyful all his praise rehearse;
Praise him till his glory fills
The vocal universe!

7 Lo! he comes with clouds! he comes
In dreadful pomp arrayed!
All his glorious power assumes,
To judge the world he made:
Righteous shall his sentence be:
Think of that tremendous bar!
Every eye the Judge shall see,
And thou shalt meet him there!

Hymn 606. Regent Square. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Psalm xcix.

HENRY SMART.



1 God the Lord is King; before him
Earth with all thy nations wait!
Where the cherubim adore him,
Sitteth he in royal state;
He is holy,
Blessed, only Potentate!

2 God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world his fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of his faithfulness proclaim;
He is holy,
Holy is his awful name.

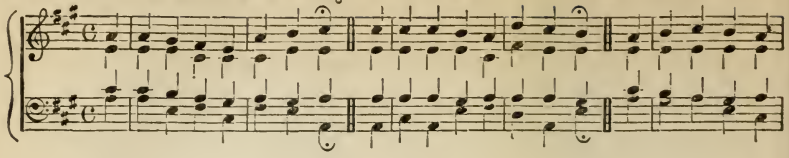
3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To his people's cry he hearkened,
Answered them in all their fear;
He is holy,
As they called, they found him near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts! quickly broken,
Fiercely then his vengeance flowed;
He is holy,
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

5 But their Father God forgave them,
When they sought his face once more;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did he restore;
He is holy,
We too will his grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits his promise to fulfil;
Come, exalt him all the living,
Come, ascend his holy hill;
He is holy,
Worship at his holy hill.

Hymns 607 & 608. Old 100th. L.M. Psalm c. DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Hymn 608. Old 100th. Psalm c.

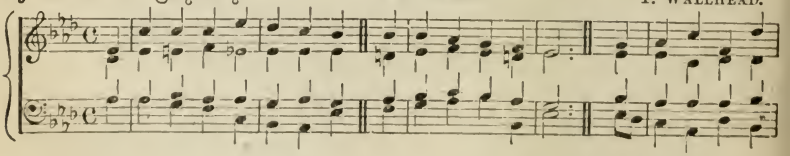
1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Hymn 609. Nazareth. C.M. Psalm ci. T. WALLHEAD.



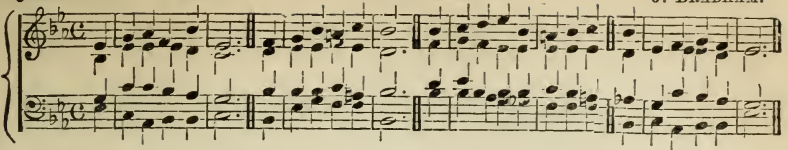
1 Mercy and judgment will I sing,
I sing, O Lord, to thee!
O when wilt thou descend and bring
Thy light and life to me?

2 A perfect way in wisdom trod,
A perfect heart at home,
A way, a heart, a house, O God,
I seek, where thou wilt come.

3 I seek the faithful and the just;
May I their help enjoy!
Be these the friends in whom I trust,
The servants I employ!

4 From lies, from slander, and deceit,
My dwelling shall be free;
May it be found a dwelling meet,
O righteous Lord, for thee!

Hymn 610. Clifton. S.M. Psalm ciii. J. Brabham.



1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

SECOND PART.

6 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

7 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

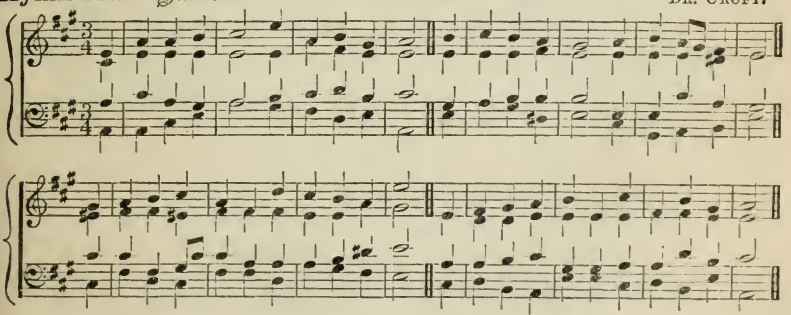
8 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

9 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

10 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

11 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Hymn 611. Janober. 10.10.11.11. Psalm civ. Dr. Croft.



1 O worship the King, All glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and his love:
Our shield and defender, The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space;
Whose chariots of wrath Deep thunder-clouds form; [storm.
And dark is his path On the wings of the

3 The earth with its store Of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.

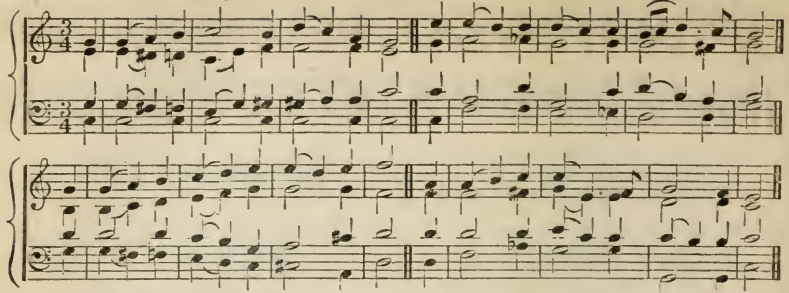
4 Thy bountiful care What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the end,
Our Maker, defender, Redeemer, and friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration Shall lisp to thy praise.

Hymn 612. Trinity. L.M. Psalm cvi.

PIERACCINI.



1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

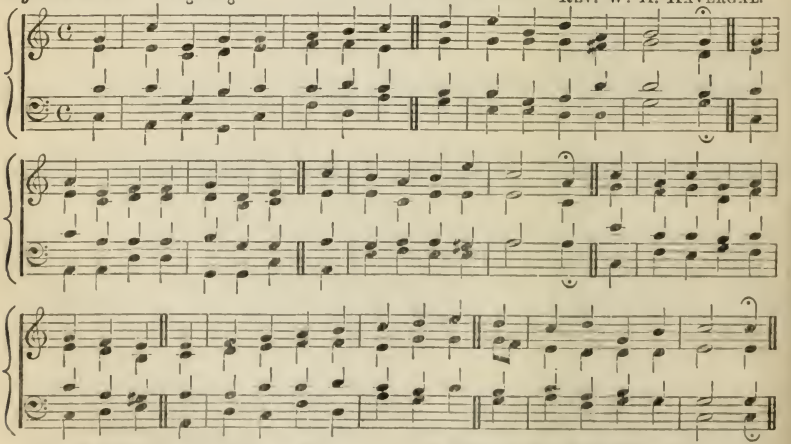
3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

5 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

Hymn 613. Zoheleth. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. Psalm cx.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.

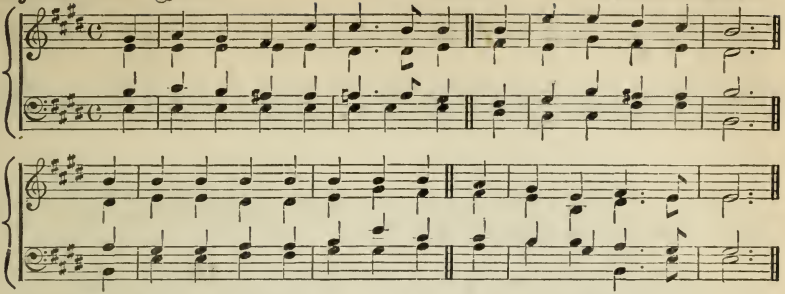


1 The Lord unto my Lord thus said,
Rule thou of right enthroned,
Till, all thy foes thy footstool made,
Thou by the earth art owned.
The Lord from Zion forth shall send
Thy sceptre, till to thee shall bend
The foes that gather round thee.

2 Thy people in thy day of might
Shall willingly confess thee:
They, numerous as at morning light
The drops of dew, shall bless thee.
In holiness arrayed, shall they
With strength of youth their King obey:—
Their King a Priest for ever.

3 The Lord in his great wrath shall bring
On princes desolation:
He shall destroy each idol-king,
And visit every nation.
He shall, on his victorious way,
Drink of the brook, then rise to sway
The earth and heaven for ever.

Hymn 614. Morna. C.M. Psalm cxvi. CLEMENT H. PERROT.



1 O thou who, when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear me when I prayed,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompassed round,
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On every side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, I prayed,
And did for succour flee:
O save (in my distress I said)
The soul that trusts in thee!

5 How good thou art! how large thy grace!
How ready to forgive!
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:
And by thy love I live.

6 Then, O my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distrest!
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, and joy, and rest.

7 My eyes no longer drowned in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeemed from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee.

SECOND PART.

8 What shall I render to my God
For all his mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts he hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

9 The sacred cup of saving grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all his promises embrace,
And to his glory live.

10 My vows I will to his great name
Before his people pay,
And all I have, and all I am,
Upon his altar lay.

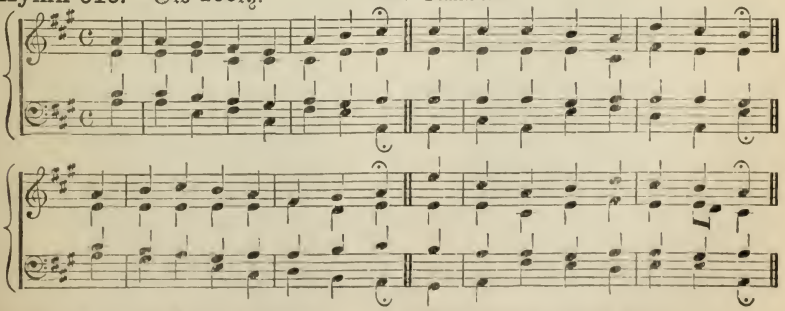
11 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe
To thee whate'er is mine,
Born in thy family below,
And by redemption thine.

12 Thy hands created me, thy hands
From sin have set me free,
The mercy that hath loosed my bands
Hath bound me fast to thee.

13 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon his name.

14 Praise him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Till, gathered to the church above,
We sing the songs of heaven.

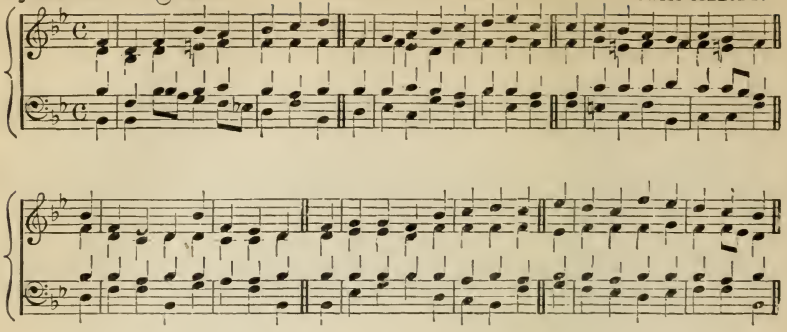
Hymn 615. Old 100th. L.M. Psalm cxvii.



1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Hymn 616. Dresden. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. Psalm cxviii. Swiss Melody.



1 All glory to our gracious Lord!
His love be by his church adored,
His love eternally the same!
His love let Aaron's sons confess,
His free and everlasting grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

2 The Lord I now can say is mine,
And, confident in strength divine,
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear,
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,
And keeps the issues of my heart;
My helper is for ever near.

3 Righteous I am in him, and strong,
He is become my joyful song,
My Saviour and salvation too:
I triumph through his mighty grace,
And pure in heart shall see his face,
And rise in Christ a creature new.

4 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
And thanks for his redeeming grace
Among the justified is found:
With songs that rival those above,
With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,
Both day and night their tents resound.

5 The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought
Above the reach of human thought,
The Lord's right hand exalted is;
We see it still stretched out to save;
The power of God in Christ we have,
And Jesus is the Prince of peace.

6 Open the gates of righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my peace,
That I his praises may record:
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way,
The portal of eternal day,
The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

SECOND PART.

7 Jesus is lifted up on high,
Whom man refused and doomed to die,
He is become the corner-stone:
Head of the church he lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on his everlasting throne.

8 The Lord the amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,
Revived on the third glorious day:
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In him who bears their sins away.

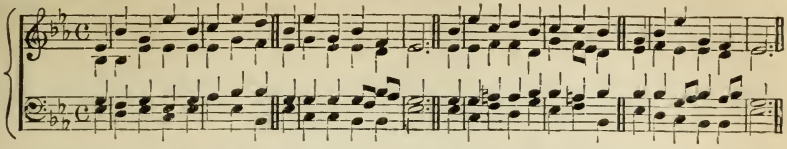
9 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise,
O send us now thy saving grace,
Make this the acceptable hour:
Our hearts would now receive thee in;
Enter, and make an end of sin,
And bless us with the perfect power.

10 Bless us, that we may call thee blest,
Sent down from heaven to give us rest,
Thy gracious Father to proclaim,
His sinless nature to impart,
In every new, believing heart
To manifest his glorious name.

11 God is the Lord that shows us light,
Then let us render him his right,
The offerings of a thankful mind;
Present our living sacrifice,
And to his cross in closest ties
With cords of love our spirit bind.

12 Thou art my God, and thee I praise,
Thou art my God, I sing thy grace,
And call mankind to extol thy name:
All glory to our gracious Lord!
His name be praised, his love adored,
Through all eternity the same!

Hymn 617. London. C.M. Psalm cxviii. 22, 23.



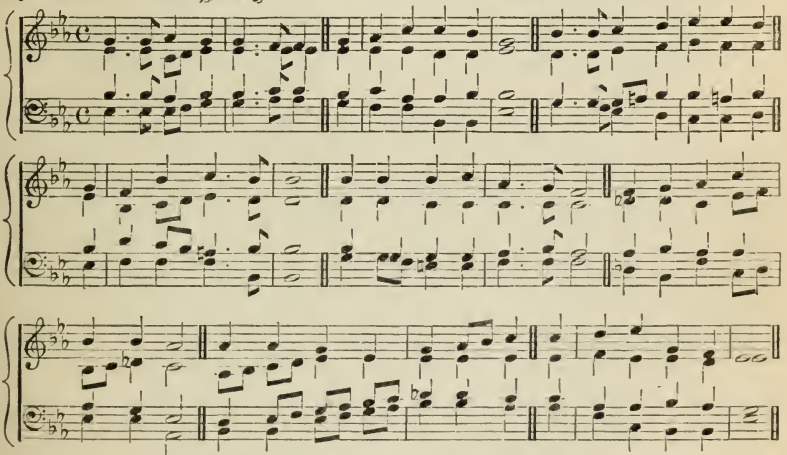
1 Behold the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Hymn 618. St. Hilary. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Psalm cxxi. Rev. Dr. Dykes.



1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
God comes down; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

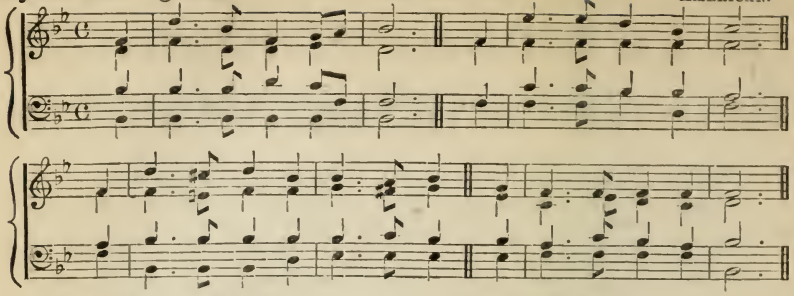
2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast:
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head:
Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Hymn 619. Braden. S.M. Psalm cxxii. American.



1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

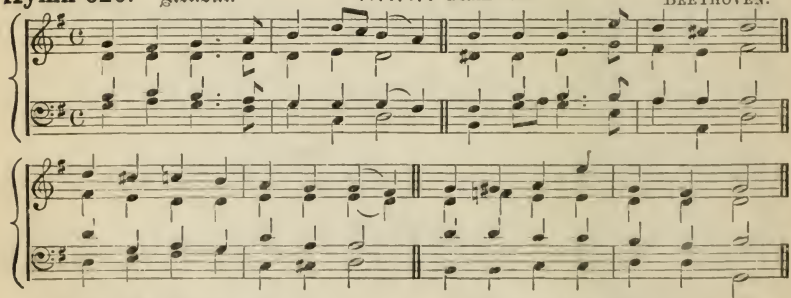
3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jesusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

Hymn 620. Kendal. 7.7.7.7. Psalm cxxiii. Beethoven.

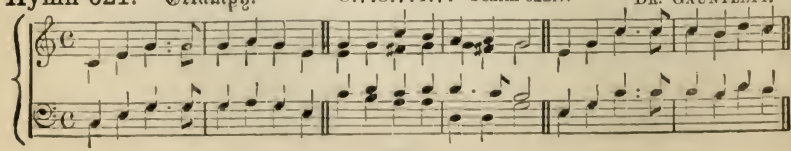


1 Unto thee I lift my eyes,
Thou that dwellest in the skies:
At thy throne I meekly bow,
Thou canst save, and only thou.

2 As a servant marks his lord,
As a maid her mistress' word,
So I watch and wait on thee,
Till thy mercy visit me.

3 Let thy face upon me shine,
Tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
Poor and little though I be,
I have all in having thee.

Hymn 621. Triumph. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Psalm cxxiv. Dr. Gauntlett.

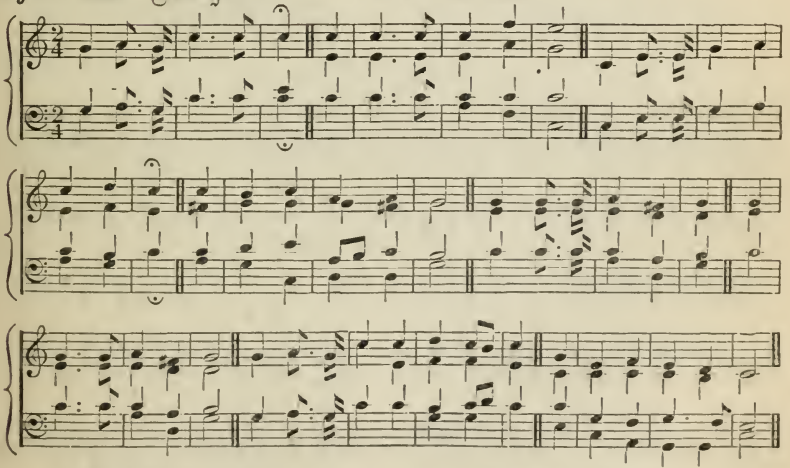


1 If our God had not befriended,
Now may grateful Israel say,
If the Lord had not defended,
When with foes we stood at bay,
Madly raging,
Deeming our sad lives their prey:

2 Then the tide of vengeful slaughters
O'er us had been seen to roll,
And their pride, like angry waters,
Had engulfed our struggling soul,—
The loud waters,
Proud and spurning all control.

3 Praise to God, whose mercy-token
Beamed to still that raging sea:
Lo, the snare is rent and broken,
And our captive souls are free!
Lord of glory,
Help can come alone from thee!

Hymn 622. Armageddon. D.S.M. Psalm cxxv.

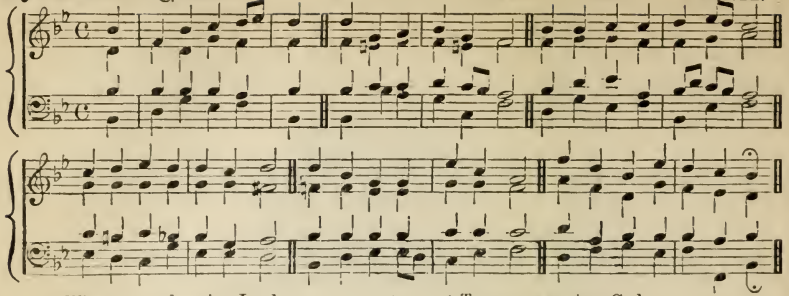


1 Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Hymn 623. Fulneck. 6.6.7.7.7.7. Ps. cxxvi. Rev. C. I. Latrobe.



1 When our redeeming Lord
Pronounced the pardoning word,
Turned our soul's captivity,
O what sweet surprise we found!
Wonder asked, "And can it be!"
Scarce believed the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream?
And are we saved through him?
Yes, our bounding heart replied,
Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,
Freely we are justified;
This the new, the gospel-song.

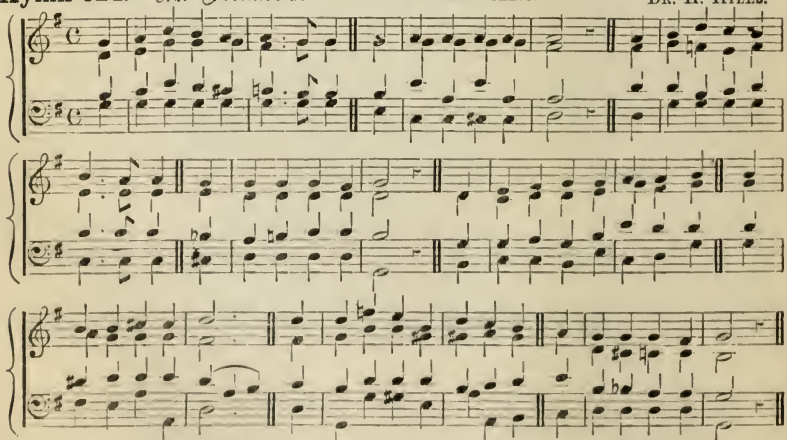
3 The heathen too could see
Our glorious liberty:
All our foes were forced to own
God for them hath wonders wrought:
Wonders he for us hath done,
From the house of bondage brought.

4 To us our gracious God
His pardoning love hath showed;
Now our joyful souls are free
From the guilt and power of sin,
Greater things we soon shall see,
We shall soon be pure within.

5 Who for thy coming wait,
And wail their lost estate,
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
Who for full redemption weep,
They shall thy appearing feel,
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

6 Who seed immortal bears,
And wets his path with tears,
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his sheaves with vast increase,
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in holiness.

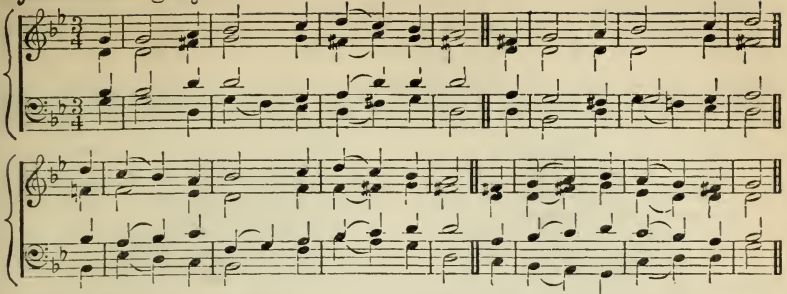
Hymn 624. St. Leonard's. D.C.M. Psalm cxxvii. Dr. H. Hiles.



1 In vain we build, unless the Lord
The fabric still sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.
In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

2 But, if we trust our Father's love
And in his ways delight,
He gives us needful food by day
And quiet sleep by night.
Then children, relatives, and friends,
Our real blessings prove;
And all the earthly joys he grants
Are crowned with heavenly love.

Hymn 625. Bochim. C.M. Psalm cxxx.



1 Out of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 If thou art rigorously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

3 But O forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

4 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel-day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption through his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

6 His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem;
The Lord Our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

Hymn 626. St. Martin. 8.6.8.6.8.8.7. Ps. cxxx. J. Hallett Sheppard.

1 Out of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God! O hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair:
If thou rememberest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before thee?

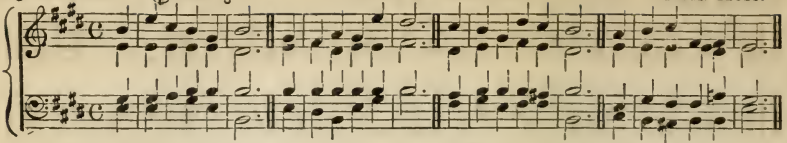
2 'Tis through thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win:
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3 Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on his word,
And in his goodness trust.
Up to his care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for his help I tarry.

4 And though it linger till the night,
And round again till morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

5 Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty loving Shepherd, he
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Hymn 627. Penarth. 6.6.6.6. Psalm cxxxi. EDWIN MOSS.



1 Thou, Lord, my witness art
I am not proud of heart;
Nor look with lofty eyes,
None envy nor despise:

2 Nor to vain pomp apply
My thoughts, nor soar too high;
But in behaviour mild,
And as a tender child

3 Weaned from his mother's breast,
On thee alone I rest;
O Israel, adore
The Lord for evermore!

4 Be he the only scope
Of thy unfainting hope;
And in his saving grace
Thy constant comfort place.

Hymn 628. Supplication. 7.7.7.7. Psalm cxxxi. JAMES RHODES.

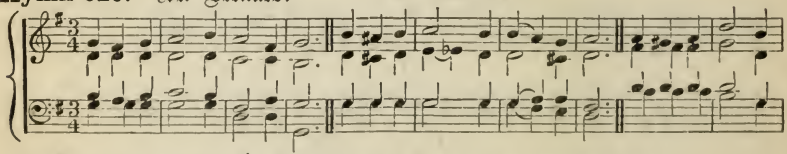
1 Lord, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child,
Quiet now without my food,
Weaned from every creature-good.

4 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

Hymn 629. St. Bernard. L.M. Psalm cxxxii.



1 Remember, Lord, the pious zeal
Of every soul that cleaves to thee,
The troubles for thy sake they feel,
Their eager hopes thy house to see.

2 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou, and thy ark of perfect power;
God over all, for ever blessed,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.

3 Thy priests be clothed with righteousness,
Thy praise their happy lives employ,
The saints in thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy.

4 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
Us, thine anointed ones receive,
In the Beloved accepted make,
And bid us to thy glory live.

5 Zion, God saith, my rest shall be,
The faithful shall my presence feel;
I long for all who long for me,
And will in them for ever dwell.

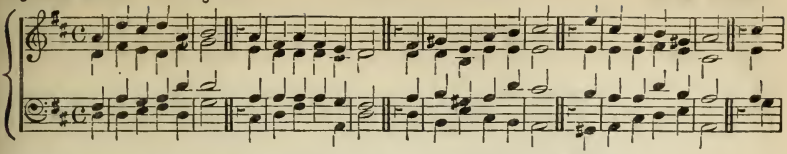
6 I will increase their gracious store,
My Zion every moment feed,
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread:

7 With garments of salvation deck
Her priests, and clothe with robes of praise;
Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout my all-sufficient grace.

8 There shall the horn of David bud;
There I have set the lamp divine;
The wisdom and the power of God
In mine anointed Son shall shine.

9 Messiah on my throne shall sit
Supreme, till all his foes are slain,
Till death expires beneath his feet,
The sinner's Advocate shall reign.

Hymn 630. Colchester. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Psalm cxxxiii. Dr. W. Croft.



1 Behold, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,
(True followers of the Lamb)
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same;
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Grace every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft, refreshing dew
That falls on Hermon's hill!
On Zion it doth sweetly fall;
The grace of one descends on all.

6 Even now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above,
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love,
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

7 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless;
His choicest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

8 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given
To Zion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

Hymn 631. Amesbury. 7.7.7.7. Psalm cxxxvi.

1 Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

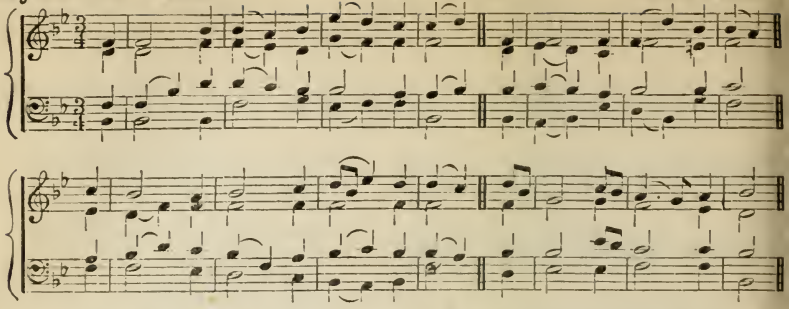
5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

Hymn 632. Wilts. C.M. Psalm cxxxix. Sir G. Smart.



1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

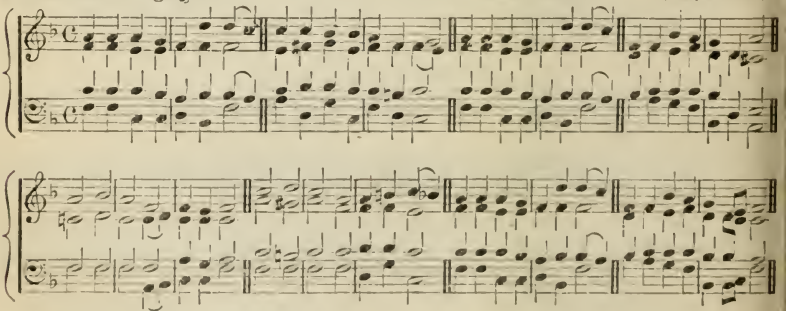
2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Hymn 633. Illyria. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Psalm cxxxix. J. W. David.



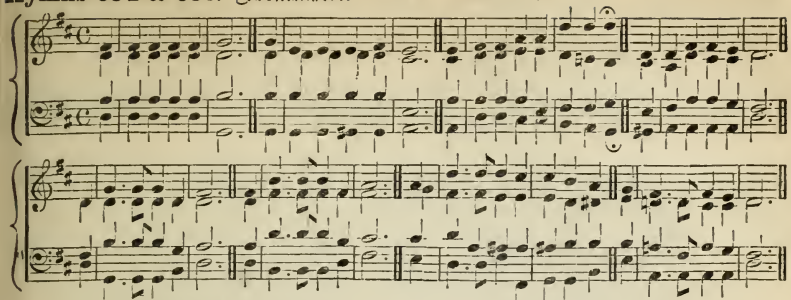
1 Whither shall a creature run,
From Jehovah's Spirit fly?
How Jehovah's presence shun,
Screened from his all-seeing eye?
Holy Ghost, before thy face
Where shall I myself conceal?
Thou art God in every place,
God incomprehensible.

2 If to heaven I take my flight,
With beatitude unknown
Filling all the realms of light,
There thou sittest on thy throne!
If to hell I could retire,
Gloomy pit of endless pains,
There is the consuming fire,
There almighty vengeance reigns.

3 If the morning's wings I gain,
Fly to earth's remotest bound,
Could I hid from thee remain,
In a world of waters drowned?
Leaving lands and seas behind,
Could I the Omniscient leave?
There thy quicker hand would find,
There arrest, the fugitive.

4 Covered by the darkest shade,
Should I hope to lurk unknown,
By a sudden light bewrayed,
By an uncreated sun,
Naked at the noon of night
Should I not to thee appear?
Forced to acknowledge in thy sight,
God is light, and God is here!

Hymns 634 & 635. Leominster. D.S.M. Psalm cxlii.



1 In deep distress, to God
I poured my care and grief;
To him I raised my mournful cry,
And sought from him relief.

2 I looked, but found no friend
To aid me in distress;
All refuge failed, and none vouchsafed
To pity or redress.

3 To God, at length I cried
"Thou, Lord, my refuge art;
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.

4 "Redeem my helpless soul,
That I may praise thy name;
So shall assembled saints with me
Thy power and grace proclaim."

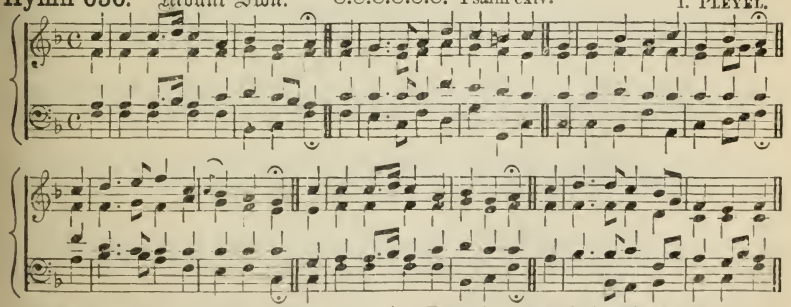
Hymn 635. Leominster. Psalm cxliii.

1 Hear thou my prayer, O Lord,
And listen to my cry:
Remember now thy faithful word,
And graciously reply.
Do not in judgment rise
Thy servant's life to scan;
For righteous in thy spotless eyes
Is found no living man.

2 I stretch my longing hands
Towards thy holy place,
With soul athirst, like weary lands,
For thy refreshing grace.
Haste thee, O Lord, I pray,
My failing heart to save!
Hide not thy face; I droop as they
That sink into the grave.

3 Thy mercy's early light
My faith desires to see;
O let me walk before thy sight!
I lift my soul to thee.
Let thy good Spirit lead
My feet in righteous ways:
And for thy name's sake, Lord, my head
Above my troubles raise.

Hymn 636. Mount Sion. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Psalm cxlv. I. Pleyel.



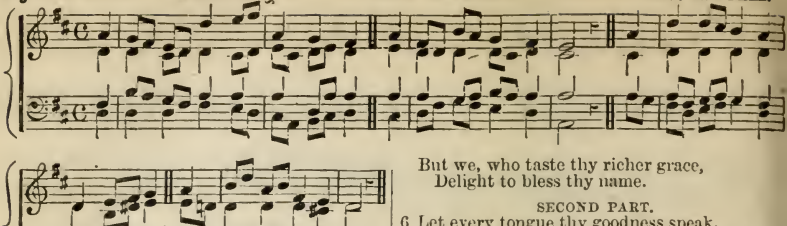
1 Far as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise
To thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.

2 They chant the splendours of thy name,
Delighted with the wondrous theme;
And bid the world's wide realms admire
The glories of the almighty Sire,
Whose throne all nature's wreck survives,
Whose power through endless ages lives.

3 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wished supply,
Their bread, proportioned to the day,
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart
Eternal mercy bears a part.

4 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere
Shall find thy succours ever near;
To thee their prayer in each distress
Thy suffering servants, Lord, address;
And prove thee, vexing on the grave,
Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

Hymn 637. University. C.M. Psalm cxlv. Dr. Randall.



1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King:
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies:
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

SECOND PART.

6 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

7 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

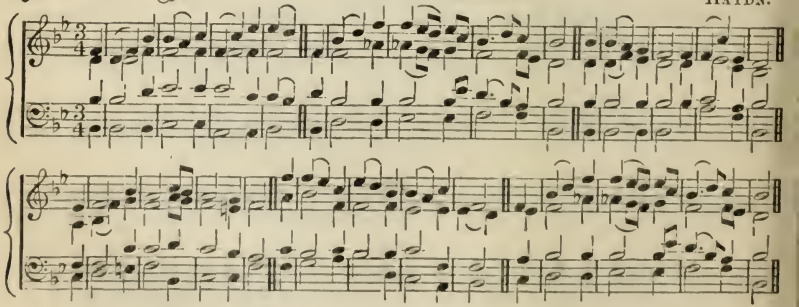
8 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

9 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

10 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

11 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

Hymn 638. Milton. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Psalm cxlvi. Haydn.



1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for him improve,
To him devote my happy days;
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.

2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

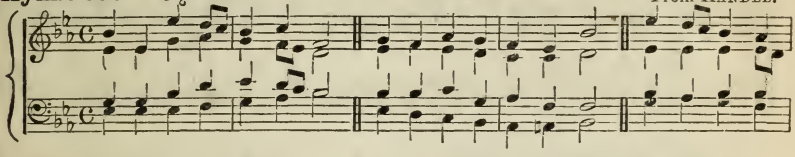
3 Soon as the breath of man expires,
Again he to his earth shall turn;
Where then are all his vain desires,
His love and hate, esteem and scorn?
All, all at that last gasp are o'er,
He falls to rise on earth no more.

4 He then is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to him for succour flee
That spread the earth and heaven abroad;
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of his creation reigns.

5 True to his everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress:
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness:
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see.

6 The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more:
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all his love.

Hymn 639. Theodora. 7.7.7.7. Psalm cxlviii. From HANDEL.



1 You, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
You, whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.

2 Angels, your clear voices raise;
Him ye heavenly armies praise:
Sun, and moon with borrowed light,
All ye sparkling eyes of night.

3 Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare;
His deserved praise record;
His, who made you by his word.

4 Let the earth his praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms which, when he bids you, blow.

5 Flowery hills, and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees and cattle, creeping things;
All that cut the air with wings:

6 You, who awful sceptres sway,
You, accustomed to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth:

7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
You, who were but born of late,
You, who bow with age's weight:

8 Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far;
Higher than the highest star.

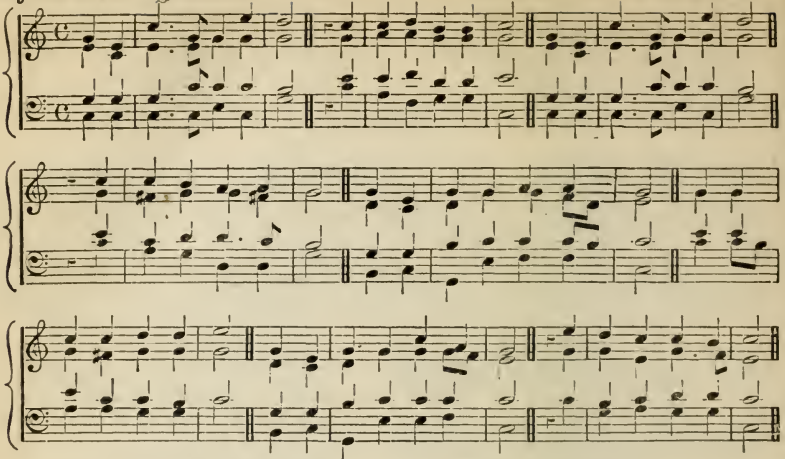
9 He will his to glory raise;
You, his saints, resound his praise:
You, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love and sovereign grace.

Hymn 640. Chichester. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Psalm cxlviii. S. WESLEY.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high his powers proclaim,
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Hymn 641. Halstead. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Psalm cl. DR. GAUNTLETT.



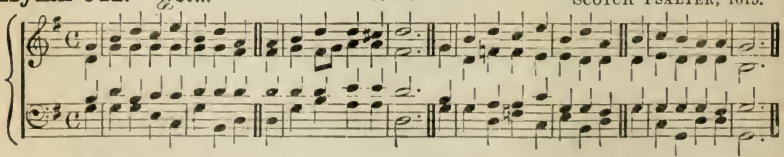
1 Praise the Lord! who reigns above,
And keeps his court below,
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power:
Him from whom all good proceeds
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name,
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim:
Praise him in the sacred dance,
Harmony's full concert raise,
Let the virgin choir advance,
And move but to his praise.

3 Celebrate the eternal God
With harp and psaltery,
Timbrels soft and cymbals loud
In his high praise agree:
Praise him every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart.

4 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath!
Let all things praise the Lord!

Hymn 642. York. C.M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.



1 Hail, Father, whose creating call
Unnumbered worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend!

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see,
The fountain of the Godhead owned,
And foremost of the Three.

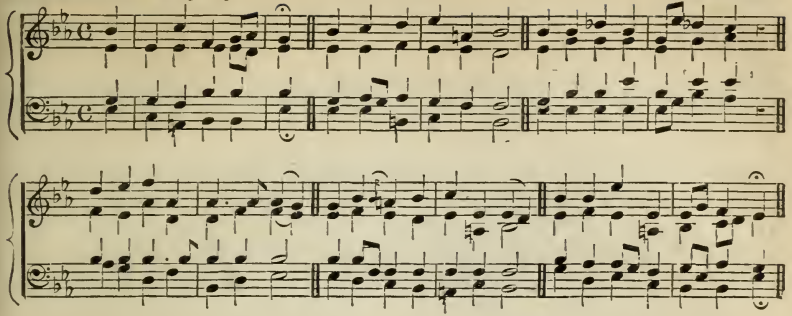
3 From thee, through an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flowed;
An everlasting Father thou,
An everlasting God.

4 Nor quite displayed to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth concealed;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man revealed.

5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.

6 Thy name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end,
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

Hymn 643. Royalty. 6.6.7.7.7.7. J. Rhodes.



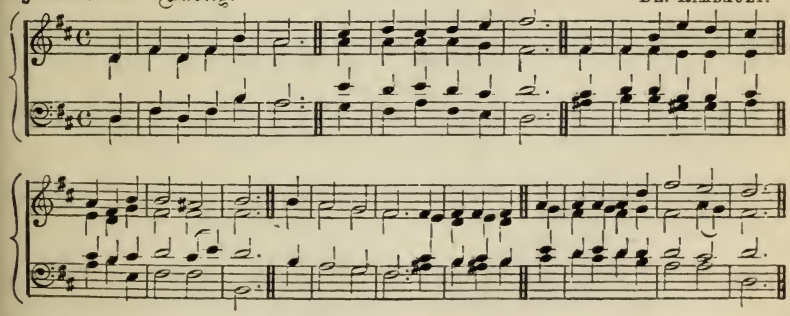
1 Hail, co-essential Three,
In mystic Unity!
Father, Son, and Spirit, hail!
God by heaven and earth adored,
God incomprehensible;
One supreme, almighty Lord.

2 Thou sittest on the throne,
Plurality in One:
Saints behold thine open face,
Bright, insufferably bright;
Angels tremble as they gaze,
Sink into a sea of light.

3 Ah! when shall we increase
Their heavenly ecstasies?
Chant, like them, the Lord most High,
Fall like them who dare not move;
"Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Breathe the praise of silent love?

4 Come, Father, in the Son
And in the Spirit down;
Glorious Triune Majesty,
God through endless ages blest,
Make us meet thy face to see,
Then receive us to thy breast.

Hymn 644. Dudley. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Dr. Rimbault.



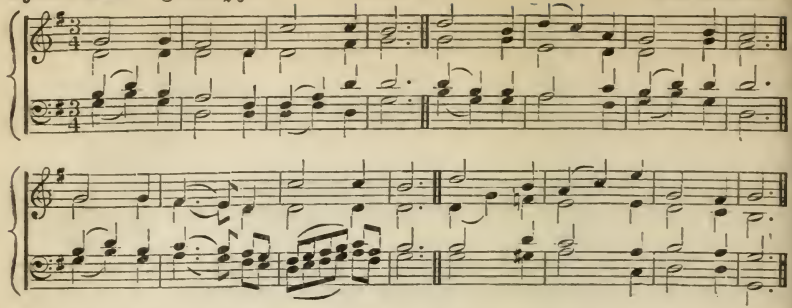
1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

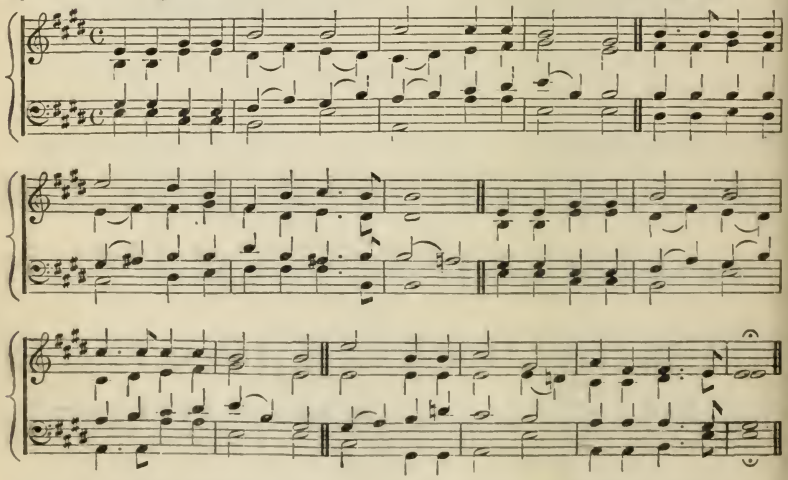
Hymn 645. Nottingham. 7.7.7.7. From Mozart.



1 Father, live, by all things feared;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, Eternal Lord.

2 Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

Hymn 646. Nicæa. 11.12.12.10. Rev. Dr. Dykes.



1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

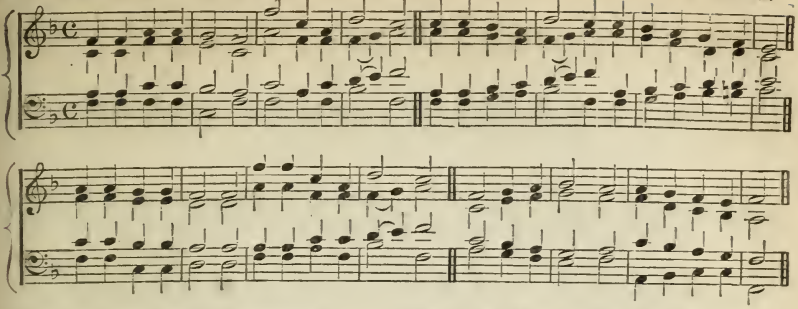
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Hymn 646. Trinity. (SECOND TUNE.) 11.12.12.10.

A. STONE.



1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

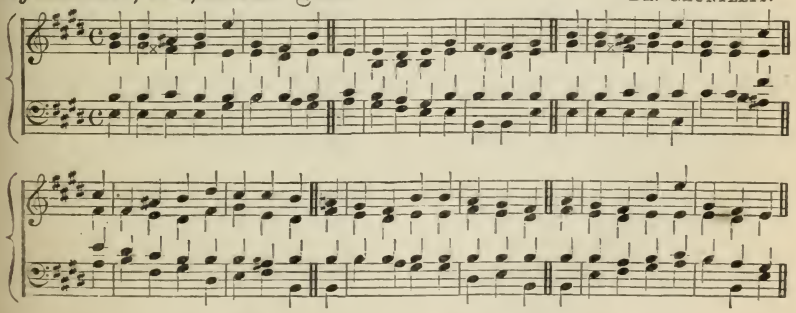
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Hymns 647, 648, & 649. Dura. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 Infinite God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

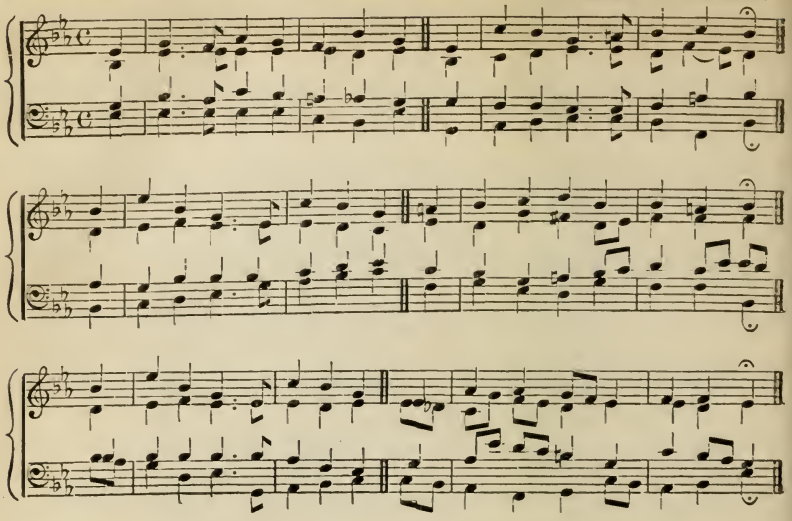
3 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise,
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church, to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives, with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Hymns 647, 648, & 649. St. Paul. (SECOND TUNE.) 8.8.8.8.8.8.

T. Worsley Staniforth.



SECOND PART.

1 Messiah, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of glory art!
The Father's everlasting Son!
Thee it delights thy church to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appeared a child of man!

3 When thou hadst rendered up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine:
And thou with judgment clad shalt come
To seal our everlasting doom.

5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray;
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood!

6 Hallow, and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat;
Sustain and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

Hymn 649. THIRD PART. St. Paul.

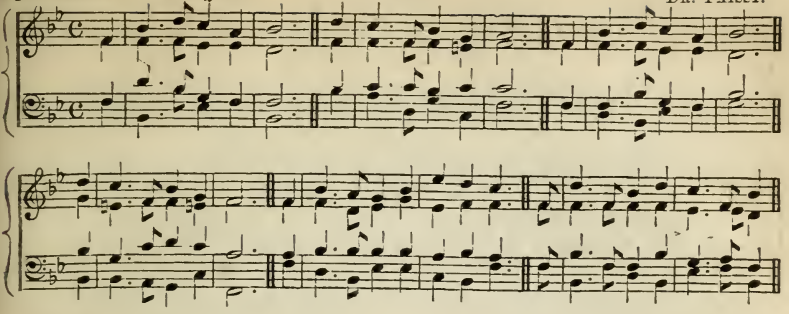
1 Saviour, we now rejoice in hope,
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below;
And ever mightily defend,
And save thy servants to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, by thee be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest:
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, even I, am crowned above.

Hymn 650. Stuttgard. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

DR. FAISST.



1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

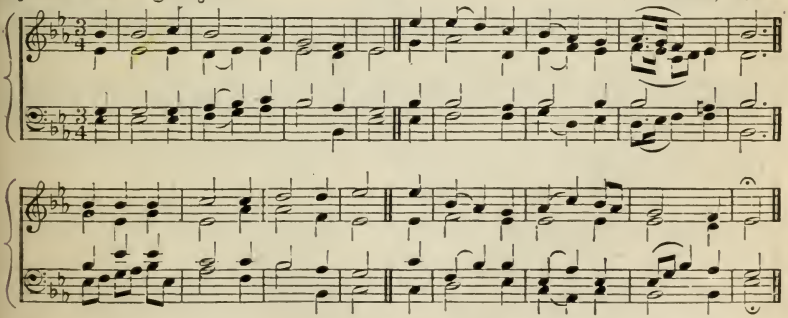
2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

Hymn 651. Nebuhaben. L.M.

G. BURDER, 1774.



1 God is a name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine:
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

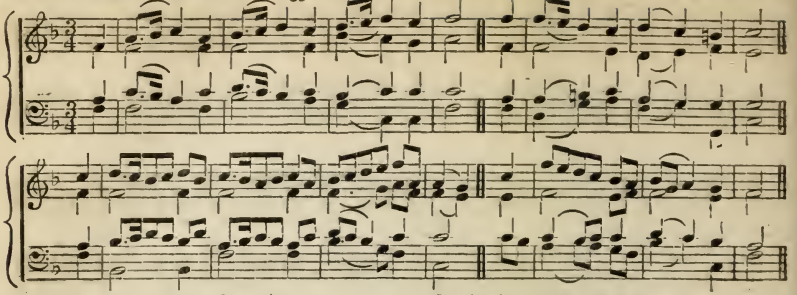
4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.

5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy Word can speak thy name.

Hymns 652 & 654. New York. C.M.

J. Whitton.



O God, at thy command we rise
Thy glorious name to bless,
Thee the great Lord of earth and skies
We joyfully confess.

Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love,
And this (transporting thought!) shall be
Our endless work above.

Hymn 654. New York.

1 Being of beings, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise,
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, only thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

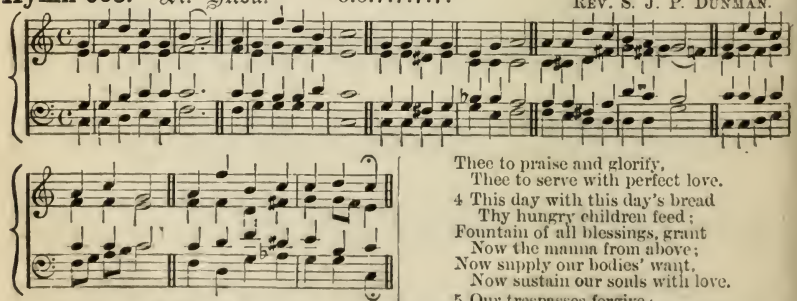
3 Heavenward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercies' store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Hymn 653. St. Hilda. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



1 Father of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love thy awful name!

2 When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honour thy triumphant Son;
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us thy glorious throne.

3 Thy good and holy will
Let all on earth fulfil;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

4 This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

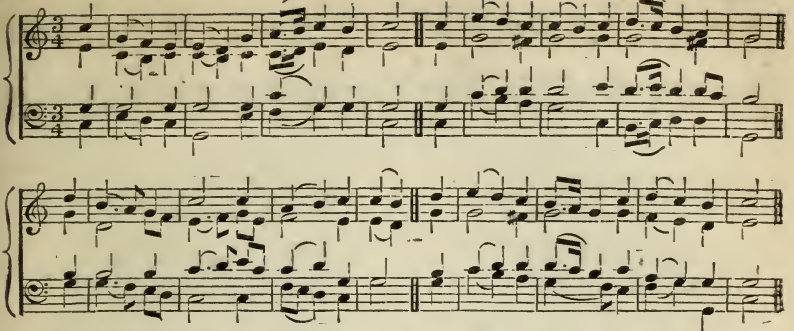
5 Our trespasses forgive:
And when absolved we live,
Thou our life of grace maintain;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose thy pardoning grace again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.

6 In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power;
Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient strength defend;
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

7 Father, by right divine
Assert the kingdom thine;
Jesus, Power of God, subdue
Thy own universe to thee;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

Hymn 655. Ossett. L.M.

WIDDOP.



1 Eternal depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

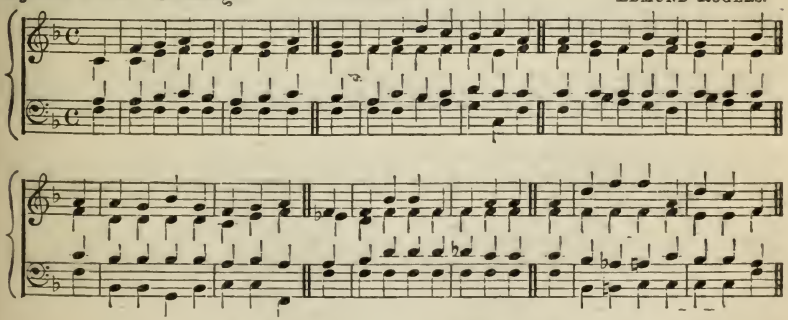
4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode for ever thine.

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

Hymn 656. Conway. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

EDMUND ROGERS.



1 Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Display the attributes divine;
But countless acts of pardoning grace
Beyond thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

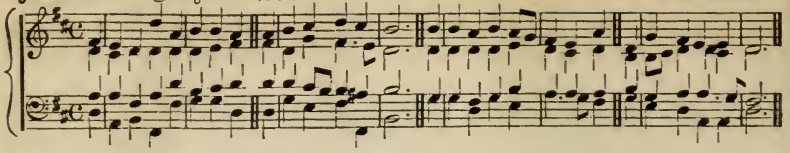
2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none may in this honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
As now it fills the choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Hymn 657. Redhead. (66.) C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

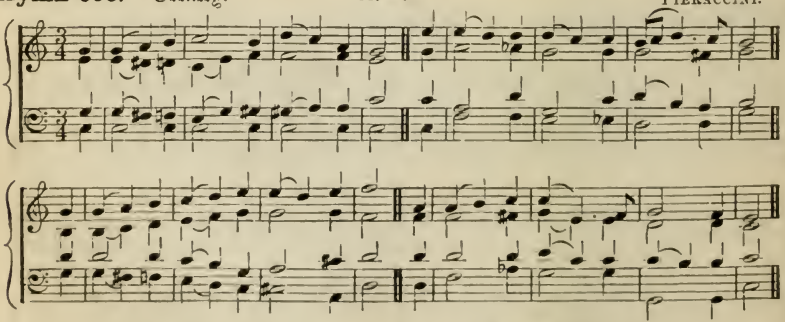
8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a thankful heart,
That takes those gifts with joy.

9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

10 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Hymn 658. Trinity. L.M.

PIERACCINI.



1 God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

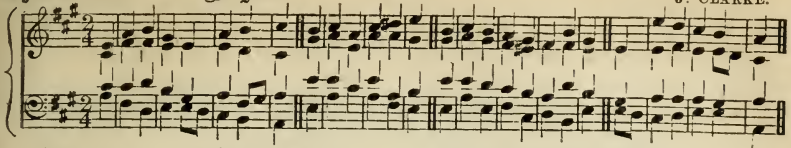
4 But O when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Hymn 659. St. Magnus. C.M.

J. Clarke.



1 Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme;
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

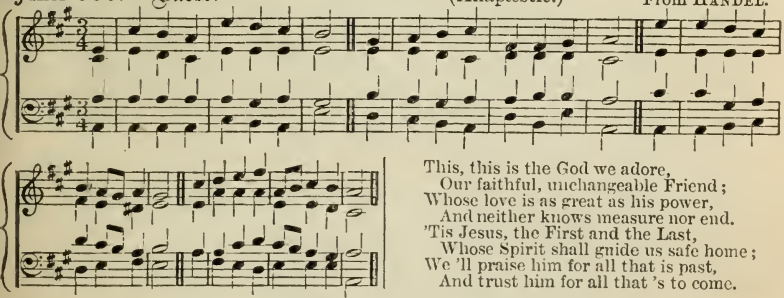
4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice
To know thy favour sure:
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

Hymn 660. David. 8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)

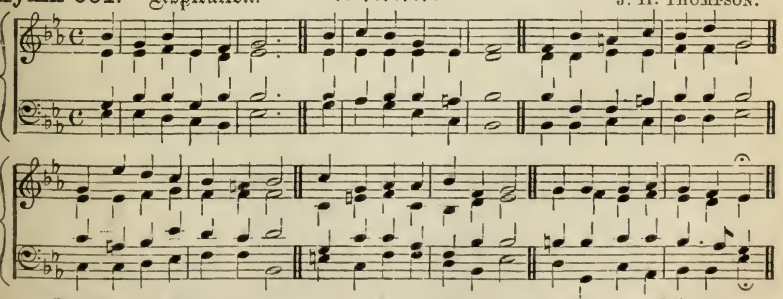
From Handel.



This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We 'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

Hymn 661. Aspiration. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

J. H. Thompson.



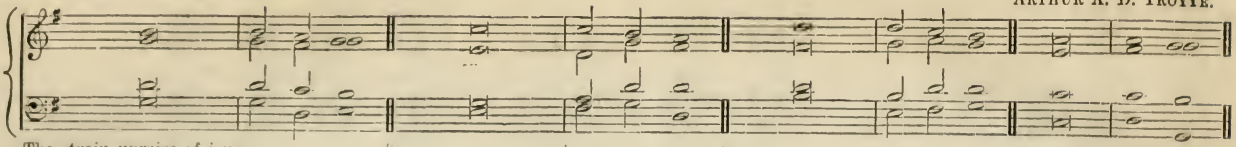
1 Far off we need not rove
To find the God of love;
In his providential care
Ever intimately near,
All his various works declare
God, the bounteous God is here!

2 We live, and move, and are,
Through his preserving care;
He doth still in life maintain
Every soul that moves and lives;
Gives us back our breath again,
Being every moment gives.

3 Who live, O God, in thee
Entirely thine should be:
Thine we are, a heaven-born race,
Only to thy glory move,
Thee with all our powers we praise,
Thee with all our being love.

Hymn 663. Troyte. (IRREGULAR.)

ARTHUR A. D. TROYTE.



The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- lu - - - ia!
To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed peo - ple sing Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!

And the choirs that - - dwell on high
They in the rest of - - - Paradise who dwell,
Shall re-echo - - - through the sky Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!

The planets beaming on their heaven-ly way,
Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pin - ions light,
The blessed ones, with joy the cho - rus swell,
The shining constellations join, and say Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!

Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and win - ter snow,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings wild - ly bright,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and sum - mer glow, In sweet con- - sent u - nite your Alle- lu - - ia!

First let the birds, with painted plum - age gay,
Then let the beasts of earth, with va - rying strain,
Here let the mountains thunder forth so- nor - - ous
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Join in creation's hymn, and cry a - gain
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia!
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious fo - rests, sing Alle - - lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!

Thou jubilant abyss of - o - cean, cry
To God, who all cre- - - a - tion made,
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- mighty loves:
Alle - - - - - lu - - - ia!
The frequent hymn be du - ly paid:
Alle - - - - - lu - - - ia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler cho - - rus Alle - - lu - - ia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, re - ply Alle - - lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King approves: Alle - - lu - - ia!

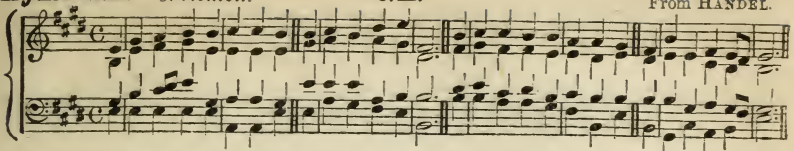
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- wak - ing,
Alle - - - - - lu - - - ia!
And children's voices echo, answer mak - - ing, Alle - - lu - - ia!

Now from all men - - - be out - poured
Alleluia - - - - - to the Lord;
With Alleluia - e - ver - more The Son and Spirit we a - dore.

Praise be done to the - - Three in One,
Alle - - - - - lu - - - ia!
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia! Alle - - lu - - ia!
A - - men.

Hymn 662. Solomon. C.M.

From Handel.



1 There is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

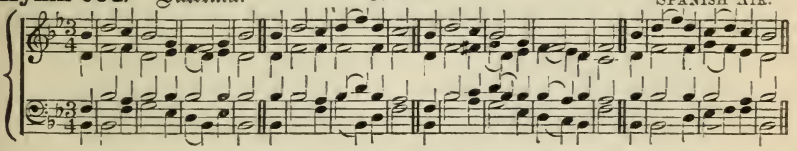
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

4 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

Hymn 664. Palermo. C.M.

Spanish Air.



1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

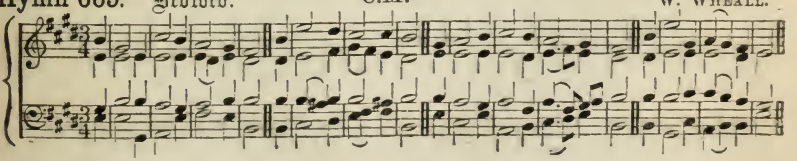
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Hymn 665. Bedford. C.M.

W. Wiball.



1 Hail, God the Son, in glory crowned,
Ere time began to be;
Throned with thy Sire, through half the round
Of vast eternity!

2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their Author's power;
And each exalted seraph-flame,
Creator, thee adore.

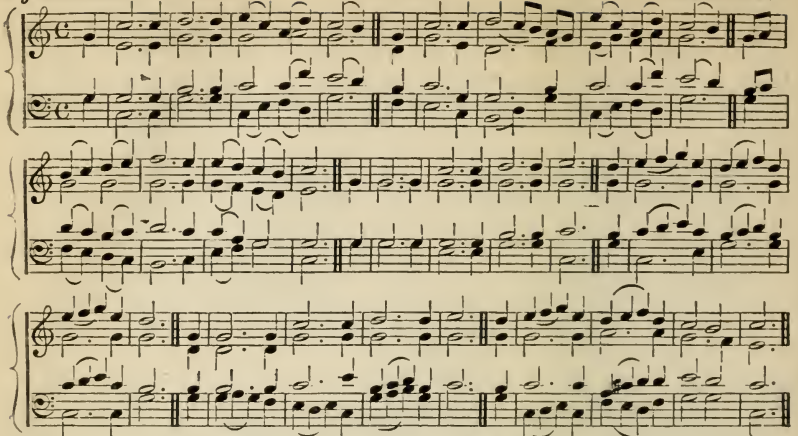
3 Thy wondrous love the Godhead showed
Contracted to a span,—
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 To save us from our lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream:
Hail, Lord, almighty to create,
Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator's God-like sway
His church below sustains:
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.

6 Hail, with essential glory crowned,
When time shall cease to be;
Throned with thy Father, through the round
Of whole eternity!

Hymn 666. Creation. 8.8.8. 8.8.8. From HAYDN.



1 O God of God, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to thee we sing!
To thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in thee;
All nature trembles at thy voice:
With awe even we thy children prove
Thy power: O let us taste thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

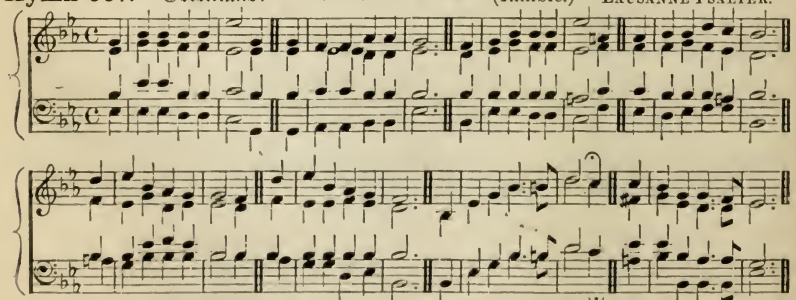
3 O powerful Love, to thee we bow
Object of all our wishes thou,
Our hearts are naked to thine eye;
To thee, who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore; when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O Love, our stubborn will subdue,
Create our ruined frame anew,
Dispel our darkness by thy light;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven, even now, our soul's abode,
Hid be our life with Christ in God,
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine;
Let all our works in thee be wrought,
And filled with thee be all our thought,
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

Hymn 667. Greenland. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) LAUSANNE PSALTER.



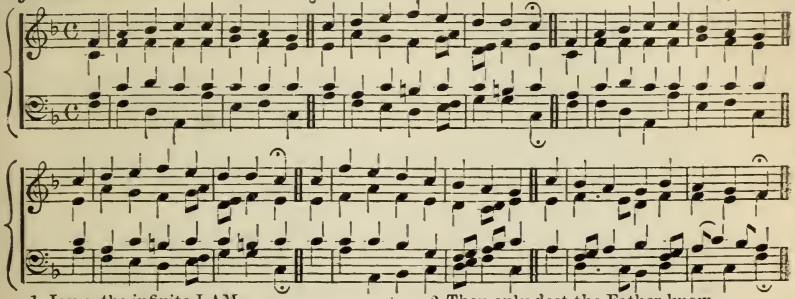
1 Ere God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting;
And Wisdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were seen above:
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love!

4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nailed thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, Sinner, I am thine!

Hymns 668 & 670. Eisenach. 8.8.8.8.8.8. SCHEIN, 1628.



1 Jesus, the infinite I AM,
With God essentially the same,
With him enthroned above all height,
As God of God, and Light of Light,
Thou art by thy great Father known,
From all eternity his Son.

2 Thou only dost the Father know,
And wilt to all thy followers show,
Who cannot doubt thy gracious will
His glorious Godhead to reveal;
Reveal him now, if thou art he,
And live, eternal Life, in me.

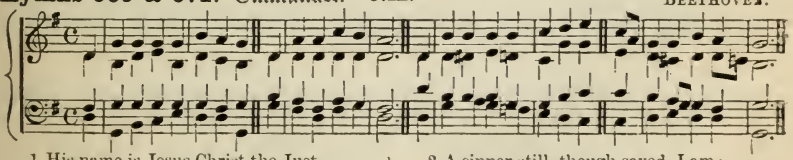
Hymn 670. Eisenach.

1 Jehovah's Fellow, and his Son,
What numbers fall by thee and rise!
Precious, elect, and corner-stone,
Built on thy strength we reach the skies,
Or by thy cross ourselves o'erthrow,
And sink into eternal woe.

2 Thine anger casts the sinner down,
That lifted up by pardoning grace
He may his Prince and Saviour own,
Thy justice and thy mercy praise,
Raised from the dust to stand restored
In all the image of his Lord.

3 Jesus, thy killing, quickening power
On a poor abject worm exert,
Confound, abase me from this hour,
Humble, and break this stubborn heart,
And then my Resurrection be,
And live, my heavenly Life, in me.

Hymns 669 & 671. Emmanuel. C.M. BEETHOVEN.



1 His name is Jesus Christ the Just,
My Advocate with God;
In him alone I put my trust
Who bought me with his blood;
A sinner of the Gentiles, I
My pardoning Lord embrace,
And on his only name rely
For all his depths of grace.

2 A sinner still, though saved, I am;
And this is all my boast,
I hang upon a God who came
To seek and save the lost:
The object of my love and fear,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Shall sink me into nothing here,
And lift me up to heaven.

Hymn 671. Emmanuel.

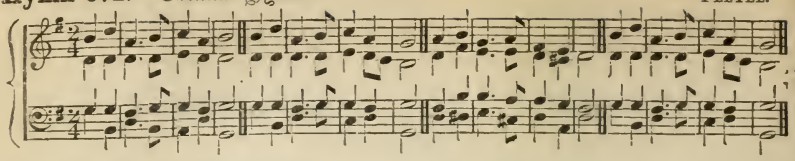
1 Thou art the Way; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

Hymn 672. German Hymn. 7.7.7.7. PLEYEL.



1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Let thy love my heart inflame,
Keep thy fear before my sight,
Be thy praise my highest aim,
Be thy smile my chief delight!

3 When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wintry tempests blow,
Let thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.

4 When new triumphs of thy name
Swell the raptured songs above,
May I feel a kindred flame,
Full of zeal, and full of love!

5 Life's best joy, to see thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scattering all thes hades of night!

6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy goodness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"

SECOND PART.

7 When, with wasting sickness worn,
Sinking to the grave I lie,
Or, by sudden anguish torn,
Startled nature dreads to die;

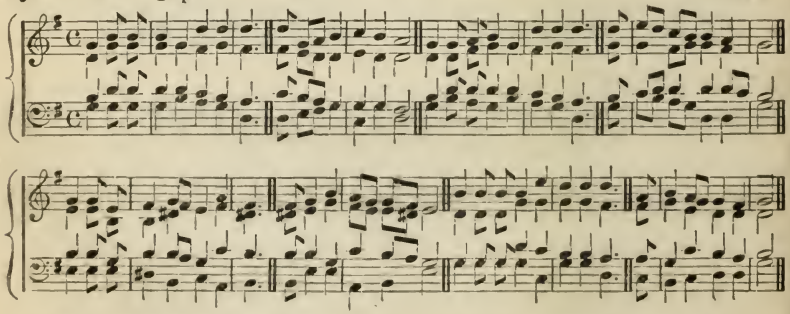
8 Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
Be thou then in mercy near!
Let thy smile of love afford
Full relief from all my fear.

9 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

10 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

11 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me find it "gain to die!"

Hymn 673. Ripon. D.C.M. CHEETHAM.

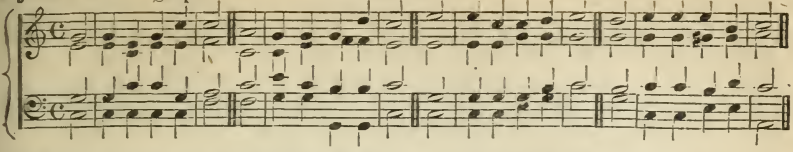


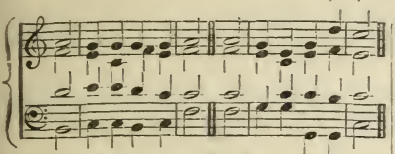
1 We know, by faith we surely know,
The Son of God is come;
Is manifested here below,
And makes our hearts his home:
To us he hath, in special love,
An understanding given,
To recognise him from above
The Lord of earth and heaven.

2 The true and faithful Witness, we
Jehovah's Son confess;
And in the face of Jesus see
Jehovah's smiling face;
In him we live, and move, and are,
United to our Head,
And, branches of the Vine, declare
That Christ is God indeed.

3 The self-existing God supreme,
Our Saviour we adore,
Fountain of life eternal, him
We worship evermore;
Out of his plenitude receive
Ineffable delight,
And shall through endless ages live
Triumphant in his sight.

Hymn 674. Hope. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

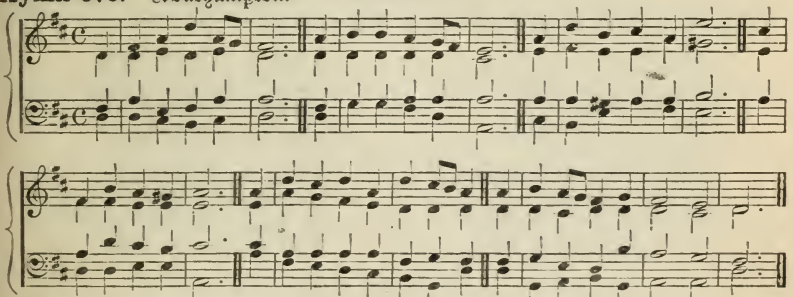




1 Jesus, the first and last,
On thee my soul is cast:
Thou didst thy work begin
By blotting out my sin;
Thou wilt the root remove,
And perfect me in love.

2 Yet when the work is done,
The work is but begun:
Partaker of thy grace,
I long to see thy face;
The first I prove below,
The last I die to know.

Hymn 675. Southampton. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle means,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace;
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for thee!

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh
The Covenant-Angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My lips shall bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

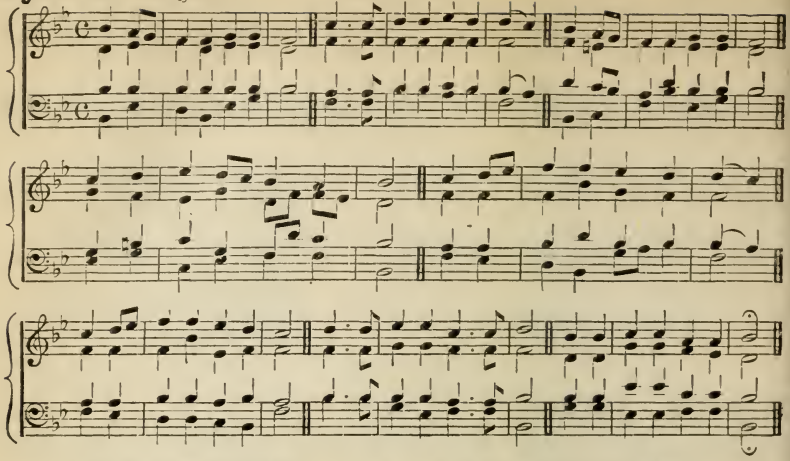
7 Jesus, my great High-priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 O thou almighty Lord,
My conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reign of grace, I sing;
Thine is the power: behold, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

Hymn 676. Syria. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

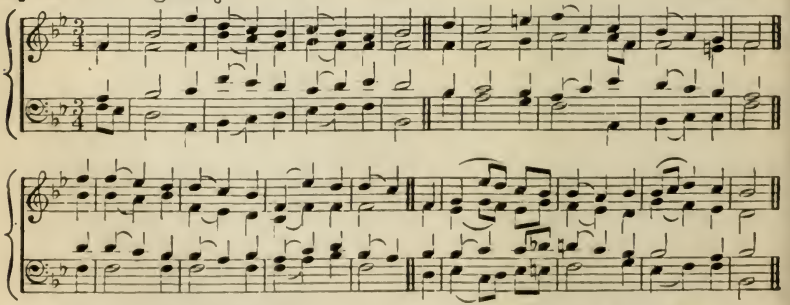


1 Christ, the true anointed seer,
Messenger from the most High,
Thy prophetic character
To my conscience signify:
Signify thy Father's will:
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is love.

2 Thou who didst for all atone,
Dost for all incessant pray;
Make thy priestly office known,
Take my cancelled sin away;
Let me peace with God regain,
Righteousness from thee receive,
Through thy meritorious pain,
Through thy intercession, live.

3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me thy kingdom bring,
Into me thy Spirit inspire:
From mine inbred foes release;
Here set up thy gracious throne;
King of righteousness and peace,
Reign in every heart alone!

Hymn 677. British. L.M. B. Livius.



1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

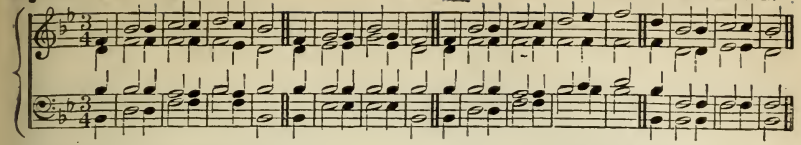
2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever with us stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Each following moment as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Hymn 678. Ortonbille. C.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

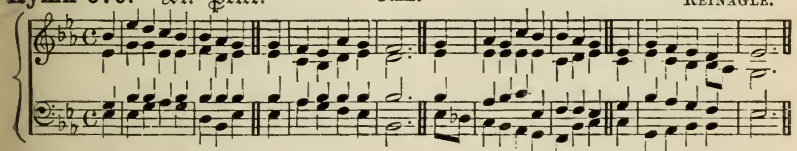
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn 679. St. Peter. C.M.

REINAGLE.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

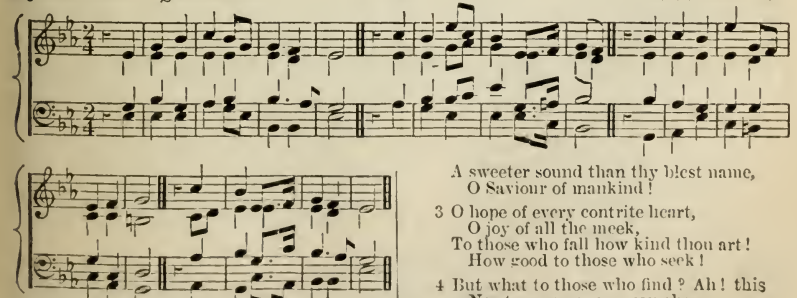
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

Hymn 680. Kilmarnock. C.M.

N. DOUGALL.



1 Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

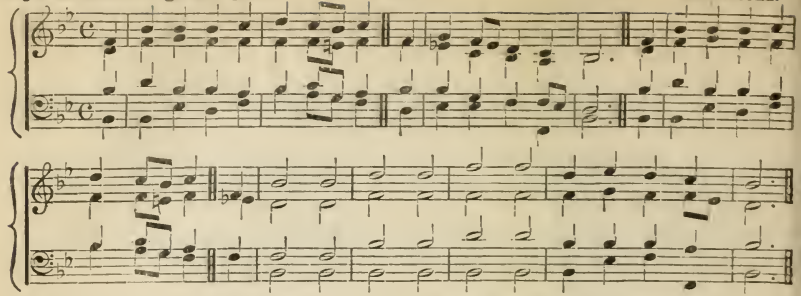
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Hymn 681. Miles Lane. C.M.

SHRUBSOLE.



1 All hail the power of Jesu's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who launched this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

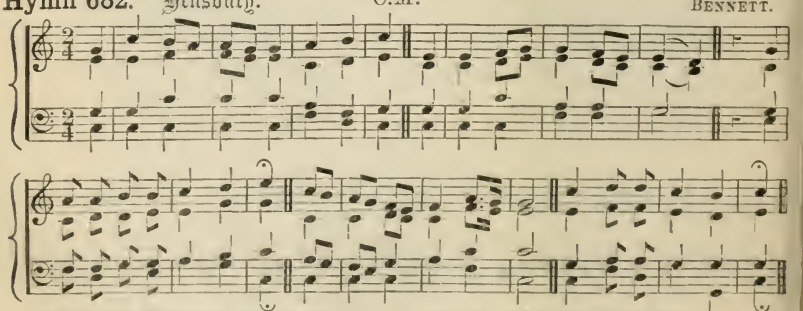
6 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
Before him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

8 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Hymn 682. Bensbury. C.M.

BENNETT.



1 Thou great Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

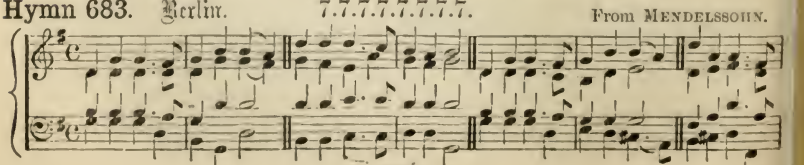
2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek!

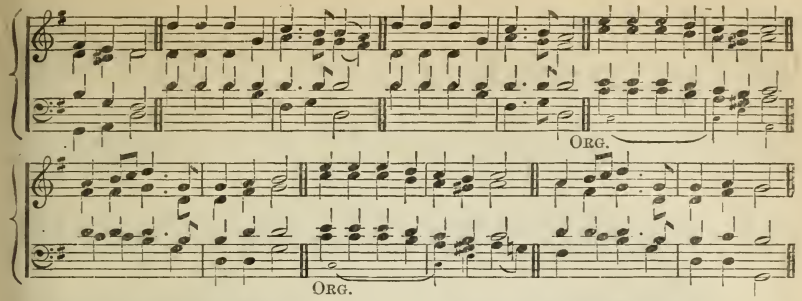
3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all that favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

Hymn 683. Berlin. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

From MENDELSSOHN.





1 Hark! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

7 Adam's likeness now effaee,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Hymn 684. Samaria. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. J. HALLETT SHEPPARD.

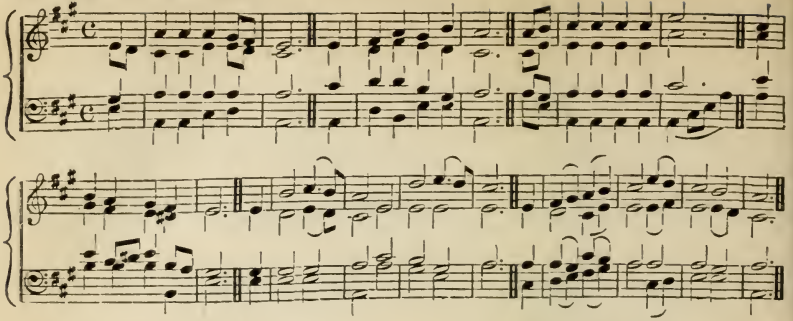
1 Glory be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend!
God comes down, he bows the sky,
And shows himself our friend:
God the invisible appears!
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his name.

2 Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King;
Tidings of their humbled Lord
They now to mortals bring.
Emptied of his majesty,
Of his dazzling glories shorn,
Being's source begins to be,
And God himself is born!

3 See the eternal Son of God
A mortal Son of man;
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain!
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this!
See the Lord of earth and skies;
Humbled to the dust he is,
And in a manger lies.

4 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of peace proclaim;
With heaven's host lift up our voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow;
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our brother now,
And God is all our own.

Hymn 685. Millennium. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 Let earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise in songs divine
The incarnate Deity,
Our God contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

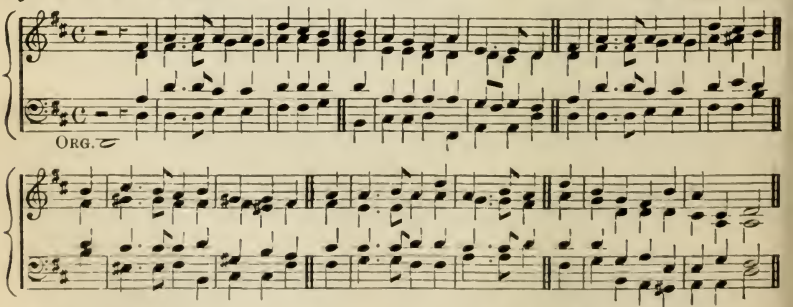
2 He laid his glory by,
He wrapped him in our clay;
Unmarked by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay;
Infant of days he here became,
And bore the mild Immanuel's name.

3 Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought;
The grace is far above
Or man or angel's thought;
Suffice for us that God, we know,
Our God, is manifest below.

4 He deigns in flesh to appear,
Widest extremes to join;
To bring our vileness near,
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall know,
For God is manifest below.

5 Made perfect first in love,
And sanctified by grace,
We shall from earth remove,
And see his glorious face:
Then shall his love be fully showed,
And man shall then be lost in God.

Hymn 686. Saints of God. 8.8.8.8.8.8. A. Sullivan.



1 Stupendous height of heavenly love,
Of pitying tenderness divine!
It brought the Saviour from above,
It caused the springing day to shine;
The Sun of righteousness to appear,
And gild our gloomy hemisphere.

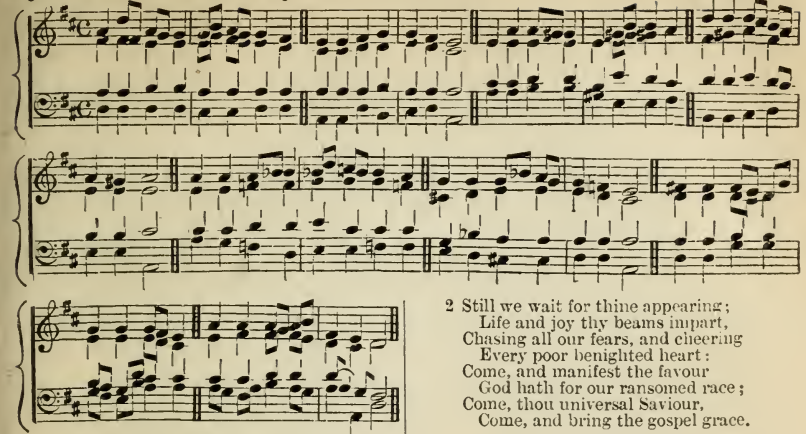
2 God did in Christ himself reveal,
To chase our darkness by his light,
Our sin and ignorance dispel,
Direct our wandering feet aright,
And bring our souls, with pardon blest,
To realms of everlasting rest.

3 Come then, O Lord, thy light impart,
The faith that bids our terrors cease;
Into thy love direct our heart,
Into thy way of perfect peace:
And cheer the souls of death afraid,
And guide them through the dreadful shade.

4 Answer thy mercy's whole design,
My God incarnated for me:
My spirit make thy radiant shrine,
My light and full salvation be,
And through the shades of death unknown
Conduct me to thy dazzling throne

Hymns 687 & 688. Salzburg. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

MOZART.



1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

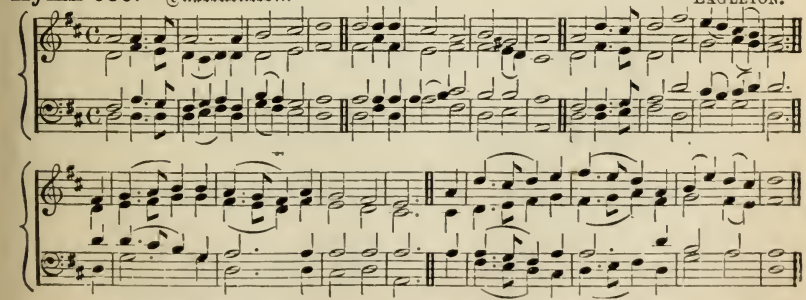
Hymn 688. Salzburg.

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Hymn 689. Justification. L.M.

EAGLETON.



1 To us a child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given;
The Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

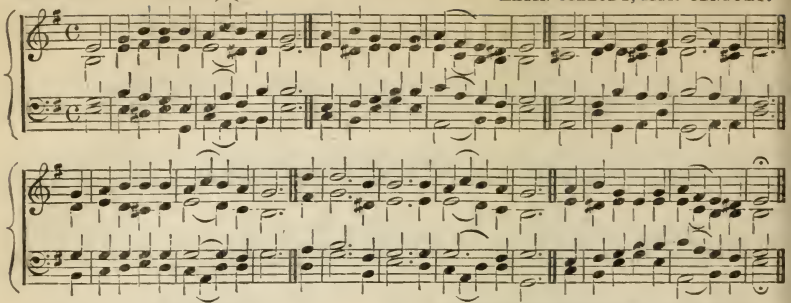
2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes our fallen souls to raise;
He comes his people to redeem
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Filled with the eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

Hymn 690. Ephratah. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

LATIN MELODY, 12TH CENTURY.



1 O come, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

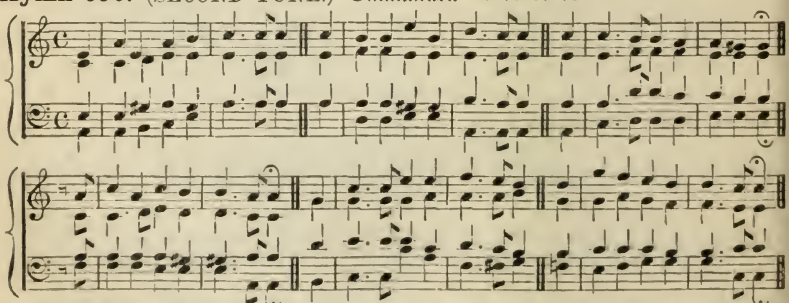
2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might!
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Hymn 690. (SECOND TUNE.) Emmanuel. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



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And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
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Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
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Make safe the way that leads on high,
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Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
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5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might!
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Hymn 691. Yorkshire. 10.10.10.10.10.10.

J. WAINWRIGHT.

1 Christians, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the virgin's son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

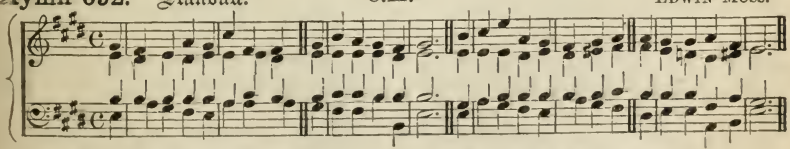
4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
Amazed, the wondrous tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame.

5 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind:
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

Hymn 692. Llandaff. C.M.

EDWIN MOSS.



1 O Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;

2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

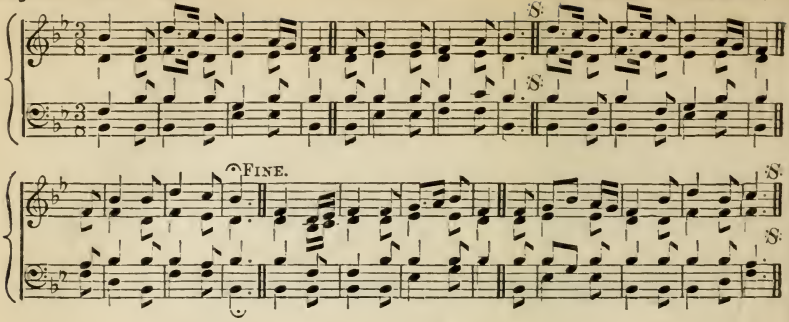
3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If pressed by poverty severe
In anxious want we pine,
O may thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was thine!

5 Through this life's ever-varying scene
From sin preserve us free;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee!

Hymn 693. Gilead. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

SIR H. S. OAKELEY.



1 Jesus, thee thy works proclaim
Omnipotently good:
Moses thy forerunner came,
And mighty works he showed;
Minister of wrath divine,
His wonders plagued the sinful race;
Works of purest love are thine,
And miracles of grace.

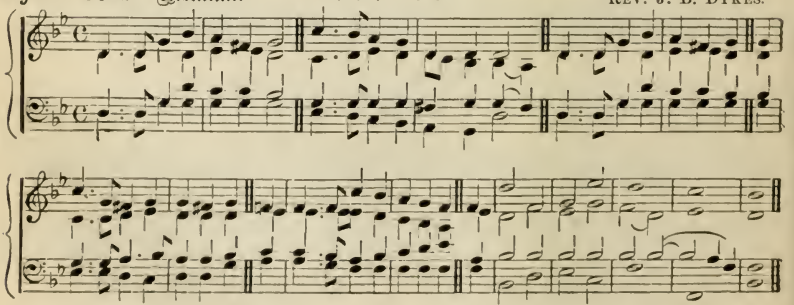
2 All thy cures are mysteries,
And prove thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease
Which now our spirits feel:
Good Physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat thy sovereign word,
Chase the evils of our mind,
And speak our souls restored.

3 Who of other help despair,
And would thy word receive,
Us thou mak'st thy tenderest care,
And kindly dost relieve:
Every soul-infirmity,
And plague of heart, thou dost remove;
Heal'st whoe'er apply to thee,
With balm of bleeding love.

4 Still thou go'st about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure;
Still thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure;
Publishest the power of grace,
Which pardon and salvation brings,
Saves our fallen dying race,
And makes us priests and kings.

Hymn 694. Milman. 7.7.7.8.8.8.

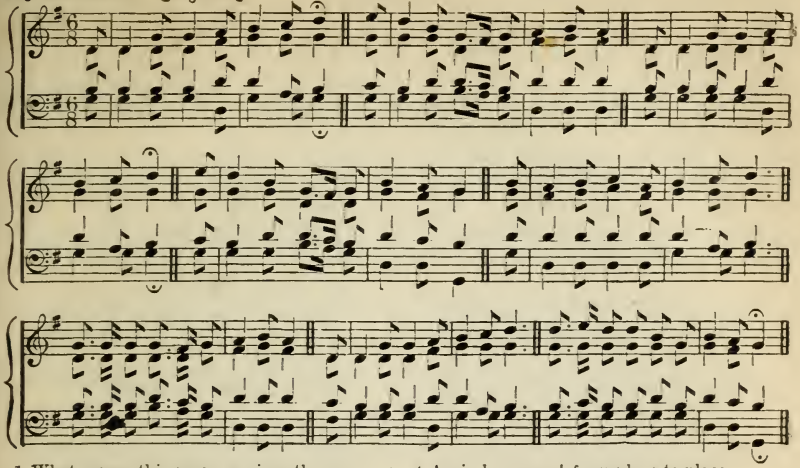
REV. J. B. DYKES.



1 Lord! we sit and cry to thee,
Like the blind beside the way;
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of thy perfect day:
O Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give thyself unto our sight!

2 Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But on light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run
The light that gilds thy blest abode,
The glory of the Lamb of God!

Hymn 695. Nazareth. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 Who is this Jesus? why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

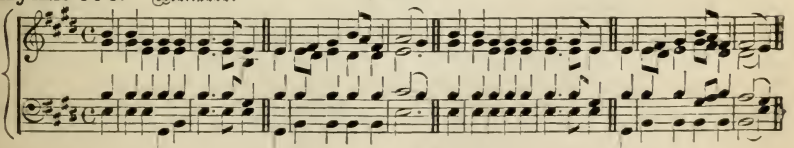
3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened ones where'er he came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

4 Again he comes! from place to place
His holy footsteps we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold, nay,
He enters, condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace!
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still his call refuse
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
"Too late, too late!" will be your cry,
Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*.

Hymn 696. Minster. C.M.



1 O help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive!

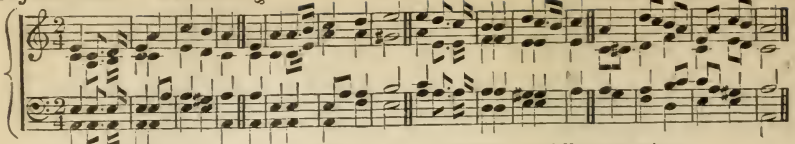
4 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare intreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this,
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are life, and light, and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesu, from on high!
We know no help but thee!
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

Hymn 697. Canterbury. C.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



1 The winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill,
The Saviour wakened from his sleep,
He spake, and all was still.

2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there!

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild,
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

4 O madder than the raving man!
O deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on *me?*

5 He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.

6 He called me in the time of dread
When death was full in view,
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

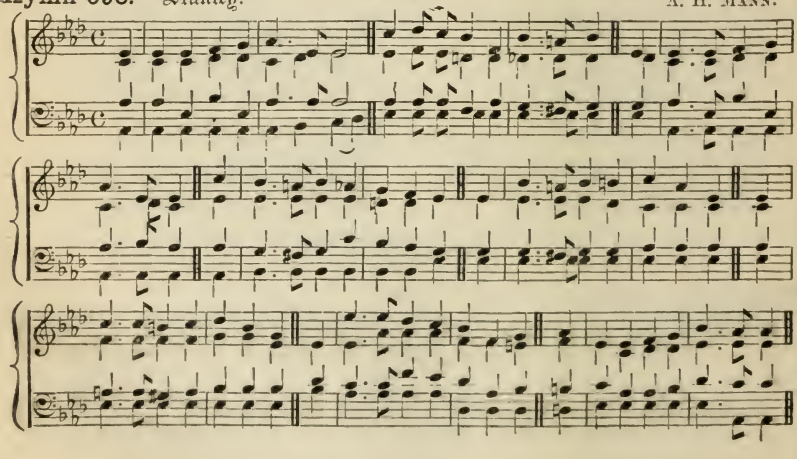
7 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

8 O thou that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer;
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

9 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow!
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O God! I hear thee now.

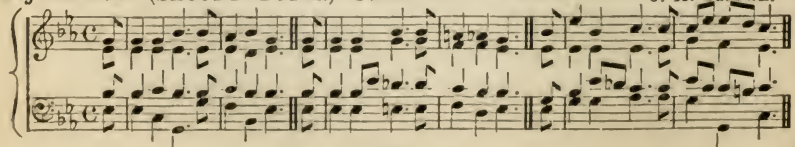
Hymn 698. Stanley. D.L.M.

A. H. MANN.



Hymn 698. (SECOND TUNE.) Tabor. S.S.S.S.S.S.S.S.

J. H. CLOUGH.



1 Lord! it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with thee:
Here in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts opprest with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling thy servants all in vain
To ease them of their bitter pain.

2 Lord! it is good for us to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

3 Lord! it is good for us to be
With thee, and with thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns,
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With him whose last, best word is love.

4 Lord! it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with thee,
Watching the glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments which shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

5 Lord! it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud;
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay,
They tell us of the dread "decease:"
But yet to linger here is peace.

6 Lord! it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice:
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
This is my Son: O hear ye him!

Hymn 699. Ossory. C.M. A. E. Harris.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

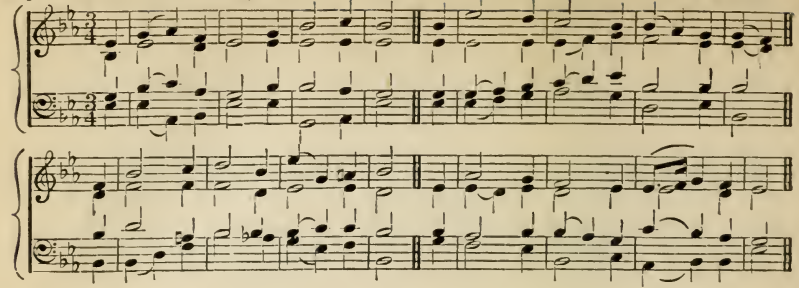
3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for that love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Hymn 700. Rockingham. L.M.

DR. MILLER.



Hymn 700. (SECOND TUNE.) St. Andrew. L.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

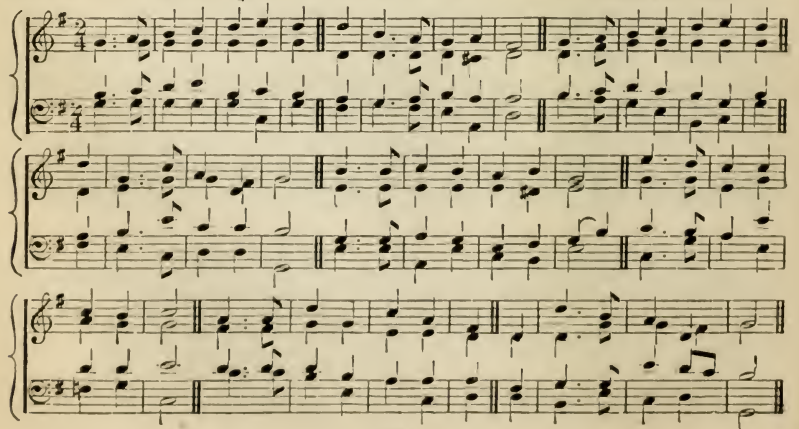
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Hymn 701. Russell Place. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

W. STERNDALE BENNETT.



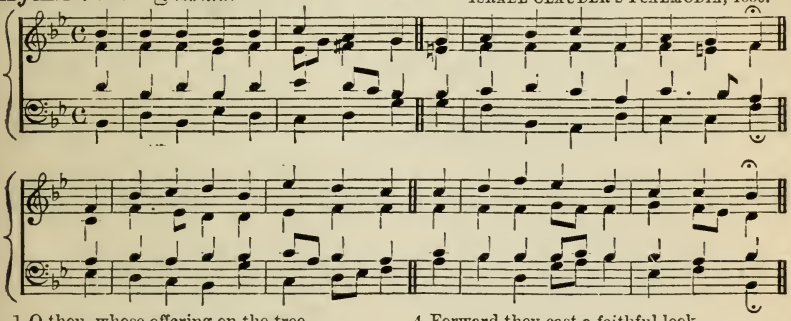
1 God of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praise
We in thy passion find:
Still our choicest strains we bring,
Still the joyful theme pursue,
Thee the friend of sinners sing,
Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise
From that mysterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker see:
Jesus, Lord, what hast thou done?
Publish we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine!

3 Never love nor sorrow was
Like that my Saviour showed:
See him stretched on yonder cross,
And crushed beneath our load!
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out, "'Tis He, 'tis He,
My God, that suffers there!"

Hymn 702. Breslau. L.M.

ISRAEL CLAUDER'S PSALMODIA, 1630.



1 O thou, whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine, and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

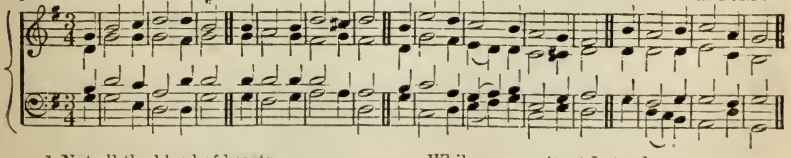
4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savour took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

Hymn 703. St. Peter's. S.M.

PLAYFORD.



1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

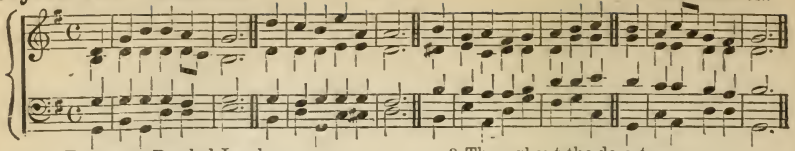
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that meek head of thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

Hymn 704. Sandford. S.M.

J. STEPHENSON.



1 Thou very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

Hymn 705. Swabia. S.M.

GERMAN.

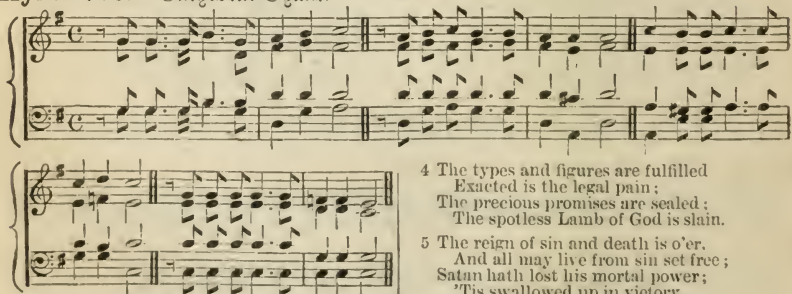
1 This, this is he that came
By water and by blood!
Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood applied
Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our sins,
And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
Who speaks our sins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine
That makes us meet for heaven.

Hymn 706. Cathedral Chant. L.M.



1 'Tis finished! the Messias dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own:
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made:
God for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

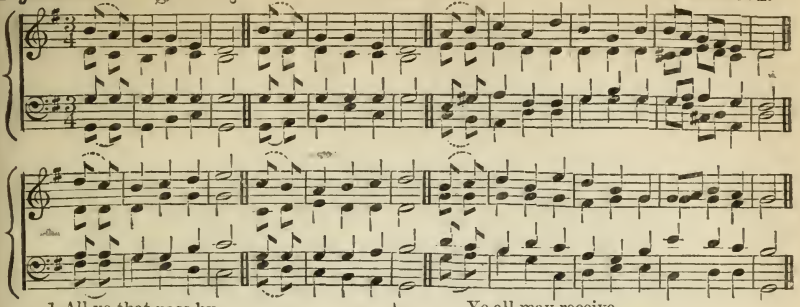
5 The reign of sin and death is o'er.
And all may live from sin set free;
Satan hath lost his mortal power;
'Tis swallowed up in victory.

6 Saved from the legal curse I am,
My Saviour hangs on yonder tree:
See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
'Tis finished! he expires for me.

7 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
I see the bar to heaven removed;
And all thy merits, Lord, are mine.

8 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo, I plead the atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven!

Hymn 707. Barwick. 5.5.11.5.5.11. MILGROVE.



1 All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father hath punished for you his dear Son.
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He answered for all:
O come at his call,
And low at his cross with astonishment fall!
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries:
Impassive, he suffers; immortal, he dies.

4 He dies to atone
For sins not his own;
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

5 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace:
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

7 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me.
My ransom he was
When he bled on the cross;
And by losing his life he hath carried my cause.

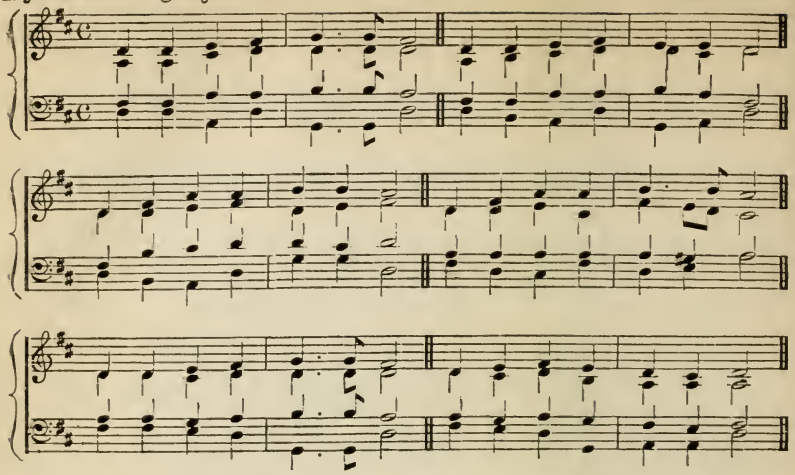
Hymn 708. Nuremburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. GERMAN.

1 O thou eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

Hymn 709. Redhead. (76.) 7.7.7.7.7.7. R. Redhead.

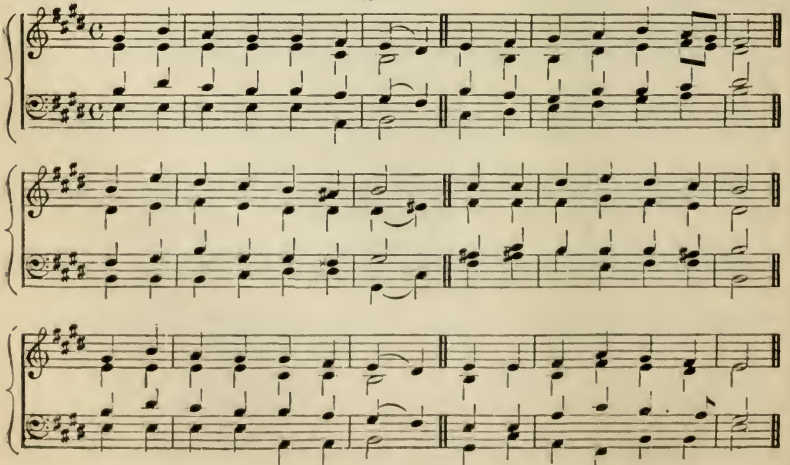


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Hymn 709. (SECOND TUNE.) Newdale. 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. Wilson.

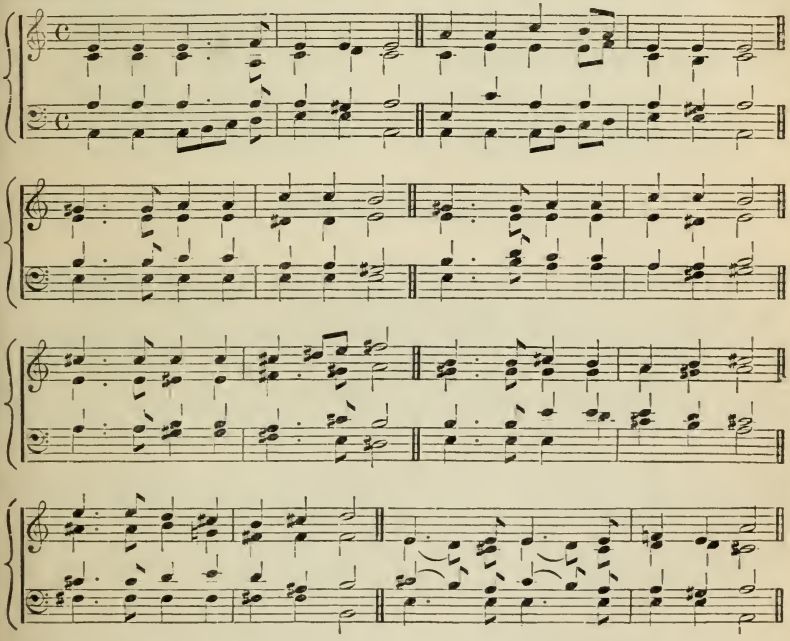


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Hymn 710. Euclid. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. A. H. Mann.



1 Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

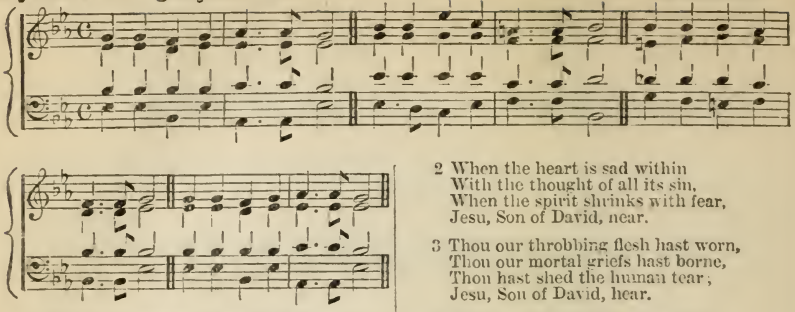
2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy fasting and distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of whelming fear;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Hymn 711. Redhead. (47.) 7.7.7.7. R. Redhead.



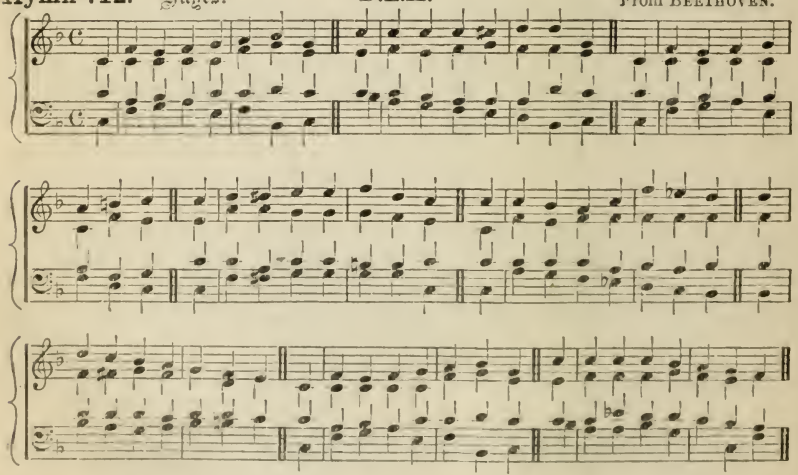
1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

2 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of David, near.

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of David, hear.

Hymn 712. Hayes. D.L.M. From Beethoven.



1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and with your tears bedew
The sufferer, bruised beneath your load,
He poured out cries and tears for you,
He shed for you his precious blood.

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where 's thy sting?"
And, "Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Hymn 713. Emmanuel. C.M. BEETHOVEN.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with rapture down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

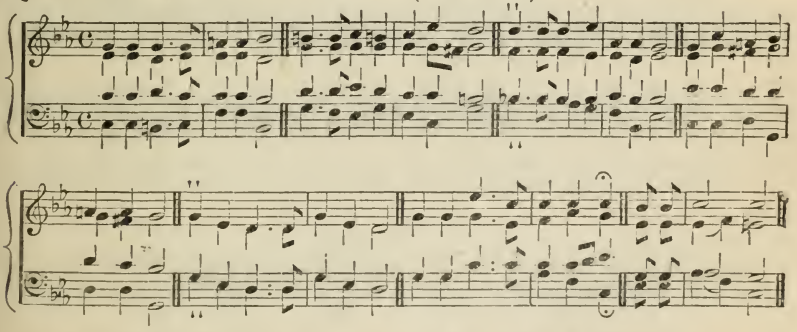
2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His vacant tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord
To realms of endless day.

Hymn 714. Toronto. 7.7.7.7.7.7. (IRREGULAR.)



1 In the bonds of death he lay,
Who for our offence was slain,
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again;
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite,
All our sins away hath done,
Done away death's power and right;
Only the form of death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft;
Hallelujah!

3 'Twas a wondrous war I trow,
Life and death together fought,
But life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked, and set at nought;
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death hath conquered death,
Hallelujah!

4 Now our Paschal Lamb is he,
And by him alone we live,
Who to death upon the tree
For our sake himself did give.
Faith his blood strikes on our door,
Death dares never harm us more,
Hallelujah!

5 On this day, most blest of days,
Let us keep high festival,
For our God hath showed his grace,
And his sun hath risen on all,
And our hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before him flee.
Hallelujah!

6 To the supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day;
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away;
Christ will be our food alone,
Faith no life but his will own.
Hallelujah!

Hymn 715. (FIRST TUNE.)

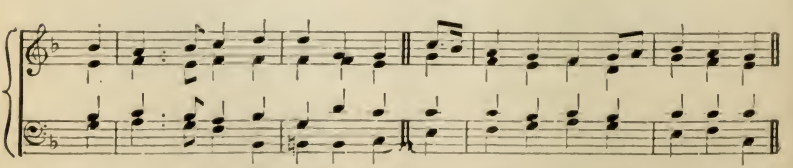
REV. S. J. P. DUNMAN.

1 The foe be - hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea:
2 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now!

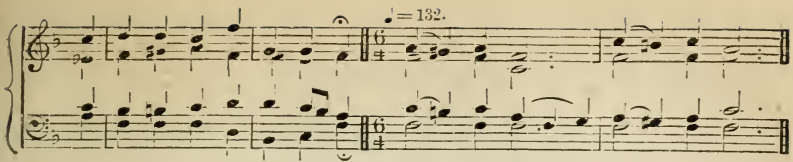
And Pha-raoh's war-riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ransomed tribes are free.
The Lord hath triumphed glo-rious - ly! The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious-ly!

3 Hap - py mor-row, Turn-ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth! Bond-age end-ing,
4 Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se-cur - ing, Watch his earth-ly prison. Seals are shattered,

Love de-scend-ing O'er the earth! 5 No long - er must the mourners weep,
Guards are scat-tered, Christ hath risen! 8 It is not ex - ile, rest on high:

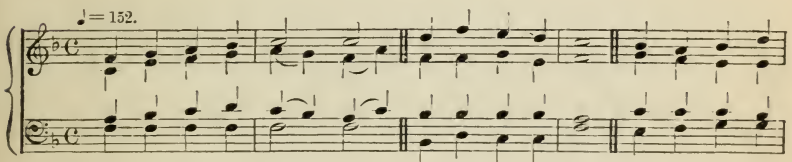


Nor call de-part - ed Christians dead; For death is hal-lowed in - to sleep:
It is not sad-ness, peace from strife; To fall a - sleep is not to die:

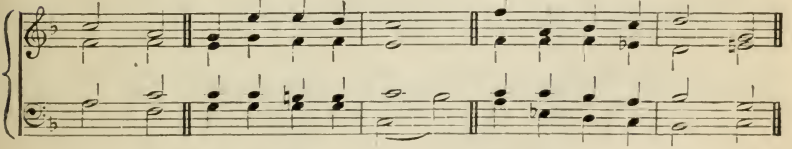


And ev'-ry grave be-comes a bed. 6 Now once more E - den's door
To dwell with Christ is bet-ter life. 7 Now at last, Old things past,

O - pen stands to mor-tal eyes; For Christ hath ris'n, and man shall rise!
Hope, and joy, and peace be-gin; For Christ hath won, and man shall win!



9 & 10 Where our ban-ner leads us, We may safe-ly go: Where our Chief pre-



- cedes us, We may face the foe. His right arm is o'er us,

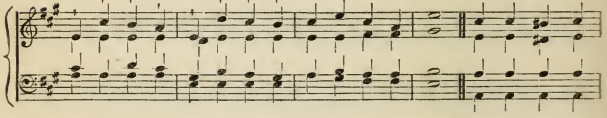
He our guide will be: Christ hath gone be-fore us, Christians, fol-low ye!

Hymn 715. (SECOND TUNE.)

REV. OLINTHUS R. BARNICOTT.

1 The foe be-hind, the deep be-fore, Our hosts have dared and pass'd the sea:
2 Lift up, lift up your voi-ces now! The whole wide world re-joi-ces now!

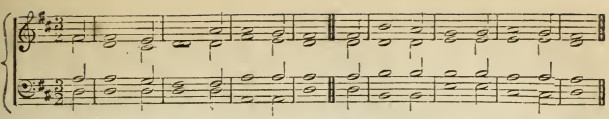
And Pha-roah's warriors strew the shore, And Is-rael's ransom'd tribes are free.
The Lord hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly! The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious-ly!



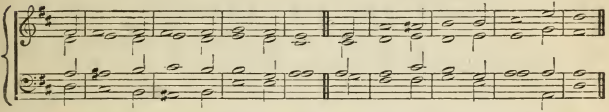
3 Hap-py mor-row, Turn-ing sor-row In-to peace and mirth! Bond-age end-ing,

Love de-scending O'er the earth! 4 Seals assur-ing, Guards se-cur-ing,

Watch his earth-ly prison. Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered, Christ hath risen!

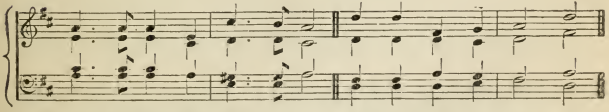


5 No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead;
8 It is not ex - ile, rest on high: It is not sad-ness, peace from strife;



For death is hal - low'd in - to sleep, And ev' - ry grave be - comes a bed.
To fall a - sleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is bet - ter life.

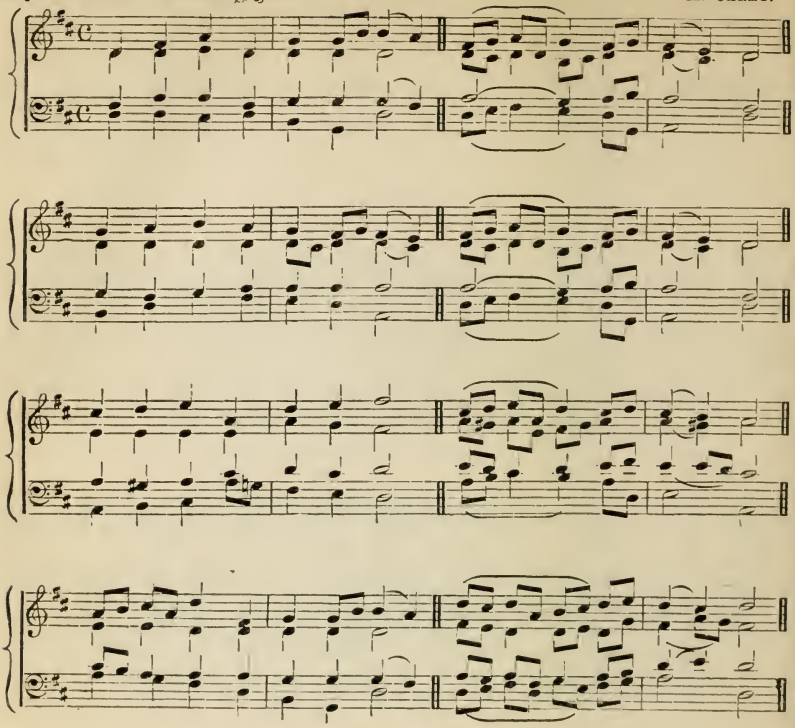
6 Now once more E - den's door O - pen stands to mor - tal eyes; For
7 Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and peace be - gin; For



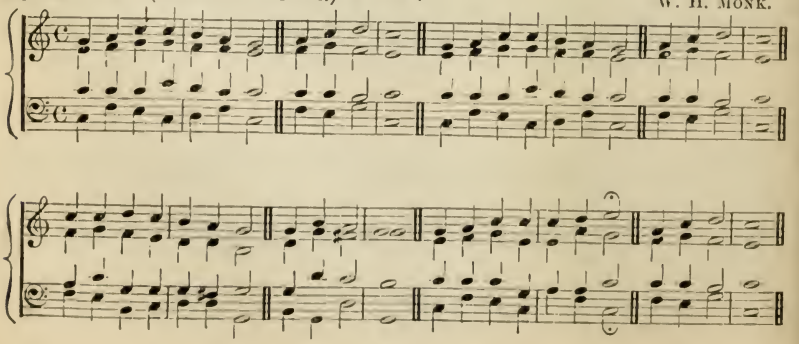
Christ hath ris'n, and man shall rise! 9 Where our ban - ner leads us,
Christ hath won, and man shall win! 10 His right arm is o'er us,

We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre-cedes us, We may face the foe.
He our guide will be: Christ hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye!

Hymn 716. Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7. H. Carey.



Hymn 716. (SECOND TUNE.) 7.7.7.7. W. H. Monk.



1 "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

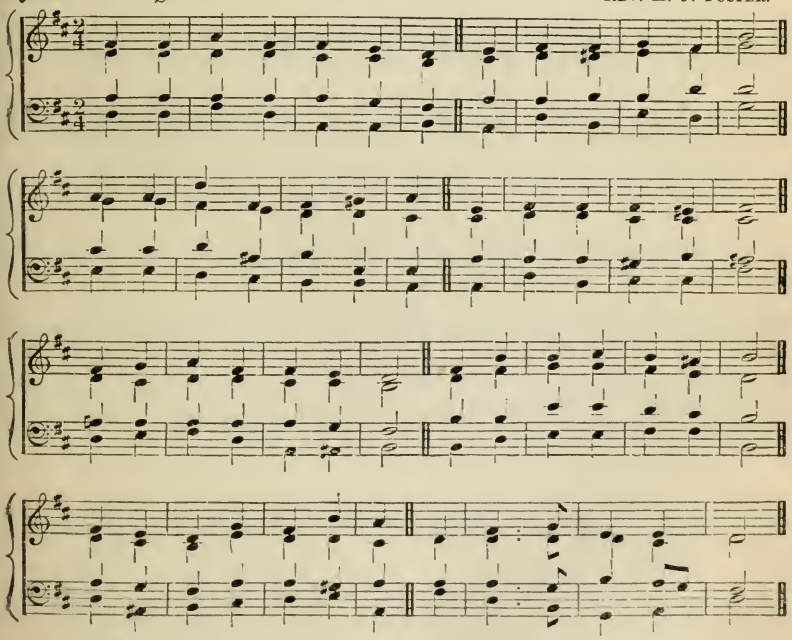
4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Hymn 717. Foster. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

REV. H. J. FOSTER.

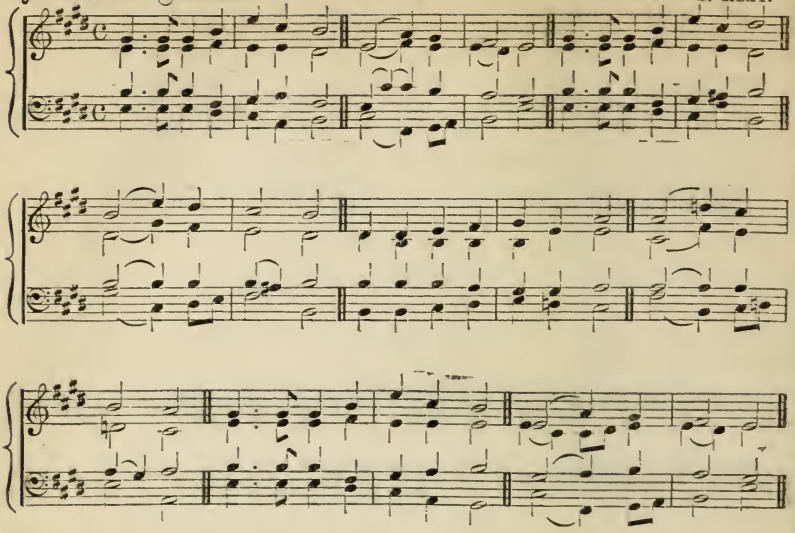


1 Father, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And raised him from the dead:
Him, for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

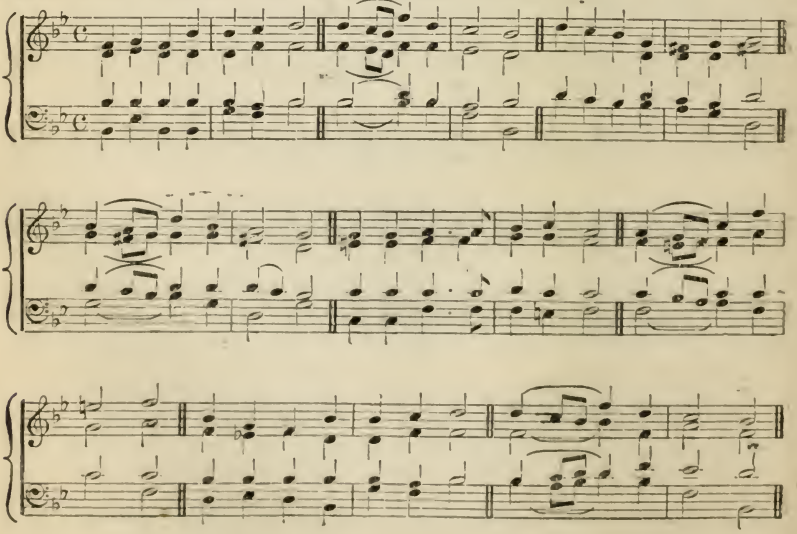
2 By thy own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
Thy people to redeem:
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

3 Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal:
Quickened with our living Lord,
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
And bless thee in the skies.

Hymn 718. Ascension. 7.7.7.7. S. Reay.



Hymn 718. (SECOND TUNE.) Rex Gloriæ. 7.7.7.7.



1 Hail the day that sees him rise, Alleluia.
Ravished from our wishful eyes! Alleluia.
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia.
Reascends his native heaven. Alleluia.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel-powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
"Take the King of glory in!"

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

6 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

7 Master, (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above you azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

10 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

Hymn 719. Carinthia. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 God is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conquering love!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

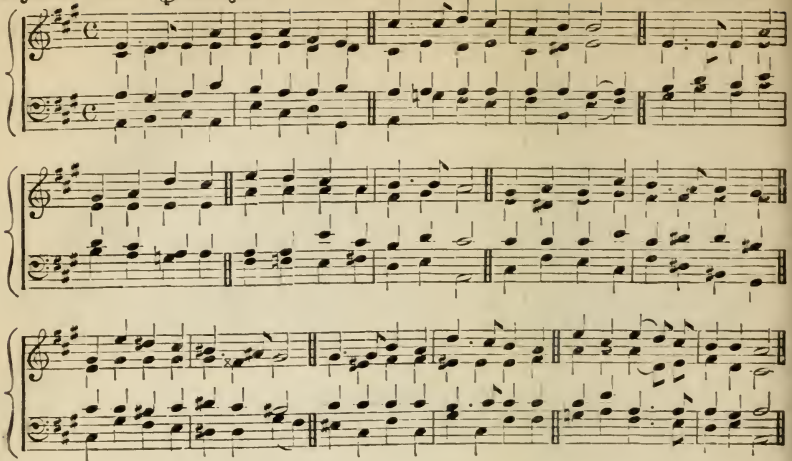
3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on his holy seat
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath his feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But he shall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

Hymn 720. Paulinzelle. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN HOPKINS.



1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds his chariot
To his heavenly palace gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel-voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 While he lifts his hands in blessing,
He is parted from his friends;
While their eager eyes behold him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To his everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With his blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of his grace.

5 He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

SECOND PART.

6 Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on his martyr army,
Succouring his faithful band;

7 See him, who is gone before us
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
See him, who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer,
See him, who with sound of trumpet
And with his angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

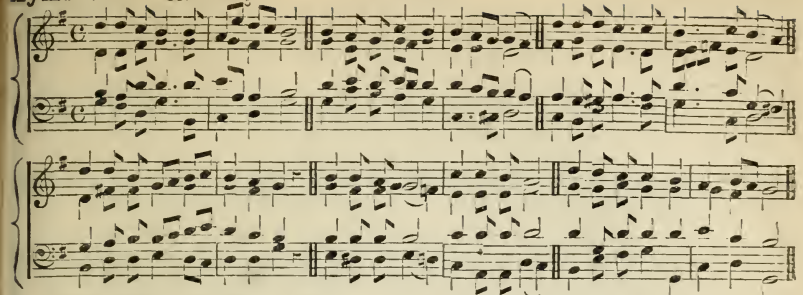
8 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory
In his heavenly citadel.

9 So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air,
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

The following Doxology may be sung at the end of either part.

Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be. Amen.

Hymn 721. Winfrith. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Sinners, rejoice: your peace is made;
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled:
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through him and blessing given,
To all in earth and all in heaven.

2 Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favoured race;
The blood that did for us atone,
Conferred on them some gift unknown;
Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
They triumph by his glorious wounds.

3 Or, stablished and confirmed by him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure they keep their blest estate,
Firm on an everlasting seat;
Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
In bliss improved, in glory higher.

4 Him they beheld our conquering God,
Returned with garments rolled in blood!
They saw, and kindled at the sight,
And filled with shouts the realms of light;
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kissed his bleeding feet.

5 They saw him in the courts above,
With all his recent prints of love;
The wounds, the blood! they heard its voice,
That heightened all their highest joys;
They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.

6 Not angel-tongues can e'er express
The unutterable happiness;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein through Christ they live,
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours!

Hymn 722. Austria. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

HAYDN.

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

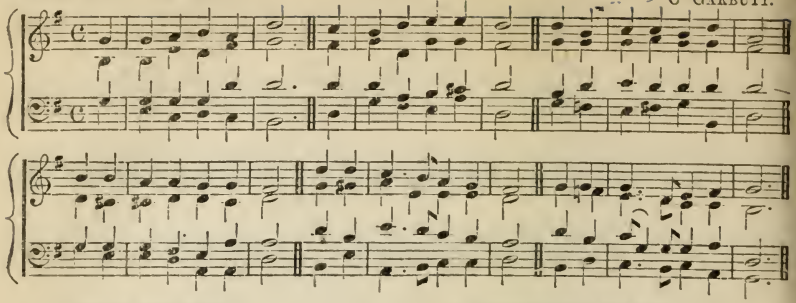
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Hymn 723. Devotion. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

C GARBUTT.



1 Jesus, to thee we fly,
On thee for help rely;
Thou our only refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.

2 We lift our joyful eyes,
And see the dazzling prize.
See the purchase of thy blood,
Freely now to sinners given;
Thou the living way hast showed,
Thou to us hast opened heaven.

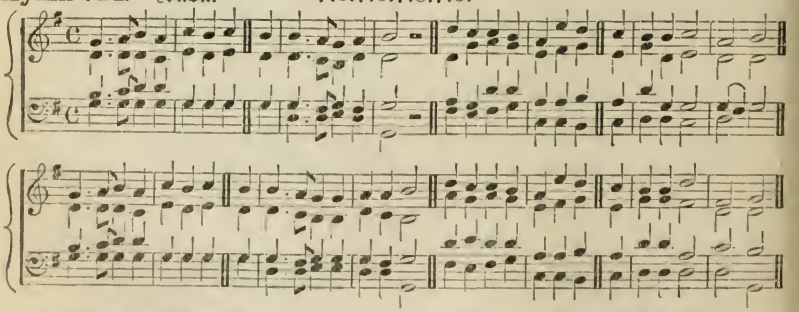
3 We now, divinely bold,
Of thy reward lay hold;
All thy glorious joy is ours,
All the treasures of thy love;
Now we taste the heavenly powers,
Now we reign with thee above.

4 Our anchor sure and fast
Within the veil is cast;
Stands our never-failing hope
Grounded in the holy place;
We shall after thee mount up,
See the Godhead face to face.

5 By faith already there,
In thee our Head, we are;
With our great Forerunner we
Now in heavenly places sit,
Banquet with the Deity,
See the world beneath our feet.

6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
Thou art to heaven gone;
Gone, that we might all pursue,
Closely in thy footsteps trend;
Gone, that we might follow too,
Reign triumphant with our Head.

Hymn 724. Saba. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

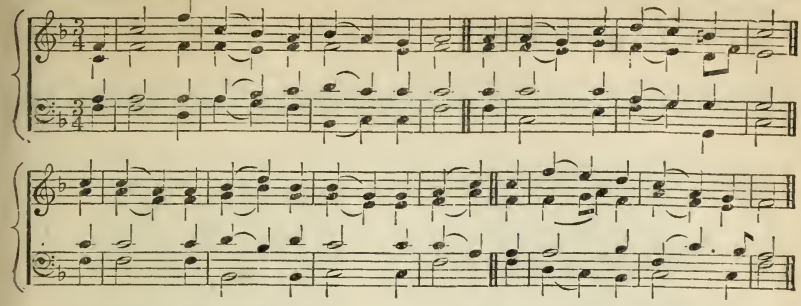


1 Trusting in our Lord alone,
A great High-priest we have!
Jesus, God's eternal Son,
Omnipotent to save,
With the virtue of his blood,
Ascending to the holiest place,
Passed the heavenly courts, and stood
Before his Father's face.

2 Separate now from sinful men,
Our Advocate above
Doth his brethren's cause maintain
Before the throne of love;
Pleads for us on earth who dwell
His one sufficient sacrifice;
Us to save from sin and hell,
He reigns above the skies.

3 Holy, like thyself, and pure
Thou wilt thy brethren make,
From an evil world secure,
And to thy bosom take;
Us before thy Father's face
Acknowledge for thy flesh and bone,
Higher than the angels place,
And nearest to thy throne.

Hymn 725. Trinity. C.M. HOWGATE.



1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

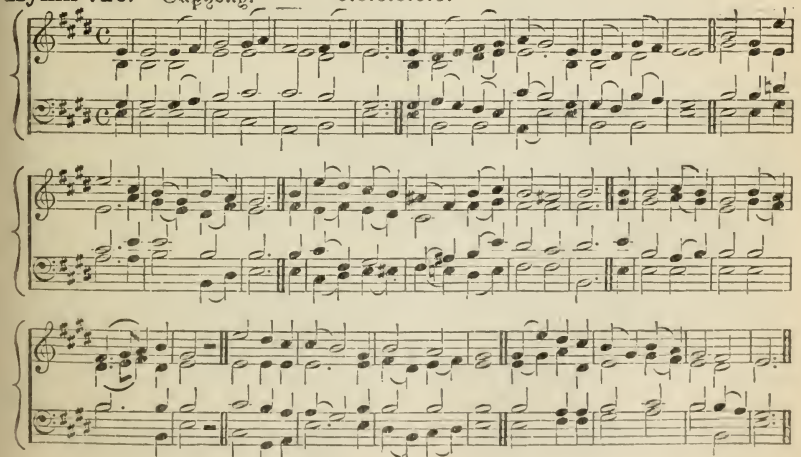
2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Hymn 726. Euphony. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

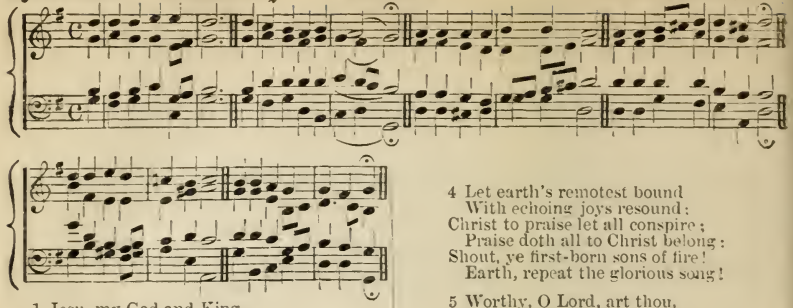


1 Entered the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High-priest in glory bears;
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer:
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

Hymn 727. Wittemburg. 6.6.7.7.7.7. JOHANN CRÜGER.



1 Jesu, my God and King,
Thy regal state I sing!
Thou, and only thou, art great,
High thine everlasting throne;
Thou the sovereign Potentate,
Blessed, immortal, thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest strains,
The King Messiah reigns!
Tune your harps, celestial choir,
Joyful all your voices raise;
Christ, than earth-born monarchs higher,
Sons of men and angels, praise!

3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, he rules alone:
Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall;
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

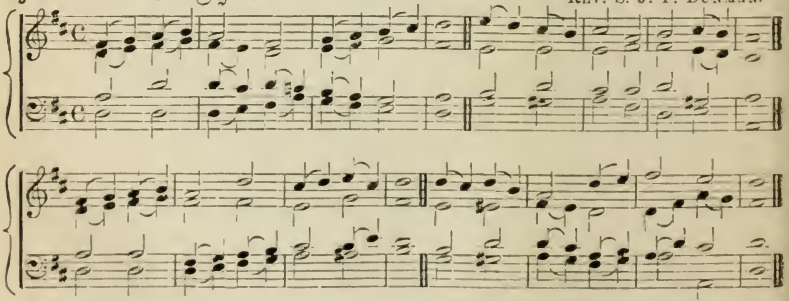
4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound:
Christ to praise let all conspire;
Praise doth all to Christ belong:
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire!
Earth, repeat the glorious song!

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee shall bow,
Every tongue to thee confess,
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

6 Wisdom is due to thee,
And might, and majesty:
Thee in mercy rich we prove:
Glory, honour, praise, receive;
Worthy thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign:
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own!

Hymn 728. St. Agnes. 7.7.7.7. REV. S. J. P. DUNMAN.



1 Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing:
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus the Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine,
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

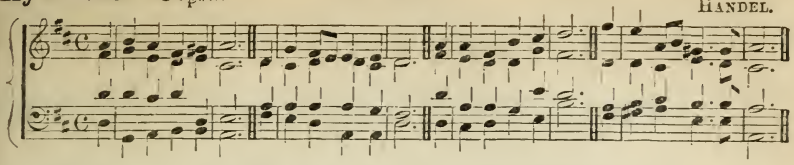
4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them;
God with us, we cannot fear:
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

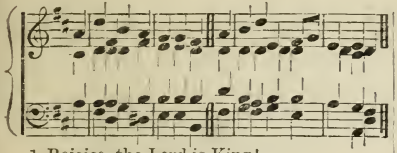
5 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight,
All the mountain flames with light,
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Christ the Saviour is come down,
Points us to the victor's crown,
Bids us take our seats above,
More than conquerors in his love.

Hymn 729. Gopsal. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

HANDEL.





1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Hymn 730. Jeshurun. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

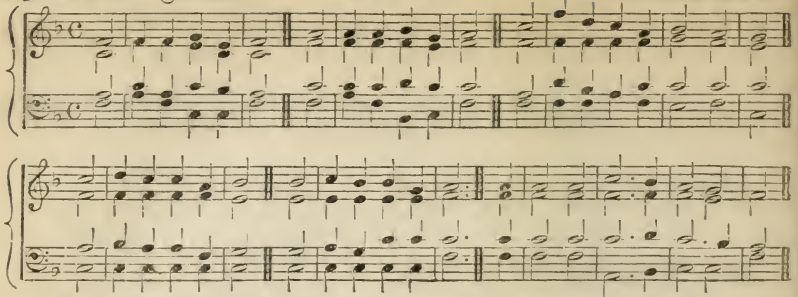
DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign:
Christ, the world's desire and hope,
Power complete to thee is given;
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

2 Where they all thy laws have spurned,
Where they thy name profane,
Where the ruined world hath mourned
With blood of millions slain,
Open there the ethereal scene,
Claim the heathen tribes for thine;
There the endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

3 Universal Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
Every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess:
None shall in thy mount destroy;
War shall then be learnt no more:
Saints shall their great King enjoy,
And all mankind adore.

Hymn 731. Ascalon. 6.6.8.6.6.8. CRUSADER'S HYMN.



1 My heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

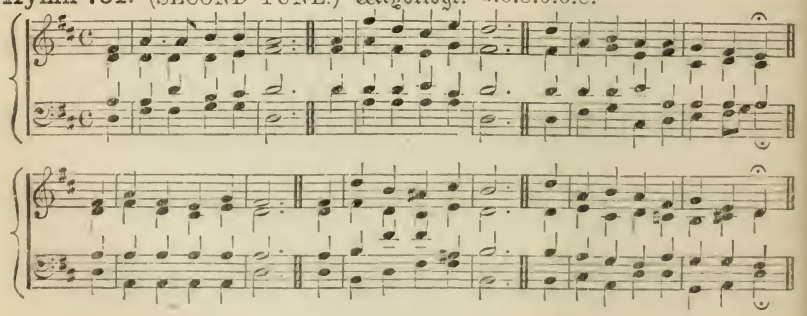
2 A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured his sacred blood,
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see;
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

Hymn 731. (SECOND TUNE.) Weybridge. 6.6.8.6.6.8.



SECOND PART.

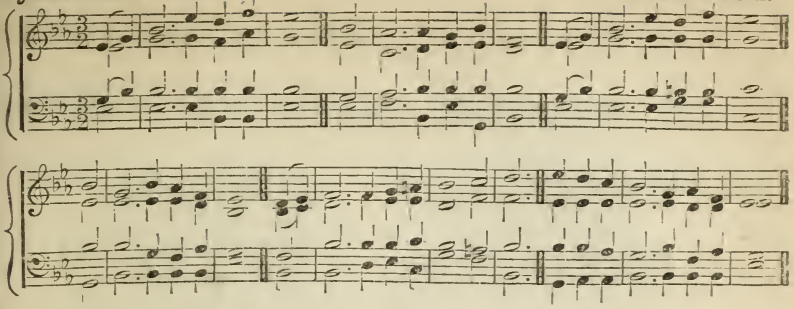
6 Jerusalem divine,
When shall I call thee mine?
And to thy holy hill attain,
Where weary pilgrims rest,
And in thy glories blest,
With God Messiah ever reign?

7 There saints and angels join
In fellowship divine,
And rapture swells the solemn lay:
While all with one accord
Adore their glorious Lord,
And shout his praise in endless day.

8 May I but find the grace
To fill an humble place
In that inheritance above;
My tuneful voice I'll raise
In songs of loudest praise,
To spread thy fame, Redeeming Love!

9 Reign, true Messiah, reign!
Thy kingdom shall remain
When stars and sun no more shall shine;
Mysterious Deity,
Who ne'er began to be,
To sound thy endless praise be mine!

Hymn 732. Turin. 6.6.6.6.8.8. HEINRICH ROTH.



1 Saviour, we know thou art
In every age the same:
Now, Lord, in ours exert
The virtue of thy name:
And daily, through thy word, increase
Thy blood-besprinkled witnesses.

2 Thy people, saved below
From every sinful stain,
Shall multiply and grow,
If thy command ordain;
And one into a thousand rise,
And spread thy praise through earth and skies.

3 In many a soul, and mine,
Thou hast displayed thy power:
But to thy people join
Ten thousand thousand more,
Saved from the guilt and strength of sin,
In life and heart entirely clean.

Hymn 733. Caledonia. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. C. GARDETT.

1 Lord of hosts, our God and Lord,
To thee we lift our voice,
Praise thy name with one accord,
And in thy strength rejoice;
Heaven is thine, and earth, and sea,
The work of thine almighty hand;
Every creature made by thee
Must bow to thy command.

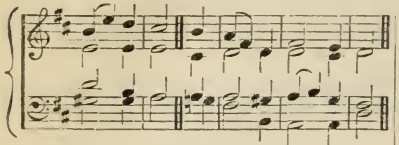
2 Lord, the cause belongs to thee
When truth's opposers rise,
Thou, who dost the evil see,
Disperse it with thine eyes!
They and we are in thine hand,
Who sittest on thy righteous throne;
Let thine awful counsel stand,
Thy sovereign will be done.

3 Thou who once didst shake the place
Where praying saints were met,
Spirit of faith and holiness,
The miracle repeat;
Now exert thy power to heal,
Thy waiting servants, Lord, inspire,
Warm their hearts with heavenly zeal,
And touch their lips with fire.

4 Power to every messenger
And ready utterance give,
That we boldly may declare
The name through which we live,
Preach the reconciling Word,
Who did his peace to all bequeath,
Followers of our lamb-like Lord,
And faithful unto death.

Hymn 734. Cana. S.M.

C. W. JORDAN.



1 Lord, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Hymn 735. (*See opposite.*) St. Hilda.

1 Thy messengers make known
What God by them hath done;
We who prayed for their success,
Thankful for their answered prayer,
Testify his faithfulness,
All his gracious works declare.

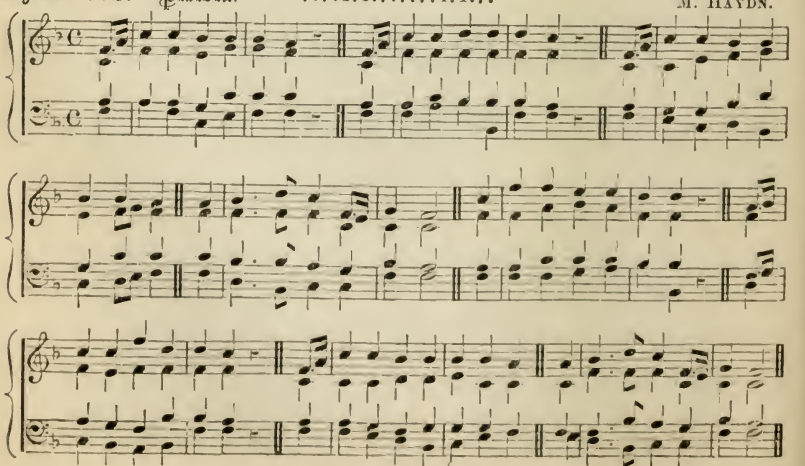
2 With joy we now approve
The truth of Jesu's love;
God, the universal God,
He the door hath opened wide.
Faith on heathens hath bestowed.
Washed them in his bleeding side.

3 Purged from the stains of sin,
By faith they enter in;
Purchased and redeemed of old,
Added to the chosen race,
Now received into the fold,
Heathens sing their Saviour's praise.

4 With them we lift our voice,
Partakers of their joys,
Conscious of the blood applied,
Freely all through faith forgiven:
Faith renews the justified,
Faith unfolds the gates of heaven.

Hymn 736. Pisidia. 7.7.4.4.7.7.7.4.4.7.

M. HAYDN.

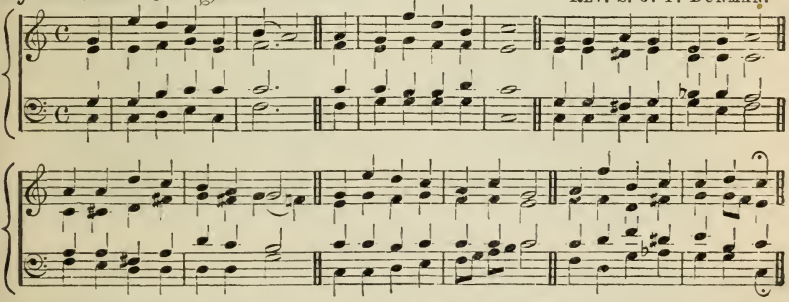


1 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransomed souls adore thee,
Whate'er is done
Thy work we own,
And give thee all the glory;
With thankfulness acknowledge
Our time of visitation;
Thine hand confess,
And gladly bless
The God of our salvation.

2 Thou hast employed thy servants,
And blest their weak endeavours,
And lo! in thee
We myriads see
Of justified believers;
The church of pardoned sinners,
Exulting in their Saviour,
Sing all day long
The gospel song,
And triumph in thy favour.

3 Thy wonders wrought already
Require our ceaseless praises;
But show thy power,
And myriads more
Endue with heavenly graces.
But fill our earth with glory,
And, known by every nation,
God of all grace
Receive the praise
Of all thy new creation.

Hymn 737. St. Hilda. 6.6.7.7.7.7. Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



1 Thou, Jesu, art our King,
Thy ceaseless praise we sing;
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art the Eternal Light,
That shin'st in deepest night.
Wondering gazed the angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heavens beneath,
God with God wast man with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid
Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fixed below.
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast opened wide.
Thou thine own dost lead secure
In thy cross, and by thy side.

5 Enthroned above yon sky,
Thou reign'st with God most high;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is given;
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

6 Cherubs with seraphs join
And in thy praise combine;
All their choirs thy glories sing;
Who shall dare with thee to vie?
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky!

7 Hail, venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men!
Hail, apostles of the Lamb
By whose strength ye faithful proved!
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death ye loved.

8 The church through all her bounds
With thy high praise resounds.
Confessors undaunted here
Unashamed proclaim their king;
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

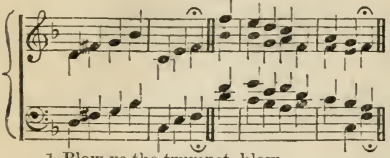
9 Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own.
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly, singularly good;
Glorying thy cross to bear
Till they seal their faith with blood.

10 Wide earth's remotest bound
Full of thy praise is found:
And all heaven's eternal day
With thy streaming glory flames:
All thy foes shall melt away
From the insufferable beams.

11 O Lord, O God of love,
Let us thy mercy prove!
King of all, with pitying eye
Mark the toil, the pains we feel;
Midst the snares of death we lie,
Midst the banded powers of hell.

12 Arise, stir up thy power,
Thou deathless Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

Hymn 738. Trinity Hymn. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

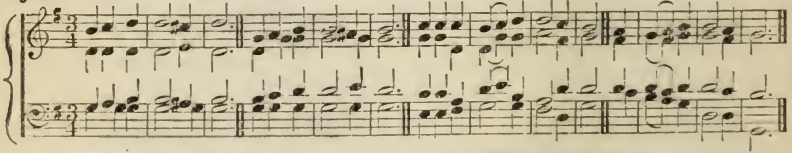
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Hymns 739 & 741. Sator. S.M.



1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed.
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest Home!"

Hymn 741. Sator.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation in their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How cheering is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

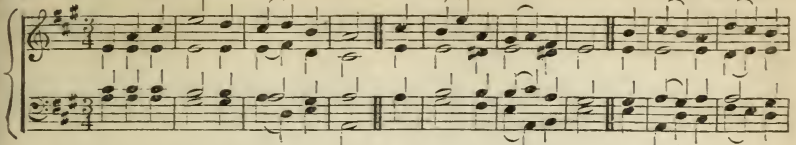
4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired long,
But died without the sight.

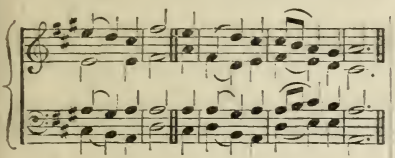
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Hymn 740. Richmond. C.M.

DR. HAWEIS.





1 Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

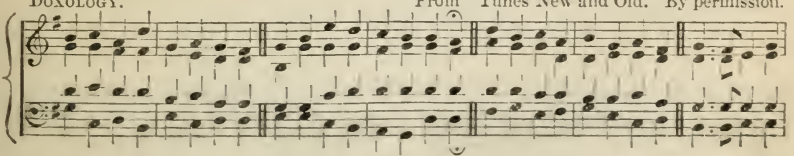
7 Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Hymn 742. Salisbury. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.

DOXOLOGY.

S. REAY, M.B.
From "Tunes New and Old." By permission.



1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

DOXOLOGY.

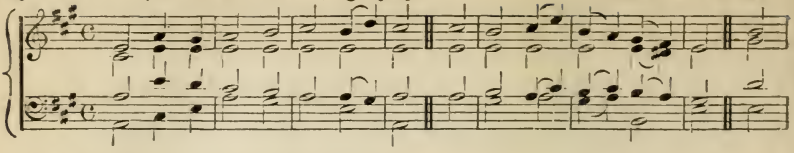
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

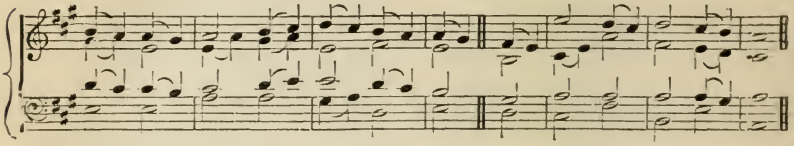
2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around:
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

Hymn 742. (SECOND TUNE.) Ashley. C.M.

REV. M. MADAN.





DOXOLOGY.

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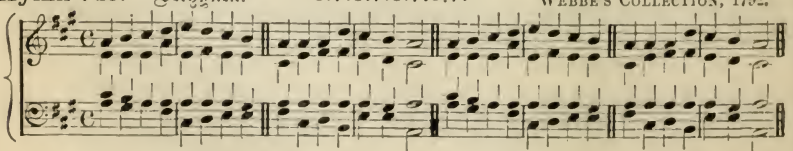
Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

Hymn 743. Bithynia. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

WEBBE'S COLLECTION, 1792.

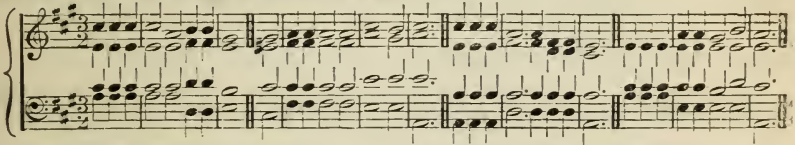


1 Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be;
By thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto thee:
Of thy cross the wondrous story,
Be to all the nations told!
Let them see thee in thy glory,
And thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
Human hearts in thee would rest;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Hymns 744 & 746. Missionary Chant. L.M.



1 Jesu, thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with tenderest pity see
The sheep that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want;
With no kind shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art:
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd;
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth, and utterance give;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in him who died for all.

6 Thy only glory let them seek;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow!
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

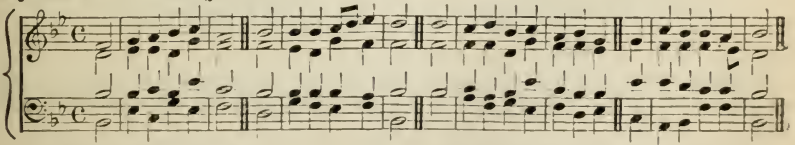
Hymn 746. Missionary Chant.

1 The heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you!
And what for him will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
In every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

Hymn 745. Evangel. S.M.



1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

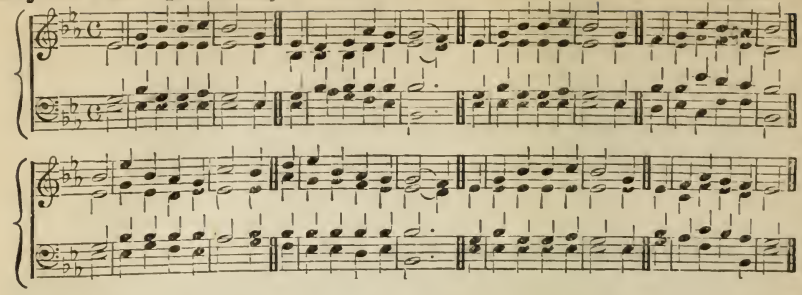
2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

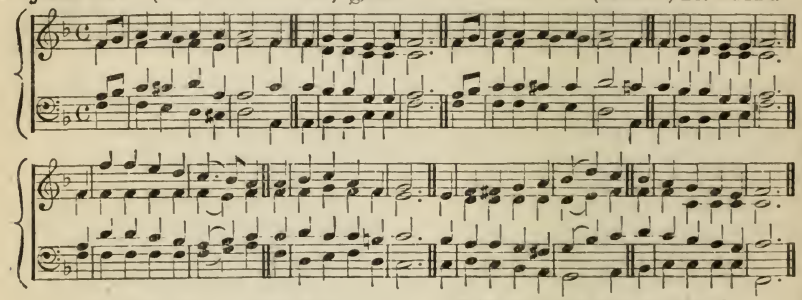
4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

Hymn 747. Missionary. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) L. Mason.



Hymn 747. (SECOND TUNE.) Heber. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) Bp. Heber.



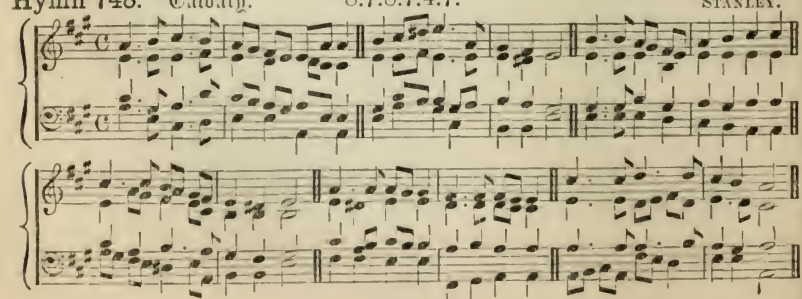
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 748. Calvary. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Stanley.



1 Come, thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near:
True and faithful!
Stablish thy dominion here.

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory;
Thine the ransomed nations are;
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the isles thy power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread!
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon thy head;
But thine essence
None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestowed;
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God;
Flesh thy vesture,
Dipped in thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation,
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom,
Claim the purchase of thy blood.

6 On thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world thy heavenly name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb;
All adore thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation
To the Lord our God we give;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant,
King of kings, for ever live!

Hymn 749. Wells. L.M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1700.

1 Head of thy church, whose Spirit fills
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole;

2 "Come, Lord," thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan;
"Come, Lord," the bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

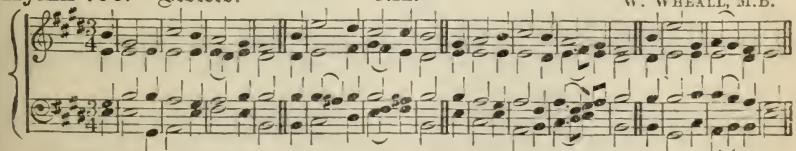
3 Pour out the promised gift on all.
Answer the universal "Come!"
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
And take thine ancient people home.

4 To thee let all the nations flow,
Let all obey the gospel word;
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
Filled with the glory of the Lord.

5 O for thy truth and mercy's sake
The purchase of thy passion claim!
Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
And cause the world to know thy name.

Hymn 750. Bedford. C.M.

W. WHEALL, M.B.



1 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

2 Thy Godhead brooding o'er the abyss
Of formless waters lay;
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.

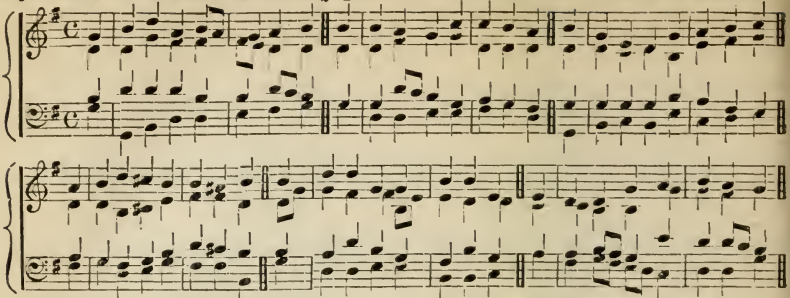
3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
The abyss of Deity.

4 Thy power through Jesu's life displayed,
Quite from the virgin's womb,
Dying, his soul an offering made,
And raised him from the tomb.

5 God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below:
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From thee their fountain flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

Hymns 751 & 752. Wrestling Jacob. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Dr. S. S. Wesley.



1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song,
All praise to thy eternal merit,
O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

Hymn 752. Wrestling Jacob.

1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

Hymn 753. Stabat Mater. 7.7.7. Ancient Latin Melody.

1 Holy Ghost! my Comforter!
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed thy gracious radiance here.

2 Come to them who suffer dearth,
With thy gifts of priceless worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth!

3 Thou the heart's most precious guest,
Thou of comforters the best,
Give to us, the o'er-laden, rest.

4 Come! in thee our toil is sweet,
Shelter from the noon-day heat,
From whom sorrow flieth fleet.

5 Blessed Sun of grace! o'er all
Faithful hearts who on thee call
Let thy light and solace fall.

6 What without thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

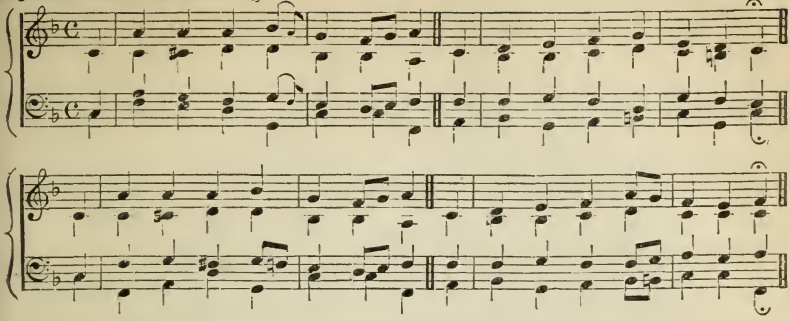
7 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
O'er the parched heart O rain!
Heal the wounded of its pain.

8 Bend the stubborn will to thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts to right incline.

9 Grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give thy gift of charity.

10 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with thee in bliss!

Hymn 754. Canonbury. L.M. R. Schumann.



1 Jesus, we on the word depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil;
And give the Spirit of thy grace,
To teach us all thy perfect will.

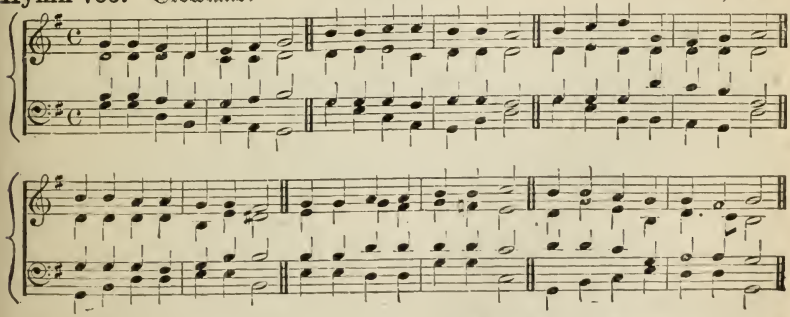
3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin;

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like thee!

Hymn 755. Crowland. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Johann Schop, 1640.



1 Father, glorify thy Son;
Answering his all-powerful prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believingly we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

2 Then by faith we know and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace;
With us he vouchsafes to dwell,
With us while unseen he stays:
All our help and good, we own,
Freely flows from him alone.

3 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art,
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart?
Yes, thou must the grace bestow;
Christ hath said it shall be so.

Hymn 756. Elebation. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

R. Mellor.
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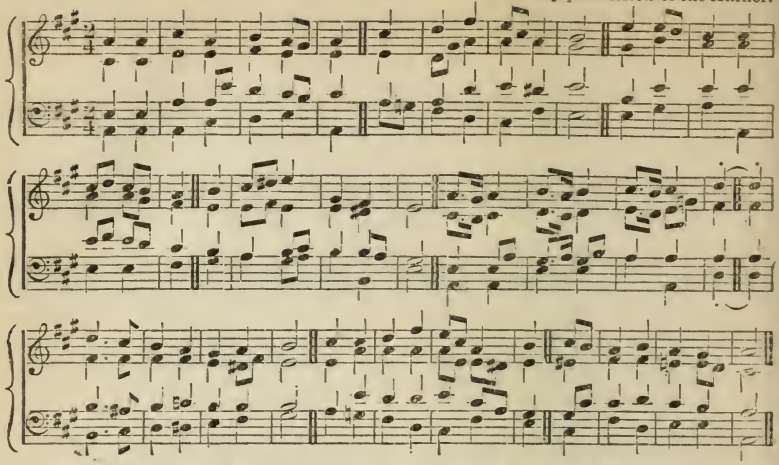


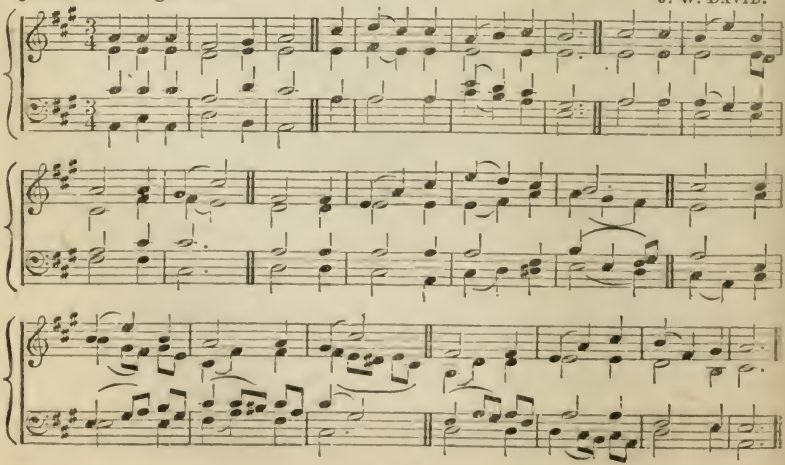
1 Branch of Jesse's stem, arise,
And in our nature grow,
Turn our earth to paradise
By flourishing below:
Bless us with the Spirit of grace,
Immeasurably shed on thee;
Give to all the faithful race
The promised Deity.

2 Let the Spirit of our Head
On all the members rest;
From thyself to us proceed,
And dwell in every breast;
Teach to judge and act aright,
Inspire with wisdom from above,
Holy faith, and heavenly might,
And reverential love.

3 Lord, of thee we fain would learn
Thy heavenly Father's will;
Give us quickness to discern,
And boldness to fulfil:
All his mind to us explain,
And all his name on us impress;
Then our souls in thee attain
The perfect righteousness.

Hymn 757. Ilkestone. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

J. W. David.



1 Thou art gone up on high
Our Saviour in the sky,
Principalities and powers
Thou hast spoiled, and captive led,
Conquered all thy foes and ours,
More than conquered in our stead.

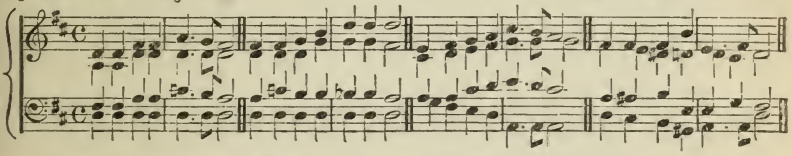
2 Mysterious gifts unseen
Thou hast received for men,
Gifts for a rebellious race
Streaming from thy throne above,
Contrite grief, and pardoning grace,
Humble fear, and purest love.

3 The gift unspeakable,
The witness, pledge, and seal,
Heavenly Comforter divine,
Spirit of eternity,
Purchased by that blood of thine,
Him thou hast received for me.

4 For me obtained he is,
For all thine enemies;
Jesus, thou the giver art!
Now thy Father's name reveal,
Now the Holy Ghost impart,
God in man for ever dwell!

Hymn 758. Sherborne. 7.7.7.7.

From MENDELSSOHN.



1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus now to heaven restored;

2 Christ, who now gone up on high
Captive leads captivity;
While his foes from him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

3 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals his abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

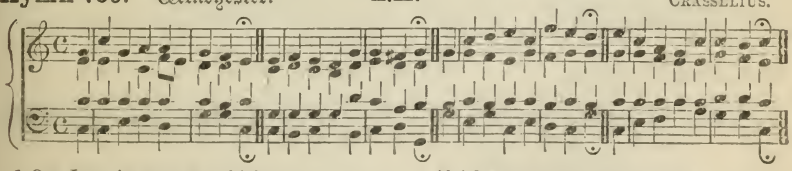
4 Never will he thence depart,
Inmate of an humble heart;
Carrying on his work within,
Striving till he casts out sin.

5 There he helps our feeble moans,
Deepens our imperfect groans,
Intercedes in silence there,
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

6 Come, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter our devoted breast;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift, and Giver too!

Hymn 759. Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELIUS.



1 Our Jesus is gone up on high,
For us the blessing to receive;
It now comes streaming from the sky,
The Spirit comes, and sinners live.

2 To every one whom God shall call
The promise is securely made;
To you far off; he calls you all;
Believe the word which Christ hath said;

3 "The Holy Ghost, if I depart,
The Comforter shall surely come,
Shall make the contrite sinner's heart
His loved, his everlasting home."

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

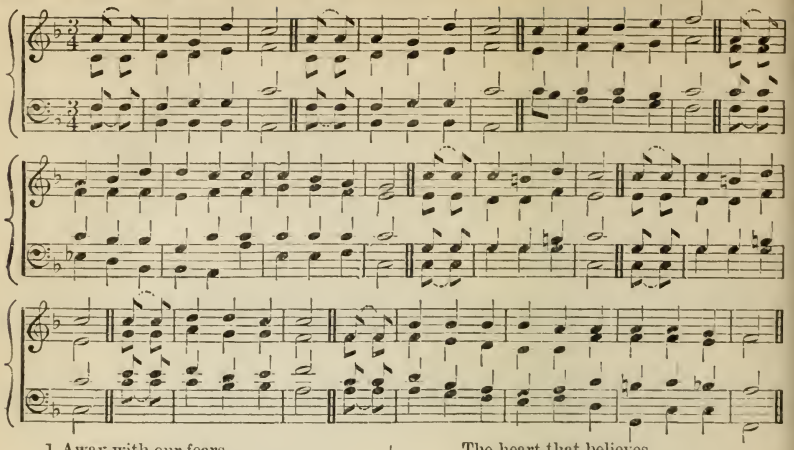
5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind:
Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.

Hymn 760. Hosanna. 5.5.5.11.5.5.5.11. Dr. Gauntlett.



1 Away with our fears,
Our troubles and tears!
The Spirit is come,
The witness of Jesus returned to his home;
The pledge of our Lord
To his heaven restored
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.

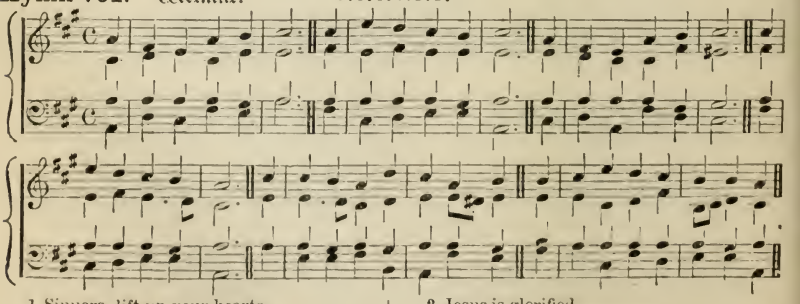
2 Our Advocate there
By his blood and his prayer
The gift hath obtained,
For us he hath prayed, and the Comforter gained;
Our glorified Head
His Spirit hath shed,
With his people to stay,
And never again will he take him away.

3 Our heavenly guide
With us shall abide,
His comforts impart,
And set up his kingdom of love in the heart.
The heart that believes
His kingdom receives,
His power and his peace,
His life, and his joy's everlasting increase.

4 The presence divine
Doth inwardly shine,
The Shechinah shall rest
On all our assemblies, and glow in our breast;
By day and by night
The pillar of light
Our steps shall attend,
And convoy us safe to our prosperous end.

5 Then let us rejoice
In heart and in voice,
Our leader pursue,
And shout as we travel the wilderness through;
With the Spirit remove
To Zion above,
Triumphant arise,
And walk with our God, till we fly to the skies.

Hymn 761. Weimar. 6.6.6.6.8.8.



1 Sinners, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive!
Jesus himself imparts,
He comes in man to live;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

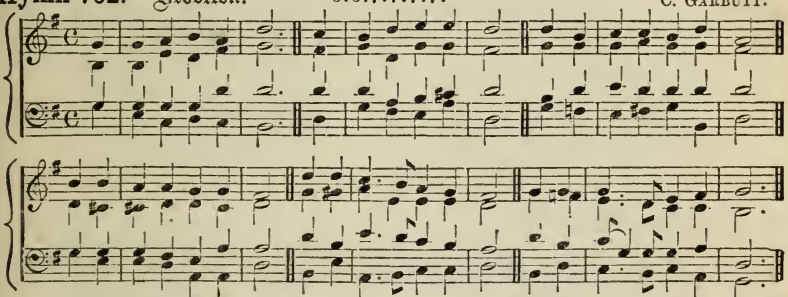
3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness, and joy;
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 The cleansing blood to apply,
The heavenly life display,
And wholly sanctify,
And seal us to that day,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

5 Sent down to make us meet
To see his glorious face,
And grant us each a seat
In that thrice happy place,
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

6 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end;
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

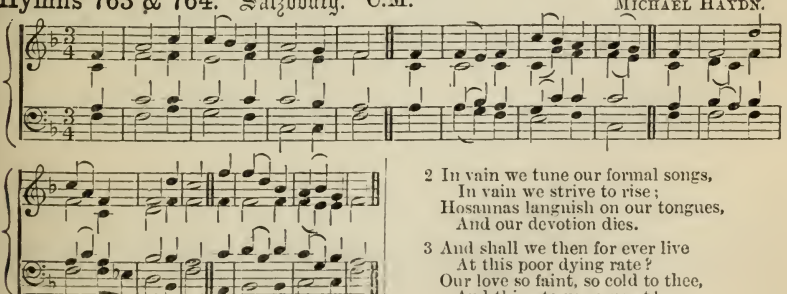
Hymn 762. Devotion. 6.6.7.7.7.7. C. GARBUTT.



1 Eternal Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself, the Comforter.

Hymns 763 & 764. Salzbourg. C.M. MICHAEL HAYDN.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Hymn 764. Salzbourg.

1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while unworthy I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

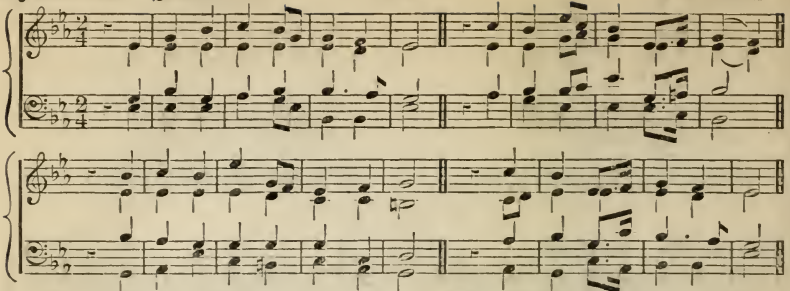
2 "My Father God!" that gracious sound
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And, "Abba, Father," humbly cry·
Nor can the sign deceive.

Hymn 765. Kilmarnock. C.M.

N. DOUGALL.



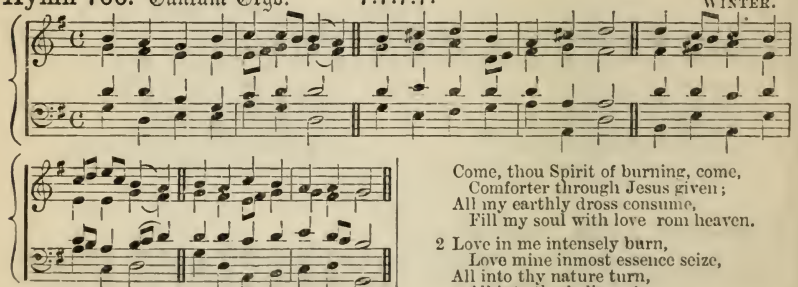
1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Hymn 766. Tantum Ergo. 7.7.7.7.

WINTER.

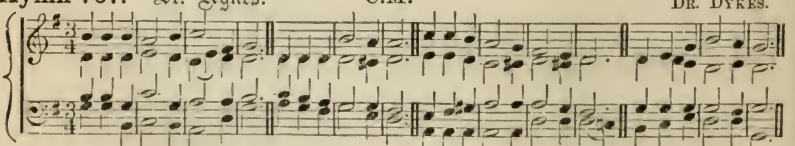


1 Pure baptismal Fire divine,
All thy heavenly powers exert,
In my deepest darkness shine,
Spread thy warmth throughout my heart;
Come, thou Spirit of burning, come,
Comforter through Jesus given;
All my earthly dross consume,
Fill my soul with love rom heaven.

2 Love in me intensely burn,
Love mine inmost essence seize,
All into thy nature turn,
All into thy holiness!
Spark of thy celestial flame,
Then my soul shall upward move,
Trembling on with steady aim,
Seek and join its source above.

Hymn 767. St. Agnes. C.M.

DR. DYKES.



1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry.
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

Hymn 768. Goshen. 7.7.7.7. Dr. Gauntlett.

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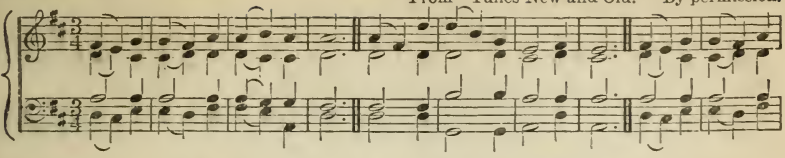
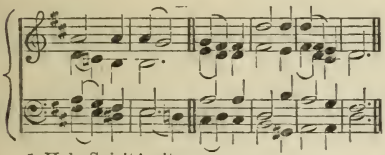




1 Holy Spirit! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving thee;
Present, though I mourn apart,
Listen to a wailing heart.

2 Sins unnumbered I confess,
Of exceeding sinfulness,
Sin against thyself alone,
Only to Omniscience known;

3 Deafness to thy whispered calls,
Rashness midst remembered falls,
Transient fears beneath the rod,
Treacherous trifling with my God;

4 Tasting that the Lord is good,
Pining then for poisoned food;
At the fountains of the skies
Craving creaturely supplies!

5 Worldly cares at worship-time;
Grovelling aims in works sublime;
Pride, when God is passing by!
Sloth, when souls in darkness die!

6 Chilled devotions, changed desires,
Quenched corruption's earlier fires:
Sins like these my heart deceive,
Thee, who only know'st them, grieve.

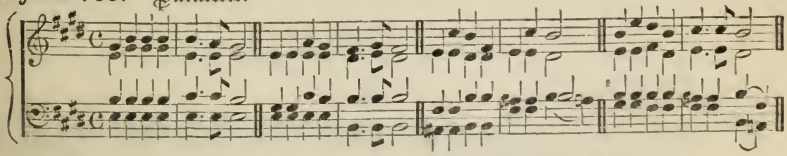
7 O how lightly have I slept,
With thy daily wrongs unwept!
Sought thy chidings to defer,
Shunned the wounded Comforter.

8 Woke to holy labours fresh,
With the plague-spot in my flesh;
Angel seemed to human sight,
Stood a leper in thy light!

9 Still thy comforts do not fail,
Still thy healing aids avail;
Patient inmate of my breast,
Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.

10 O be merciful to me,
Now in bitterness for thee!
Father, pardon through thy Son
Sins against thy Spirit done!

Hymn 769. Paraclete. 7.7.7.7.7.7.



1 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

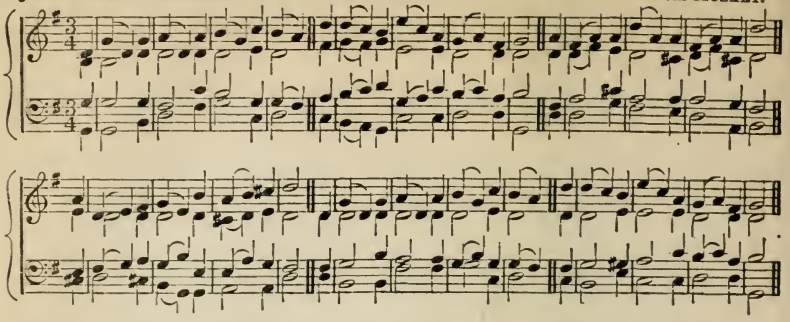
2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on, and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be,
Separate from sin, I would
Choose, and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

Hymn 770. Swabia. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From Mozart.



1 Blest Spirit! from the eternal Sire
And Son proceeding; promised, sent!
'Tis thine the first good thought to inspire,
By thee the reprobate repent,
The penitent by thee believe,
The saints thy sanctity receive.

2 Thy Deity the saints adore,
Thy offices of mercy bless,
Thy help in utmost need implore,
Thy all-sufficiency confess;
Without thee, wretched, poor, and blind,
Health, wisdom, joy in thee they find.

3 If e'er to forms of truth I gave
The homage due, great Lord, to thee,
E'er deemed the cross could, spell-like, save,
While yet thou dwelledst not in me,
Reprove my folly, but forgive,
And make me understand and live.

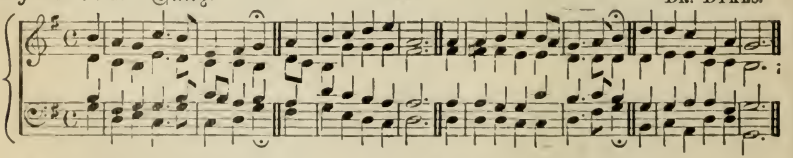
4 Thou gav'st the word, and must apply;
Thou know'st the Son, and must make known;
In vain he died, and rose on high,
And stoops beseeching from his throne,
Till thou this alien heart prepare,
And gain for Christ an entrance there.

5 O could I always know thee near,
Midst means and ministries of grace!
Thy footsteps in my closet hear,
Thy finger on my Bible trace!
My God! here find, here grant thy rest,
Pleased inmate of my peaceful breast!

6 Nor me alone instruct, rejoice;
All souls are thine, teach, comfort all!
Let each soon recognise thy voice
In every evangelic call,
Then feel thy halcyon rest within
Calming the storms of dread and sin.

7 Thus, searching the deep things of God,
And witnessing his mind to us,
Where'er peace dwells, or truth hath trod,
Reveal thy glorious person thus!
And, with all majesty divine,
All praise, Blest Spirit, shall be thine.

Hymn 771. Faith. C.M. Dr. Dykes.



1 Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

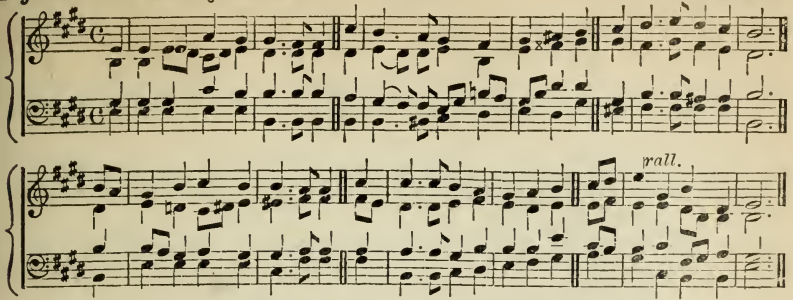
5 Come as the dove! and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace!
That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face.

7 Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

Hymn 772. Woodhouse Grobe. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. H. Mann.



1 O thou who hast redeemed of old,
And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with thee,
Help me thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me!

2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know,
Thy love my plea I make;
Give me thy love, 'tis all I claim;
Give, for the honour of thy name,
Give, for thy mercy's sake.

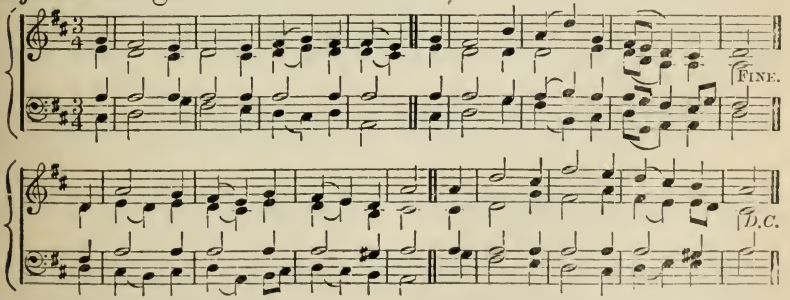
3 Canst thou deny that love to me?
Say, thou Incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of sorrows, say;
Thy glory why didst thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay?

4 Ancient of days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of man?

5 Love, only love, thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distressed thee sore for my relief:
O mystery of love!

6 Because thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

Hymn 773. Arne's. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 Regardless now of things below,
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
Determined thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires;
Fill me with righteousness divine:
To end, as to begin, is thine.

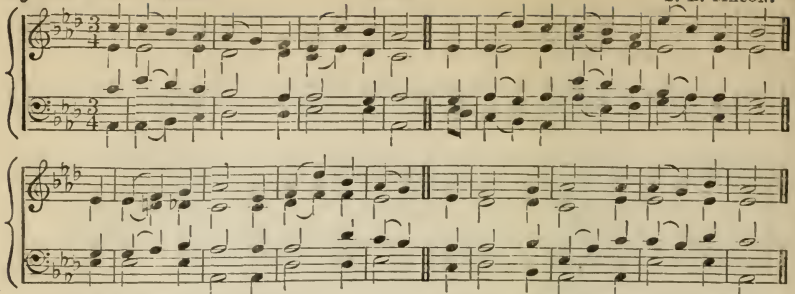
2 What is a worthless worm to thee?
What is in man thy grace to move?
That still thou seekest those who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love?
That still thine inmost bowels cry,
"Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why?"

3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin!
Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show!
End, Jesus, end this war within!
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quickening influence give:
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain!
Take thou, O take this guilty heart!
Thy blood will wash out every stain:
No cross, no sufferings I decline;
Only let all my heart be thine.

Hymn 774. Eden. L.M.

T. B. Mason.



1 O thou that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace:
Thy grace will here be free indeed.

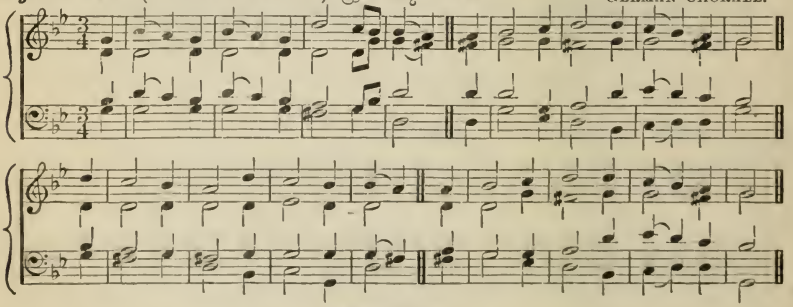
3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that *would* by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.

4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thine all-cleansing blood,
That blood which doth for sinners speak;
O let it speak us up to God!

Hymn 774. (SECOND PART.) Munich. L.M.

German Chorale.



SECOND PART.

6 Canst thou reject our dying prayer,
Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Jesus, remember Calvary!

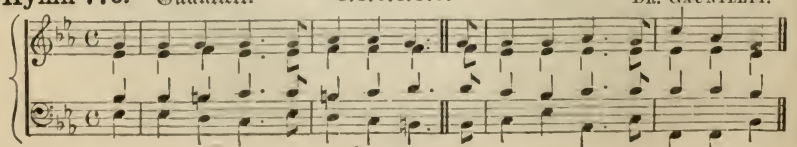
7 Numbered with the transgressors thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?

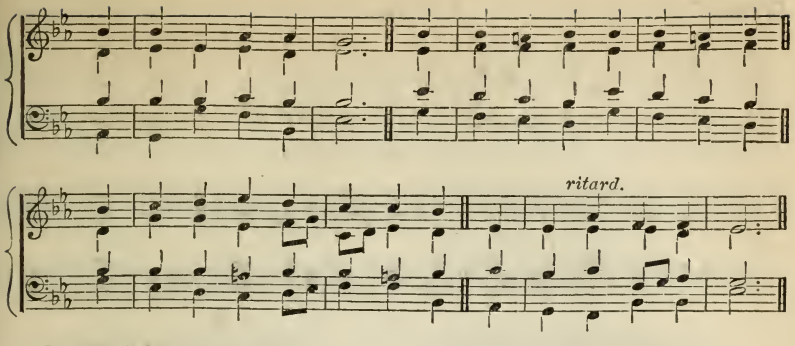
8 For us wast thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

9 O might we with believing eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see,
And cast us on thy sacrifice!
Jesus, my Lord, remember me!

Hymn 775. Gauntlett. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Dr. Gauntlett.





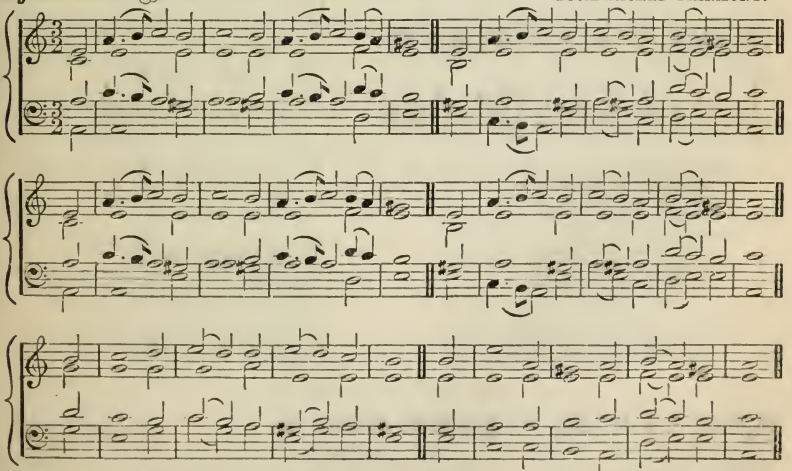
1 By secret influence from above,
Me thou dost every moment prove,
And labour to convert;
Ready to save I feel thee nigh,
And still I hear thy Spirit cry,
"My son, give me thy heart."

2 Why do I not the call obey,
Cast my besetting sin away,
With every useless load?
Why cannot I this moment give
The heart thou waitest to receive,
And love my loving God?

3 My loving God, the hindrance show,
Which nature dreads, alas! to know,
And lingers to remove;
Stronger than sin, thy grace exert,
And seize, and change, and fill my heart
With all the powers of love.

4 Then shall I answer thy design,
No longer, Lord, my own, but thine;
Till all thy will be done,
Humbly I pass my trial here,
And ripe in holiness appear
With boldness at thy throne.

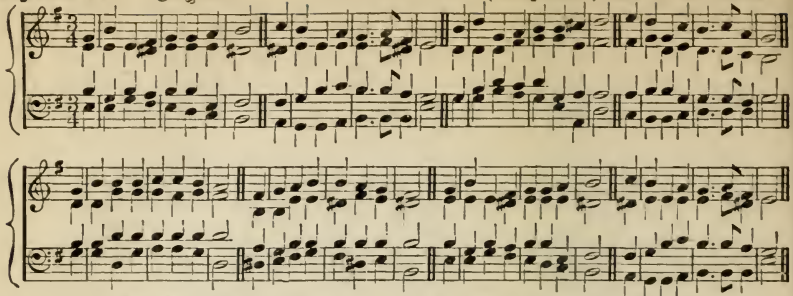
Hymn 776. Marienbourn. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From Sacred Harmony.



1 The harvest of my joys is passed,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet am I unredeemed at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead,
If on the margin of the grave
Thou canst not in a moment save.

2 Destroy me not by thy delay;
Delay is endless death to me!
But the last moment of my day
Is as a thousand years to thee:
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me thy salvation now!

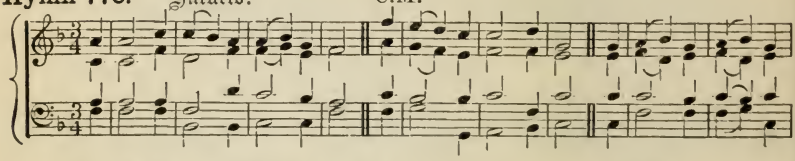
Hymn 777. Leyburn. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.) Rev. R. Harrison.



1 Ah! why am I left to complain
In gloomy despair of relief?
No end of oppression and pain,
No respite, or ease of my grief!
To soothe my incurable wound
No friendly physician I see;
No balm is in Gilead found,
No promise of mercy for me.

2 In vain for redemption I look;
My hope in a Saviour unknown,
It passes away like a brook
Dried up in a moment and gone!
But God cannot finally fail;
The Fountain of life from above
Shall rise in the depth of the vale,
Shall flow with a current of love.

Hymn 778. Hatfield. C.M.



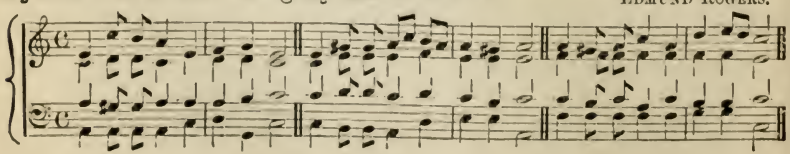
1 Thou bidd'st me ask, and with the word
Dost give the power to pray;
I ask the mercy of my Lord
To take my sins away;
The sins with which I cannot part
I pray thee to remove,
And calm, and purify my heart
By thy forgiving love.

2 If my obduracy impedo
The current of thy grace,
If unlamented crimes forbid,
And will not let thee bless;
The contrite sense, the grief divine,
Thou only canst bestow;
Strike this hard rocky heart of mine,
And let the waters flow.

3 Repentance, permanent and deep,
To thy poor suppliant give,
Indulge me at thy feet to weep,
When thou hast bid me live;
When thou record'st my sins no more,
O may I still lament,
A sinner, saved by grace, adore,
A pardoned penitent.

4 I ask not aught whereof to boast,
But let me feel applied
The blood that ransomed sinners lost,
And by thy cross abide;
Myself the chief of sinners know,
Till all my griefs are past;
And of my gracious acts below,
Repentance be the last.

Hymns 779 & 780. St. Nathaniel. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Edmund Rogers.



1 Unclean, of life and heart unclean,
How shall I in his sight appear?
Conscious of my inveterate sin,
I blush and tremble to draw near;
Yet, through the garment of his word,
I humbly seek to touch my Lord.

2 Turn then, thou good Physician, turn,
Thou source of unexhausted love,
Sole Comforter of souls forlorn,
Who only canst my plague remove,
O cast a pitying look on me
Who dare not lift mine eyes to thee!

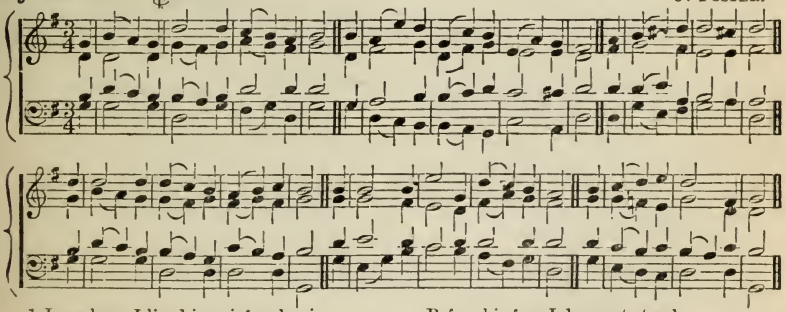
3 Yet will I in my God confide,
Who mildly comes to meet my soul;
I wait to feel thy blood applied,
Thy blood applied shall make me whole;
And lo! I trust thy gracious power
To touch, to heal me—in this hour.

Hymn 780. St. Nathaniel.

1 Lord, I believe thou *wilt* forgive,
But help me to believe thou *dost;*
The answer of thy promise give,
Wherein thou causest me to trust;
The gospel-faith divine impart,
Which seals my pardon on my heart.

2 I do believe thy blood was spilt
To make my heart and nature clean,
But help me to believe thou wilt
This moment cleanse me from my sin;
Preserve me every moment thine,
A vessel pure of love divine.

Hymn 781. Pembroke. 8.8.6. 8.8.6. J. Foster.



1 Long have I lived in grief and pain,
And suffered many things in vain,
And all physicians tried;
Nor men nor means my soul can heal,
The plague is still incurable,
The fountain is undried.

2 No help can I from these receive;
Nor men nor means can e'er relieve,
Or give my spirit ease;
Still worse and worse my case I find;
Here then I cast them all behind,
From all my works I cease.

3 I find brought in a better hope,
Succour there is for me laid up,
For every helpless soul;
Salvation is in Jesu's name,
Could I but touch his garment's hem,
Even I should be made whole.

4 'Tis here, in hope my God to find,
With humble awe I come behind
And wait his grace to prove;
Before his face I dare not stand,
But faith puts forth a trembling hand,
To apprehend his love.

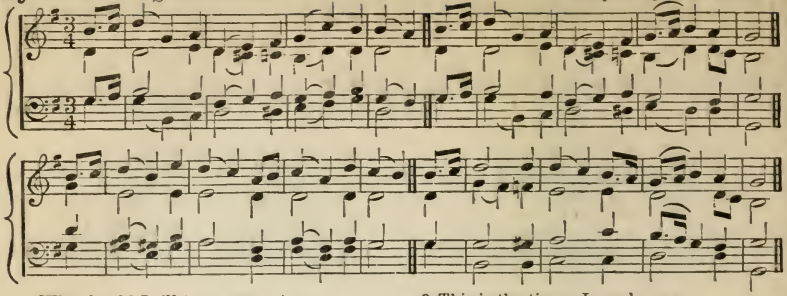
5 Surely his healing power is nigh;
I touch him now! by faith even I,
My Lord, lay hold on thee:
Thy power is present now to heal,
I feel, through all my soul I feel
That Jesus died for me.

6 I glory in redemption found;
Jesus, my Lord and God, look round,
The conscious sinner see;
Yes, I have touched thy clothes, and own
The miracle thy grace hath done
On such a worm as me.

7 With lowly reverential fear
I testify that thou art near,
To all who seek thy love;
Saviour of *all* I thee proclaim;
The world may know thy saving name
And all its wonders prove.

Hymn 782. Kalkbrenner. L.M.

Adapted by T. E. Bell.



1 Why should I till to-morrow stay
For what thou wouldst bestow to-day,
What thou more willing art to give
Than I to ask, or to receive?

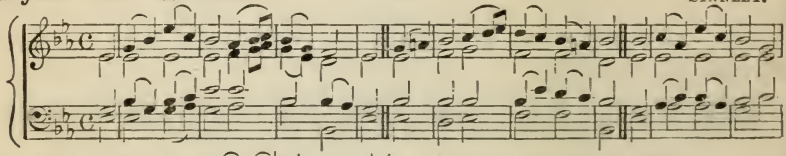
2 This moment, Lord, thou ready art
To break, and to bind up my heart,
To pour the balm of Gilead in,
Forgive, and take away my sin.

3 This is the time: I surely may
Salvation find on this glad day,
And knowing thee my Saviour prove
That thou art God, and God is love.

4 Give then the bliss for which I pray
To-day, while it is called to-day,
The nature pure, the life divine,
And make thy gracious fulness mine!

Hymn 783. Warwick. C.M.

Stanley.



1 To-day, while it is called to-day,
My willing heart I bow;
I harden it no more, but pray
And look for mercy now:
I look—till thou my peace create,
My promised pardon seal,
And every solemn moment wait,
Thy sprinkled blood to feel.

2 To-day, before to-morrow come,
I yield to be renewed,
My Saviour's mean, but constant home,
A temple filled with God.
Now, Saviour, now thy servant bless,
Who always ready art,
And fully from this hour possess
My unopposing heart.

Hymn 784. Claudius. C.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now all my wants thou wouldst relieve
In this, the accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace!

Hymn 785. Nazareth. C.M.

T. Wallhead.

1 O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

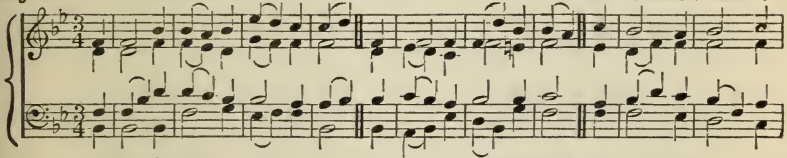
3 My mind, by thy all-quickening power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

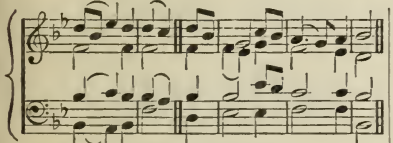
4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to Thee!

Hymn 786. Wilts. C.M.

Sir George Smart.





1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

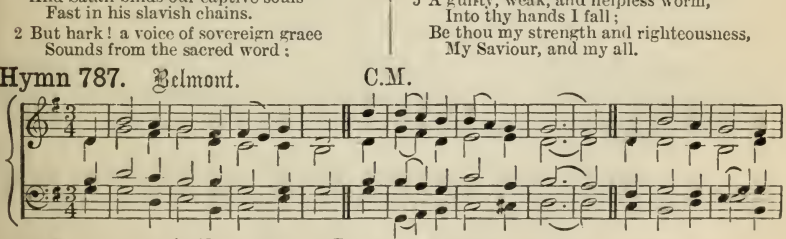
2 But hark! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

Hymn 787. Belmont. C.M.



1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

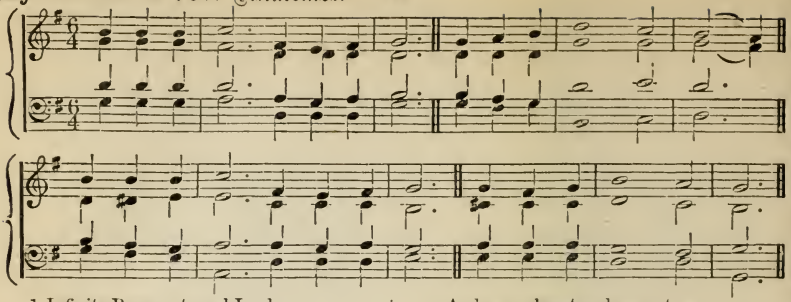
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymns 788 & 789. Ilfracombe. C.M.



1 Infinite Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great design fulfil.

5 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were loved like me?

6 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

7 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, love.

Hymn 789. Ilfracombe.

1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

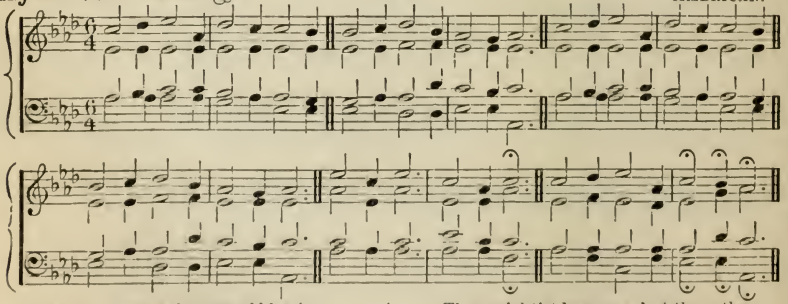
2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Hymn 790. Eben Me. 8.7.8.7.

AMERICAN.



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee!
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich, so free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

Hymn 791. St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

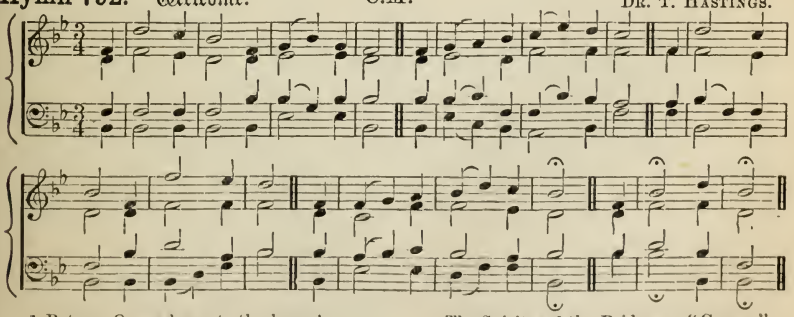
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Hymn 792. Welcome. C.M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

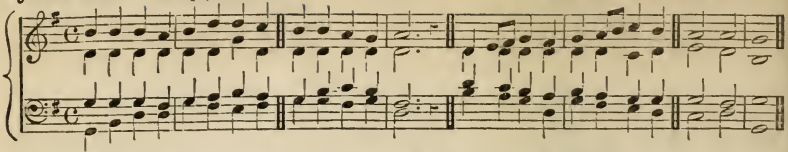


1 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;"
O now for refuge flee!
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day!
Return, return!

Hymn 793. Stephanos. 8.5.8.3. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.



1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

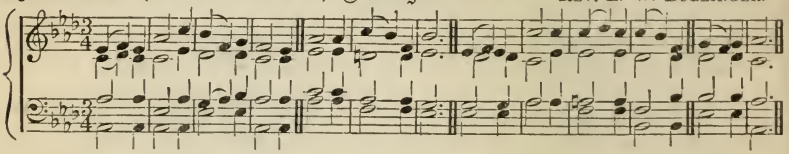
3 Hath he diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Hymn 793. (SECOND TUNE.) Bullinger. 8.5.8.3. Rev. E. W. Bullinger.



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Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
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Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
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Hymn 793. (THIRD TUNE.) Winstone. 8.5.8.3. Rev. W. Windle.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

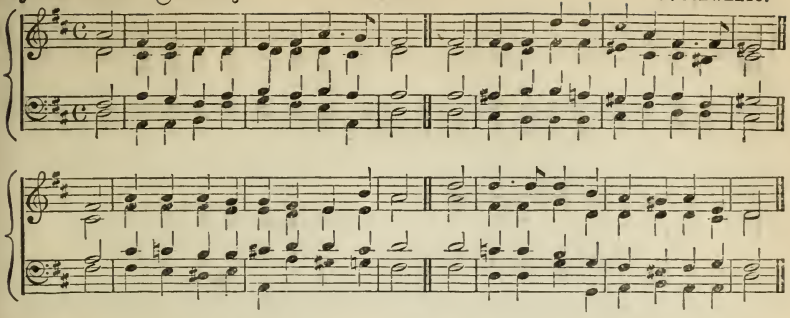
3 Hath he diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Hymn 794. Dalkeith. 10.10.10.10. T. Hewlett.



1 Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

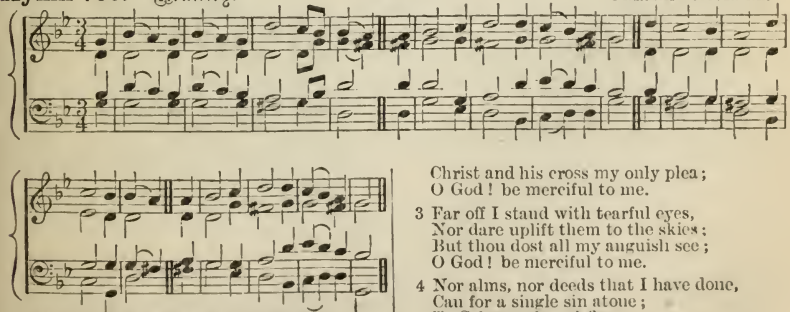
5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

7 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

8 Nought can I bring thee, Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Hymn 795. Munich. L.M. German Chorale.



1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me.

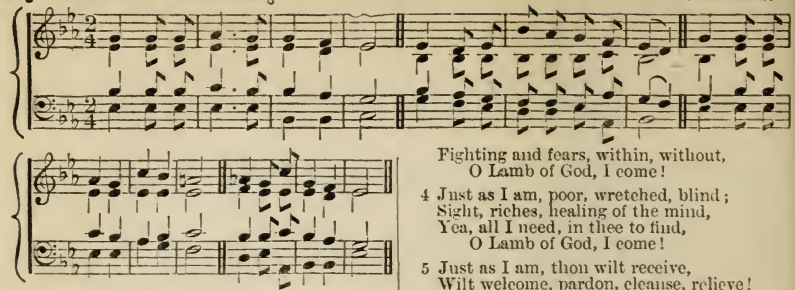
2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God! be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Hymn 796. Gainsworth. 8.8.8.6. C. H. Purday.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

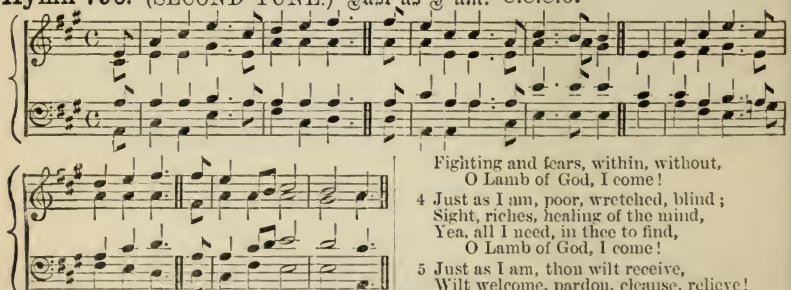
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Hymn 796. (SECOND TUNE.) Just as I am. 8.8.8.6.



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But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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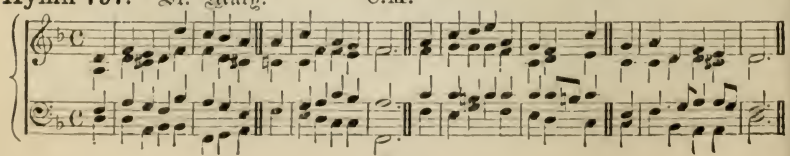
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, (thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Hymn 797. St. Mary. C.M.

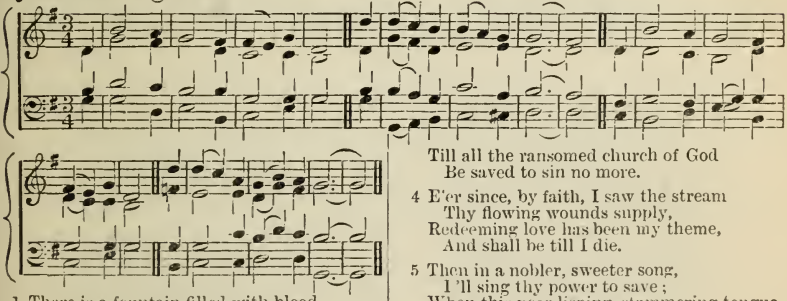


1 O Lord, turn not thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry;
Thy mercy's gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord!
But let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:
Wherefore to beg and to intreat,
With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord! mercy we ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let thy mercy come

Hymn 798. Belmont. C.M.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

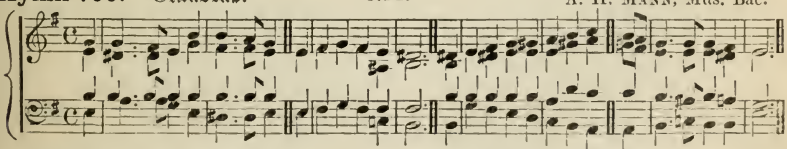
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

Hymn 799. Claudius. C.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.



1 O blessed, blessed sounds of grace
Still echoing in my ear,
Glad is the hour, and loved the place—
But whence my sudden fear?

2 What if a sternly righteous doom
Have sealed this call my last!
Before me sickness, death, the tomb:
Behind, the unpardoned past?

3 My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met,
May know my steps no more;

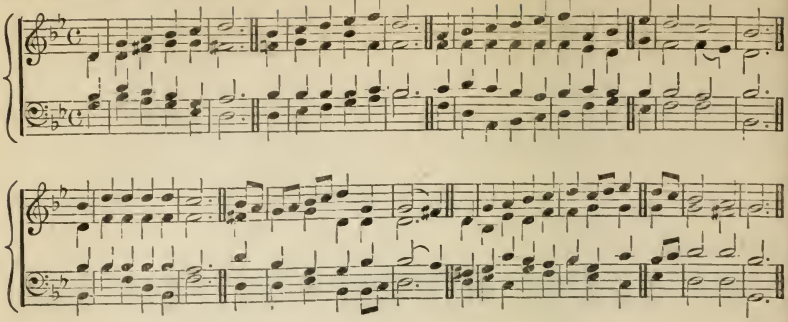
4 The prophet of the cross no more
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

5 While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent; I will.

6 Thou that a will in me hast wrought,
Haste, work in me to do,
And lest the purpose leave my thought,
Now my whole heart renew.

7 Dying Redeemer, to thy breast,
A dying wretch I flee,
Bid me be reconciled and blest,
And both of God, through thee.

Hymn 800. Leoni. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4. Ancient Jewish Melody.



1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

SECOND PART.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

THIRD PART.

9 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

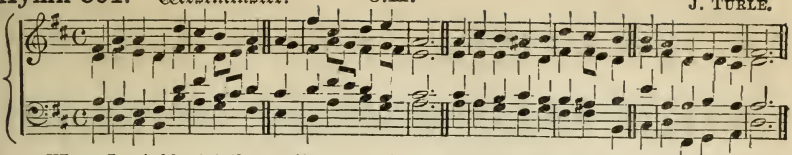
10 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Hymn 801. Westminster. C.M.

J. TURLE.

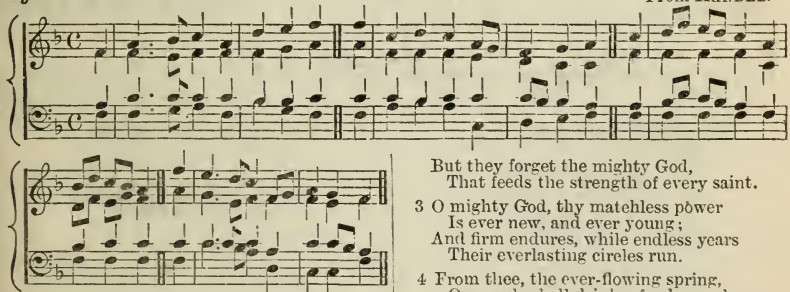


1 Whom Jesu's blood doth sanctify
Need neither sin nor fear;
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie,
And laugh at danger near:
His guardian hand doth hold, protect,
And save, by ways unknown,
The little flock, the saints elect,
Who trust in him alone.

2 Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to thee
We joyfully submit;
And learn, in meek humility,
Our lesson at thy feet:
Spirit and life thy words impart,
And blessings from above;
And drop in every listening heart
The manna of thy love.

Hymn 802. Samson. L.M.

From HANDEL.



1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

Hymn 803. Williams. L.M.

Arranged from TEMPLI CARMINA.

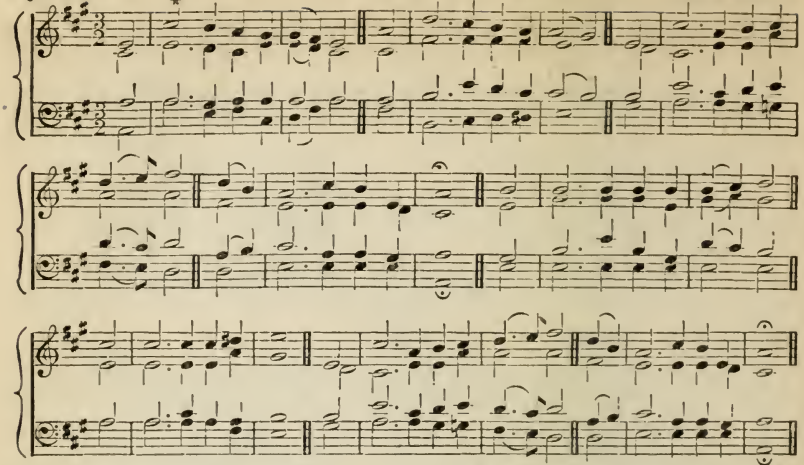
1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
The flocks be cut off from their place,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But desperate wickedness is here;
Although, my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus my Lord and God I claim;
Jesus my strength shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Hymn 804. Petition. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) From Haydn.



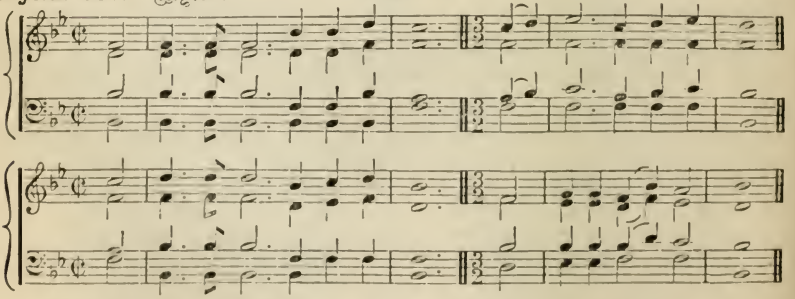
1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Hymn 805. Mylon. C.M.



1 Author of faith, on me confer
The all-obtaining grace,
Which wrestles and receives in prayer
Thy largest promises;
The faith unfeigned and unreproved
Which can the test abide,
From false humility removed,
And self-deluding pride.

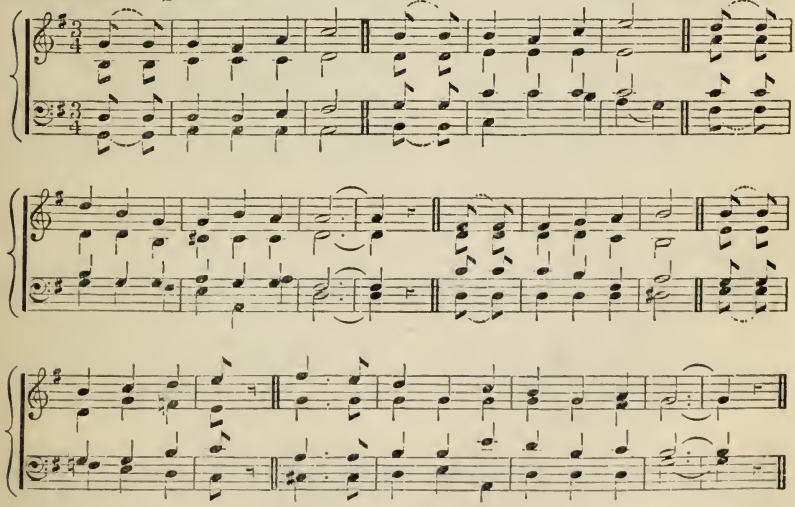
2 A perfect confidence inspire
From all presumption free,
A holy boldness to desire
The thing prepared for me;
A wisdom to discern and know
The time by God designed,
A strength that will not let thee go
Till I the blessing find.

Hymn 806. Olmutz. S.M. Dr. L. Mason.

1 Though God in Christ reveal
Our sins through faith removed,
We lose the talent we conceal,
The blessing unimproved;
Not labouring after more
Abundant righteousness,
Stripped of our former peace and power,
We forfeit all our grace.

2 Lord, if thy grace I have,
I plead thy word for more:
Whom thou hast saved, persist to save,
And all thy life restore:
If with a faithful heart
I simply follow thee,
Whate'er thou hast, whate'er thou art,
Thou art, and hast for me.

Hymn 807. Barston. 5.5.9.5.5.9. Dr. Henry Hiles.



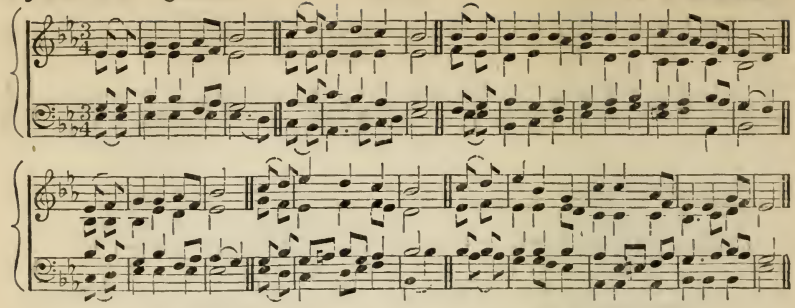
1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy it received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

4 O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

Hymn 808. Jesmond. 5.5.12. Dr. J. B. Dykes.



1 O God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise;
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place.

2 He came from above
Our curse to remove,
He hath loved, he hath loved us, because he would love.

3 Love moved him to die,
And on this we rely, [why,
He hath loved, he hath loved us, we cannot tell

4 But this we can tell,
He hath loved us so well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ransomed our race,
O how shall we praise
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace?

6 Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But singing thy grace to thy paradise go.

7 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall be still to sing of thy love.

8 Thrice happy employ!
We there shall enjoy
A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

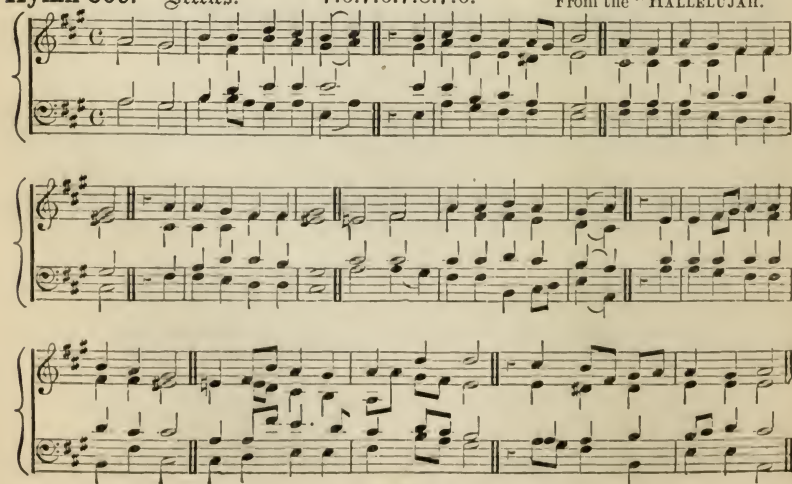
9 The heavenly choir
With us shall aspire,
And gladly our loving Redeemer admire.

10 We all shall commend
The love of our Friend,
For ever beginning what never shall end.

11 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

(*This verse to be sung to the latter half of the tune.*)

Hymn 809. Beccles. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. From the "Hallelujah."



1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

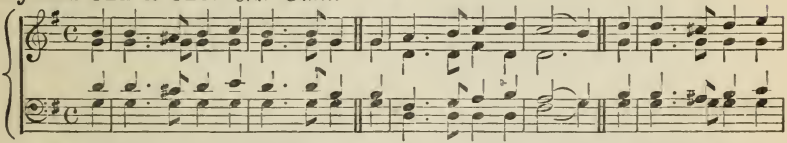
3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

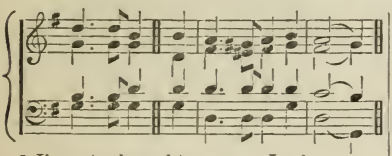
4 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Hymn 810. (*See Hymn* 815.) Home.

I know in whom I have believed,
Who, when this precious faith he gave,
My soul into his hands received,
And bade me trust his power to save:
His Spirit doth my heart assure,
That what I still to him commend
His constant love shall keep secure,
Till faith filled up in sight shall end.

Hymns 811 & 813. St. Clair. C.M.





1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Hymn 812. Innspruck.

(*See Hymn* 550.)

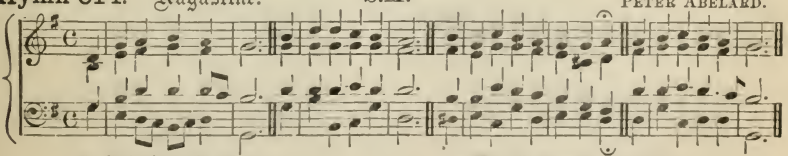
Jesus, we steadfastly believe
The grace thou dost this moment give
Thou wilt the next bestow;
Wilt keep us every moment here,
And show thyself the Finisher,
And never let us go.

Hymn 813. St. Clair.

Lord, I believe thy mercy's power,
Which hath my refuge been,
Will still in every future hour
Preserve my soul from sin:
The help for which on thee I call
Shall my protection prove;
And into sin I cannot fall,
While hanging on thy love.

Hymn 814. Augustine. S.M.

Peter Abelard.



1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

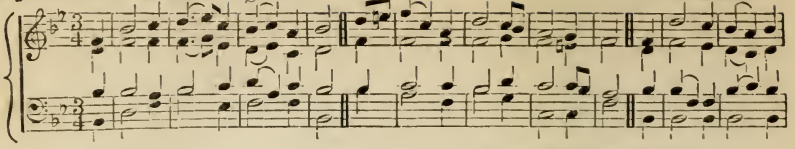
2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsels and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

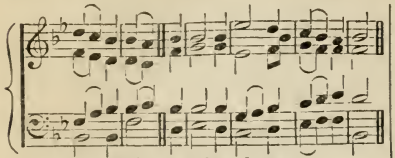
3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

Hymns 815 & 816. Jesus. L.M.

From Mozart.





1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through thy blood.

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful saying I receive;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I may live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope shall move;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know;
I shall, the helpless creature I,
Shall perfect holiness below.

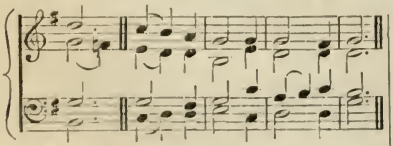
6 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee
At Jesu's everlasting word.

Hymn 816. Jesus.

1 That health of soul I gasp to know
Which only Jesus can bestow,
Jesus, thy sovereign skill display,
And take this seed of sin away;
The original infirmity,
O were it now expelled by thee,
Who didst my every pain endure,
And die thyself to effect my cure!

2 The world with feeble saints agree
In vain to urge "It cannot be!
Sin must remain; howe'er expelled
And healed; ye never can be healed."
I trust my great Physician's skill,
And, saved according to thy will,
Shall live, a saint in love complete,
Shall die, a sinner at thy feet.

Hymn 817. Newland. 7.7.7.7.



1 Blessed are the pure in heart,
They have learned the angel-art,
While on earth in heaven to be,
God, by sense unseen, to see.

2 Cleansed from sin's offensive stain,
Fellowship with him they gain;
Nearness, likeness to their Lord,
Their exceeding great reward.

3 Worshipping in spirit now,
In his inner court they bow,
Bow before the brightening veil,
God's own radiance through it hail.

4 Serious, simple of intent,
Teachably intelligent,
Rapt, they search the written word,
Till his very voice is heard.

5 In creation him they own,
Meet him in its haunts, alone;
Most amidst its Sabbath calm,
Morning light and evening balm

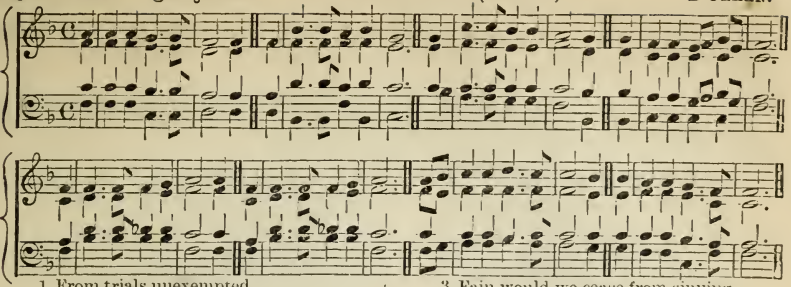
6 Him they still through busier life,
Trust in pain and care and strife;
These like clouds o'er noontide blaze,
Temper, not conceal his rays.

7 Hallowed thus their every breath,
Dying they shall not "see death;"
With the Lord in Paradise,
Till, like his, their bodies rise.

8 Nearer than the seraphim
In their flesh shall saints see him,
With the Father, in the Son,
Through the Spirit, ever one!

Hymn 818. Rutherford. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.)

D'Urfan.



1 From trials unexempted
Thy dearest children are;
But let us not be tempted
Above what we can bear;
Exposed to no temptation
That may our souls o'erpower,
Be thou our strong salvation
Through every fiery hour.

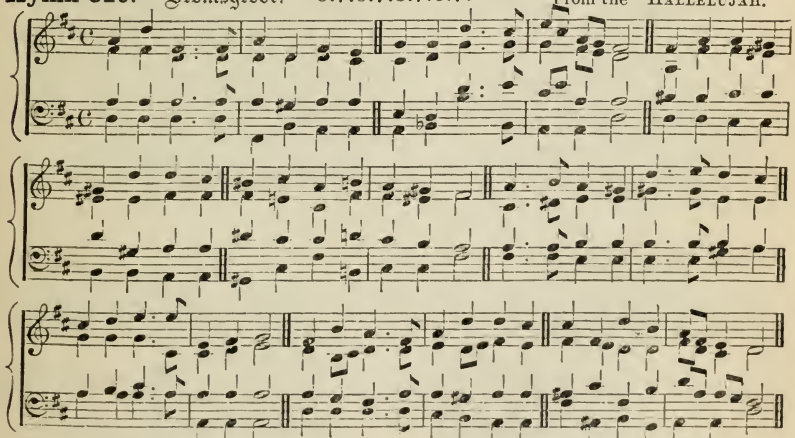
2 Ah! leave us not to venture
Within the verge of sin;
Or if the snare we enter,
Thy timely help bring in;
And if thy wisdom try us
Till pain and woe are past,
Almighty Love, stand by us,
And save from first to last!

3 Fain would we cease from sinning
In thought and word and deed,
From sin in its beginning
We languish to be freed;
From every base desire,
Our fallen nature's shame,
Jesus, we dare require
Deliverance in thy name.

4 For every sinful action
Thou hast atonement made,
The rigid satisfaction
Thy precious blood has paid:
But take entire possession;
To make an end of sin,
To finish the transgression,
Most holy God, come in!

Hymn 819. Bromsgrobe. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

From the "Hallelujah."



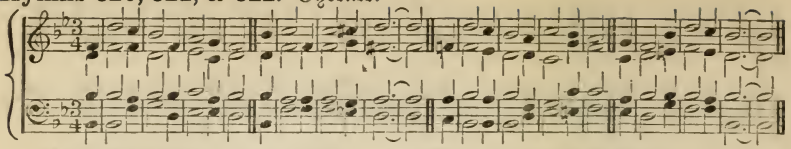
1 Lead me not into temptation,
Father, leave me not alone,
Thou to whom my every passion,
Every secret thought is known;
If thy providence forsake me
In the dark unguarded hour,
Sin is sure to overtake me,
Hell is ready to devour.

2 In the feebleness of nature,
Never from thy charge depart,
Infinitely good, and greater
Than the evil of my heart;
Watch, and hold me back from sinning,
Self-inclined from thee to stray,
Stop me at the first beginning,
Turn my tempted heart away.

3 With mine enemies surrounded,
Sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
Let me never be confounded,
Tempted more than I can bear;
Rather from the dread occasion
Thy poor helpless creature hide,
Bind the sinful inclination,
Turn my stronger foe aside.

4 Conflicts I cannot require,
Who myself can nothing do;
If thou bring into the fire,
Surely thou shalt bring me through:
Shalt from every ill deliver,
That I may thy glory see,
Magnify thy name for ever,
Saved through all eternity.

Hymns 820, 821, & 822. Thorner. C.M.



1 Vouchsafe to keep me, Lord, this day
Without committing sin,
And with me let thy Spirit stay,
And ever dwell within.

2 Thou canst from every sin secure;
And is it not thy will
Still to preserve thy servant pure
From every touch of ill?

3 Thou canst, thou wilt for one short day
Preserve me spotless here,
And why not then (let Satan say)
A week, a month, a year?

4 Why wilt thou not for all my life
My helpless soul defend,
And bear me through the doubtful strife,
And keep me to the end!

5 Behold, with humble faith I bow
My soul before thy throne;
Deliver me from evil now,
For thou canst save thine own.

6 My soul on thee, O Lord, relies,
Thine arms are my defence,
My soul hell, earth, and sin defies
To come and pluck me thence.

Hymn 821. Thorner.

O God, who dost thy sovereign might
And high prerogative
Most chiefly show in thy delight
To pity and forgive:

Vouchsafe the aid thy grace supplies,
So in thy ways to run,
That we may win the heavenly prize,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

Hymn 822. Thorner.

1 Lord, who hast taught to us on earth
This lesson from above,
That all our works are nothing worth,
Unless they spring from love;
Send down thy Spirit from on high,
And pour in all our hearts
That precious gift of charity,
Which peace and joy imparts:

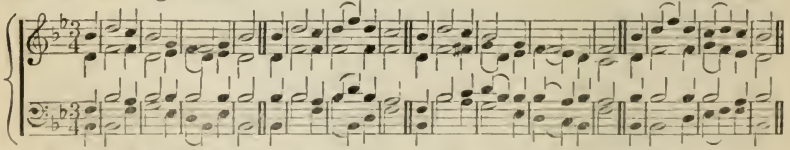
2 The healing balm, the holy oil
Which calms the waves of strife,
The drop which sweetens every toil,
The breath of our new life.
Without this blessed bond of peace
God counts the living dead:
O heavenly Father, grant us this,
Through Christ, the living Head.

3 Let all who love the Lord join hands
To aid the common good,
And knit more close the sacred bands
Of Christian brotherhood.
Make all thy pastors one, O Lord,
In heart, in mind, in speech,
That they may set forth thy pure word,
And live the life they preach.

4 Let all hold fast the truths whereby
A church must stand or fall;
In doubtful things grant liberty,
Show charity in all.
Thus shall we to our sacred name
Our title clearly prove,
While even our enemies exclaim,
"See how these Christians love."

Hymn 823. Palermo. C.M.

Spanish Air.



1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

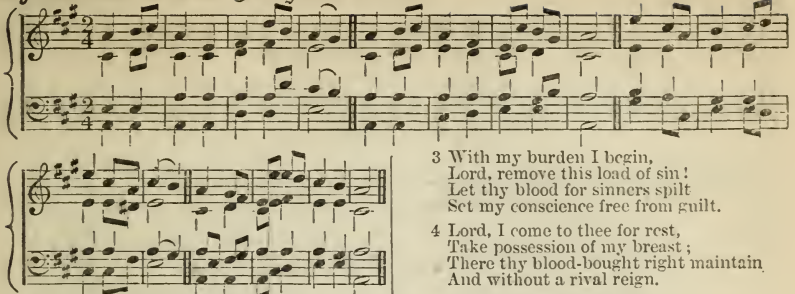
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

Hymns 824 & 826. Llangollen. 7.7.7.7.



1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Hymn 826. Llangollen.

Grant, O Saviour, to our prayers,
That this changeful world's affairs,
Ordered by thy governance,
May so peaceably advance,

That thy Church with ardour due,
May her proper work pursue,
In all godly quietness,
Through the name we ever bless.

Hymns 825 & 827. Pavia. L.M.

German, 13th Century.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hymn 827. Pavia.

1 A widow, poor, forlorn, oppressed,
Importunate her suit could gain;
And shall not we our joint request
By persevering prayer obtain?

2 A stranger to the judge she was,
But we God's chosen people are;
And, wishing us to gain our cause,
Himself doth all our burdens bear.

3 To an unrighteous judge she came,
But to a righteous Father we,
Who bids us confidently claim
His grace for needy sinners free:

4 The widow's and the orphan's Friend
Kindly commands us to draw nigh:
And lo, our hearts to heaven ascend,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry!

5 She had no promise to succeed,
And but at times could find access,
Encouraged we, and sure to speed,
Both day and night our suit may press.

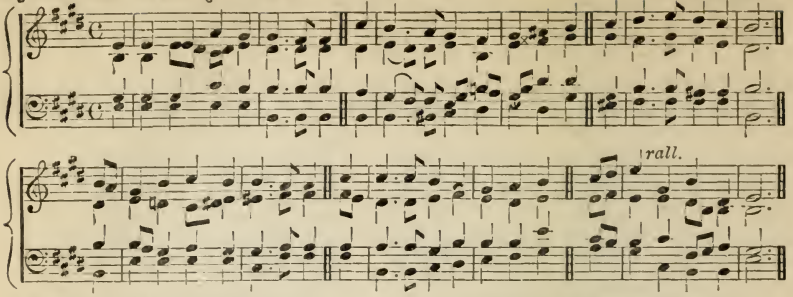
6 Her vehemence did the judge provoke;
But God our earnestness approves,
Watches our every sigh and look,
And most the boldest suitor loves.

7 She had no friend or patron kind,
To enforce and make her suit his own;
But we a powerful spokesman find
Before us at the Father's throne.

8 Our Advocate for ever lives
For us in heaven to intercede,
For us the Comforter receives,
And sends him in our hearts to plead.

Hymn 828. Woodhouse Grove. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. H. Mann.



1 Master, thy grace vouchsafe to me,
The loving firm fidelity,
That mindful of thy word
I may, with all my skill and might,
Perform my every work aright,
And please my heavenly Lord.

2 My heart, thy meanest house, I keep,
If thou whose eyelids never sleep
The watchful power bestow;
I mark the thoughts that thence proceed,
Not one shall pass into a deed
Before thy mind I know.

3 Cautious the door of sense I close,
And keep it shut against my foes,
Who press to enter in;
All commerce with the world preclude,
Nor let the tempting fiend intrude,
Or the besetting sin.

4 No unexamined thought or word
Shall pass, but such as serve my Lord,
And execute his will;
I only live to watch and pray,
And for thy second coming stay,
And all thy mind fulfil.

5 Happy, if, watching to the end,
I see thee gloriously descend,
The man thou dost approve;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In ecstasies of love.

Hymn 829. Camberwell. 7.7.7.3.

J. McMurdie, Mus. Bac.

1 Christian! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word;
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Hymn 830. (*See Hymn* 120.) Carey's.

1 Forgive my foes? it cannot be:
My foes with cordial love embrace?
Fast bound in sin and misery,
Unsaved, unchanged by hallowing grace,
Throughout my fallen soul I feel
With man this is impossible.

2 Great Searcher of the inmost heart,
A thought from thee I would not hide;
I cannot draw the envenomed dart,
Or quench this hell of wrath and pride:
Jesus, till I thy Spirit receive,
Thou know'st, I never can forgive.

3 Root out the wrath thou dost restrain;
And when I have my Saviour's mind,
I cannot render pain for pain,
I cannot speak a word unkind,
An angry thought I cannot know,
Or count mine injurer my foe.

Hymn 831. St. George. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

SECOND PART.

8 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

9 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

10 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

11 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

12 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.

13 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear!

14 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

15 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Hymn 832. Serenity. S.M.

C. BRYAN.

1 Away, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish his design
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

Hymns 833 & 836. St. Drostane. L.M.

DR. DYKES.

1 Unprofitable all and vain,
Away this soul-distracting care!
I cannot lengthen out my span,
I cannot change a single hair;

2 Then let me hang upon his word
Who keeps his saints in perfect peace,
My burden cast upon the Lord,
And only care my God to please.

3 Who stoops to clothe a fading flower
Will every needful blessing give,
And fit the creature of an hour
An endless life with him to live.

4 My Father knows the things I need,
My Father knows, let that suffice,
I trust him now to clothe and feed
His child who on his care relies.

5 The cause of my misgiving fear,
Lord, I my unbelief confess;
Author of faith in me appear,
And bid my doubts and terrors cease!

Hymn 826. St. Drostane.

1 Feeble in body and in mind,
Saviour, I cast them both on thee,
With humble confidence to find
Thy perfect strength displayed in me.

2 Entangled in the worldly snare,
With sore perplexity distrest,
O'erwhelmed with mountain-loads of care
Beneath thy mercy's wings I rest.

3 Thou seest I know not what to do,
But fix mine eyes on thee alone,
Till thou thy secret counsel show,
And bring the blind by ways unknown.

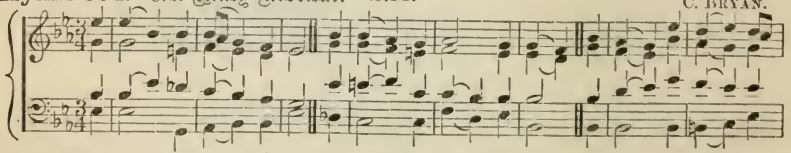
4 If thou direct my path aright,
If thou before thy servant go,
The darkness shall be turned to light,
The mountains at thy presence flow.

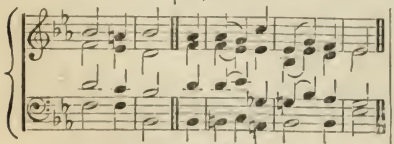
5 The crooked things shall at thy word
Be straight, the rugged places plain,
The creatures all obey their Lord,
And be whate'er thy will ordain:

6 My soul, escaped the fowler's net,
Above all earthly things shall soar,
Or fall at my Deliverer's feet,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

Hymn 834. St. Mary Redcliffe. S.M.

C. BRYAN.



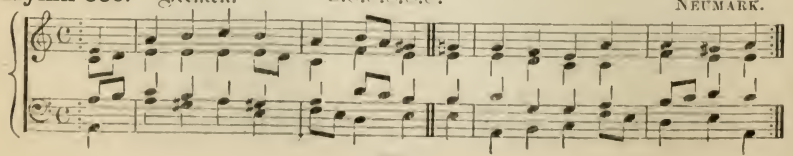


1 I seek the kingdom first,
The gracious joy and peace;
Thou know'st I hunger, Lord, and thirst
After thy righteousness;
My chief and sole desire
Thine image to regain,
And then to join the heavenly choir,
And with thine ancients reign.

2 My God will add the rest,
Will outward good provide;
But with thy kingdom in my breast
I nothing want beside;
Glory begun in grace
Delightfully I prove,
And earth and heaven at once possess
In thy sufficient love.

Hymn 835. Bremen. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

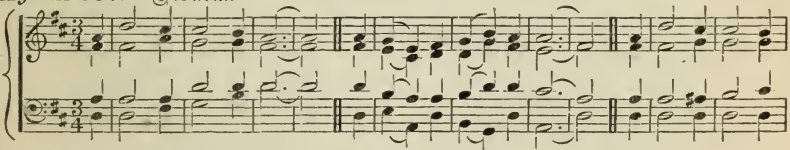
NEUMARK.

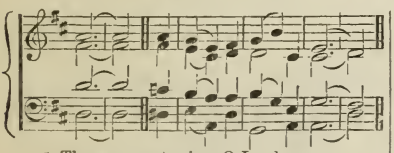


1 The past no longer in my power;
The future, who shall live to see?
Mine only is the present hour,
Lent to be all laid out for thee,
Now, Saviour, with thy grace endowed,
Now let me serve and please my God.

2 Why should I ask the future load
To aggravate my present care?
Strong in the grace to-day bestowed
The evil of to-day I bear;
And if to-morrow's care I see,
Fresh grace shall still suffice for me.

Hymn 837. Fiducia. 6.6.6.6.





1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

3 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Hymn 838. Consolator. S.M.

1 Thou doest all things well,
God only wise and true!
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

2 With daily toil oppressed,
I sink in welcome sleep;
Or wake in darkness and unrest,
Yet patient vigil keep.

3 Soon finds each fevered day,
And each chill night, its bourn;
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,
Ere rest, or light return.

4 But be the night-watch long,
And sore the chastening rod,—
Thou art my health, my sun, my song,
My glory, and my God!

5 Thy smiling face lights mine;
If veiled it makes me sad;
Even tears in darkness, starlike, shine,
And morning finds me glad.

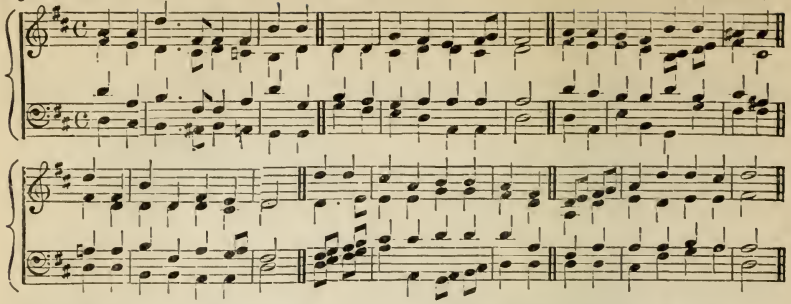
6 For weeping, wakeful eyes
Instinctive look above,
And catch, through openings in the skies,
Thy beams, unslumbering Love!

7 Hours spent with pain—and thee
Lost hours have never seemed:
No! those are lost, which but might be
From earth for heaven redeemed.

8 Its limit, its relief,
Its hallowed issues, tell,
That, though thou cause thy servant grief,
Thou doest all things well!

Hymn 839. Zaanaim. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HAVERGAL.



1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my help and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Hymn 840. (*See Hymn* 838.) Consolator.

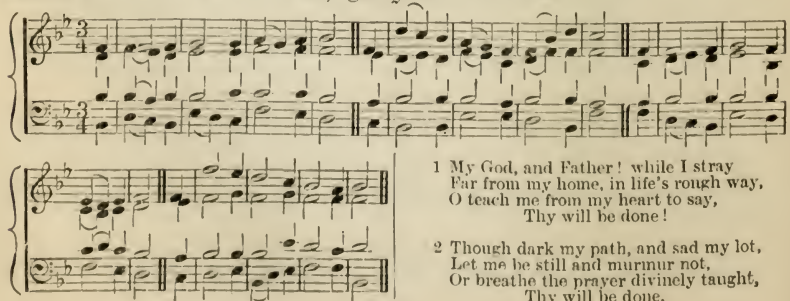
1 In every time and place
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are called his sovereign will to embrace,
And still their own deny;
To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscovered land,
And house, and friends above.

2 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show;
And in the steps of Abraham's faith
Enable me to go,
A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

Hymn 841. Hanford. 8.8.8.4.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Hymn 841. (SECOND TUNE.) Resignation. 8.8.8.4.



1 My God, and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

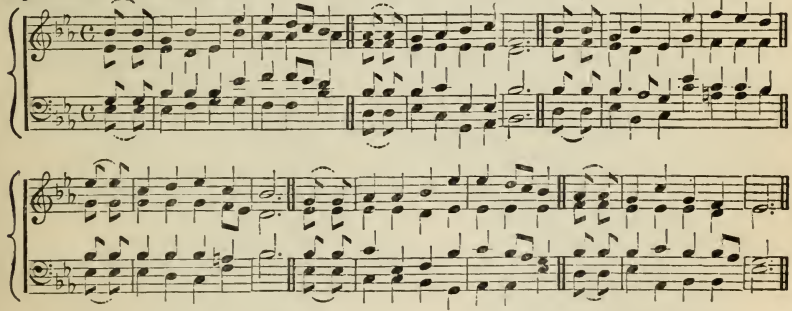
7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Hymn 841. (THIRD TUNE.) Lischolme. 8.8.8.4.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Hymn 842. Lebanon. 8.6.8.6.8.6. (IRREGULAR.)

From SPOHR.



1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

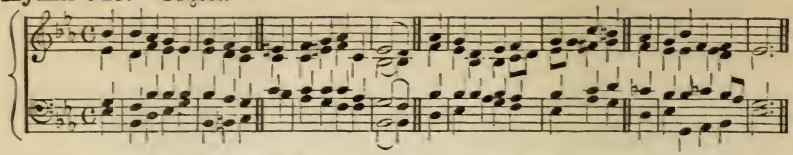
5 So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee,
And careful less to serve thee much
Than to please thee perfectly.

7 There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a constant need for prayer;
Yet a lowly heart, that leans on thee,
Is happy anywhere.

8 In a service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Hymn 843. Eshcol. C.M.



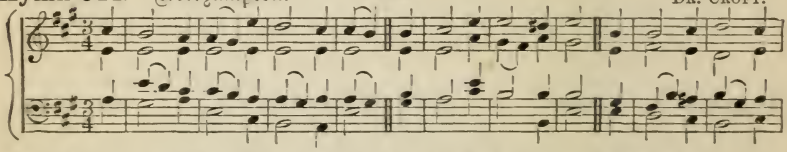
1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Hymn 844. Northampton. C.M.

Dr. Croft.



1 It is the Lord! enthroned in light,
Whose works are all divine,
Who hath an everlasting right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord! should I distrust
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do what is unjust,
Who must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord! who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

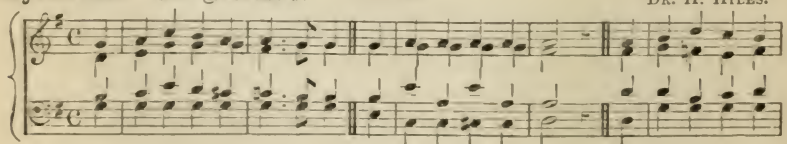
4 It is the Lord! who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom I may assistance gain,
To tread the thorny road.

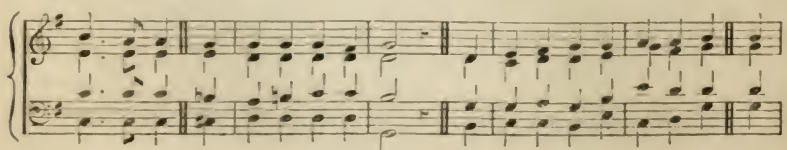
5 It is the Lord! whose wondrous skill
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

6 And can my soul with hopes like these
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

Hymn 845. St. Leonard's. D.C.M.

Dr. H. Hiles.





1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Hymn 846. Claremont. C.M.

J. FOSTER.

1 Since all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,

O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good!
Nor less when he denies:
Even crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt his equal love,
Immeasurably kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

Hymn 847. Ephraim. 7.7.7.7.

DR. H. LESLIE.

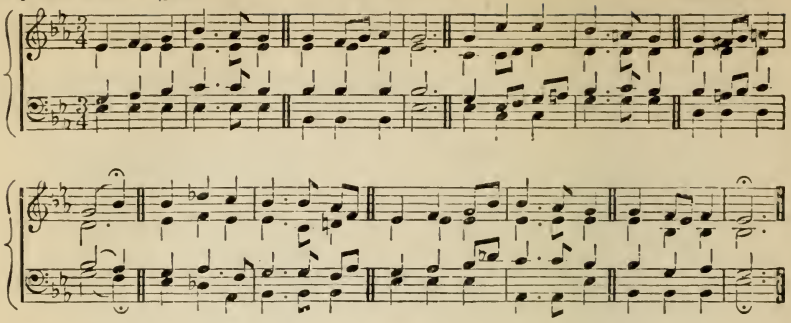
1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Hymn 848. Horbury. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. Dr. Dykes.



1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

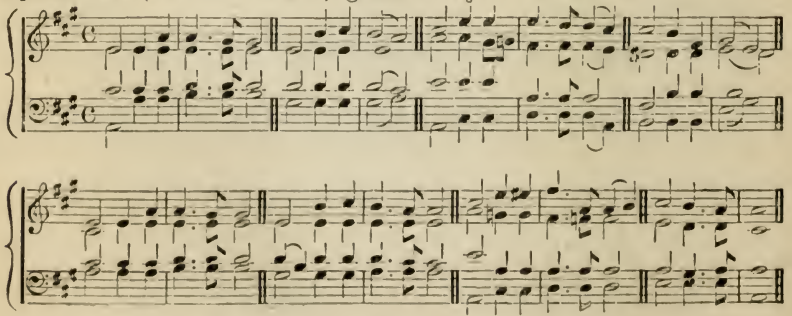
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

Hymn 848. (SECOND TUNE.) Nearer to Thee. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.



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Still all my song shall be,
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Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
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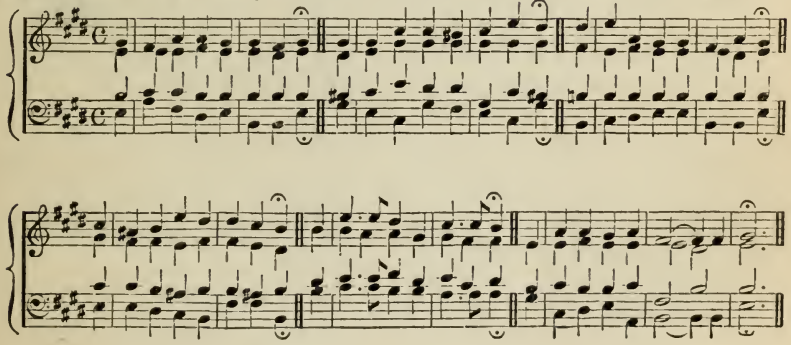
Hymn 849. Farnworth. 8.8.8.8.8.8 DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He knows my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

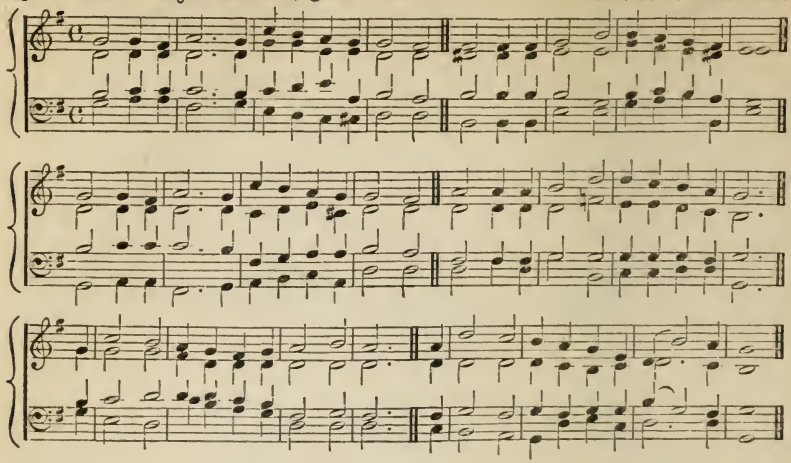
2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed;
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Hymn 850. "Thou knowest, Lord." 11.10.11.10.10.10. Rev. O. R. Barnicott.



1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

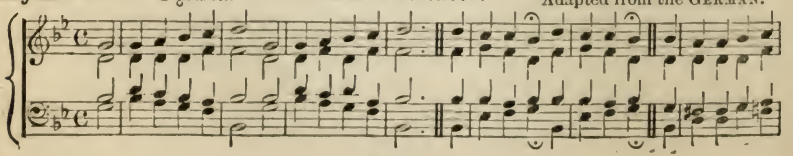
3 Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and passing sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord?

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing,
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Hymn 851. Chelsea. 12.4.4.10.6.6.10.6. Adapted from the German.



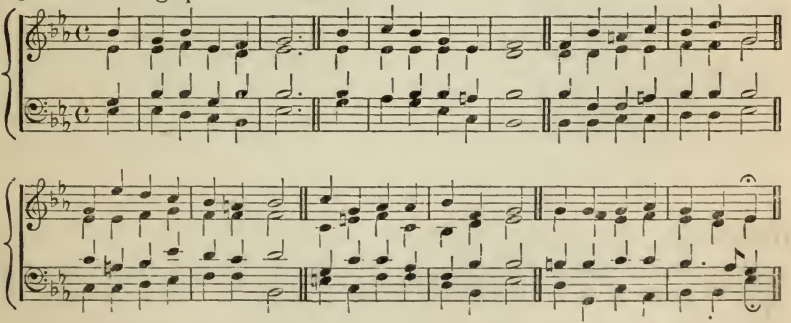
1 I will not let thee go, thou Help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust thee still,
Even when it seems that thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to thee,
Hide thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need;
I will not let thee go!

2 I will not let thee go. Should I forsake my bliss?
No, thou art mine,
And I am thine,
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss!
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with thy light,
O thou my Sun; should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let thee go!

3 I will not let thee go, my God, my Life, my [Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from his care,
Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me,
I say in love to thee,
Even when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
I will not let thee go!

Hymn 852. Aspiration. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

J. H. Thompson.



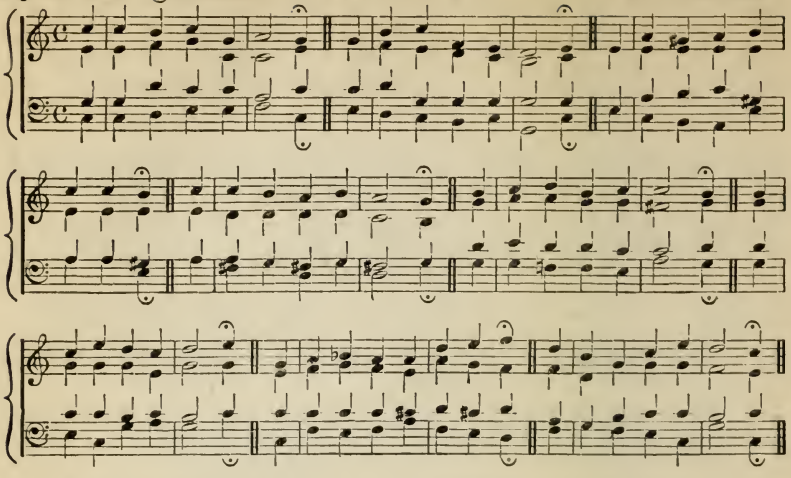
1 Author of faith, appear!
Be thou its finisher;
Upward still for this we gaze,
Till we feel the stamp divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory shine.

2 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own;
Let us all thy goodness prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Show thine everlasting love,
Save us, to the utmost save.

3 O that our life might be
One looking up to thee!
Ever hasting to the day
When our eyes shall see thee near;
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Glorious in thy saints appear.

Hymn 853. Deliverance. 7.7.4.4.7.7.7.4.4.7.

Dr. Gauntlett.



1 Head of thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

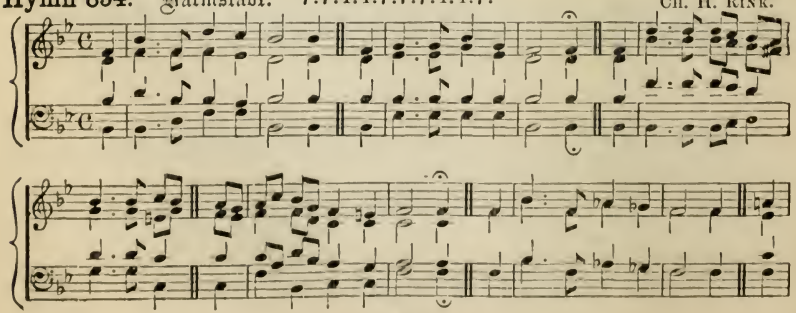
2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine
Which made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world with sin and Satan
In vain our march opposes,
Through thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

Hymn 854. Darmstadt. 7.7.4.4.7.7.7.4.4.7.

Ch. H. Rink.



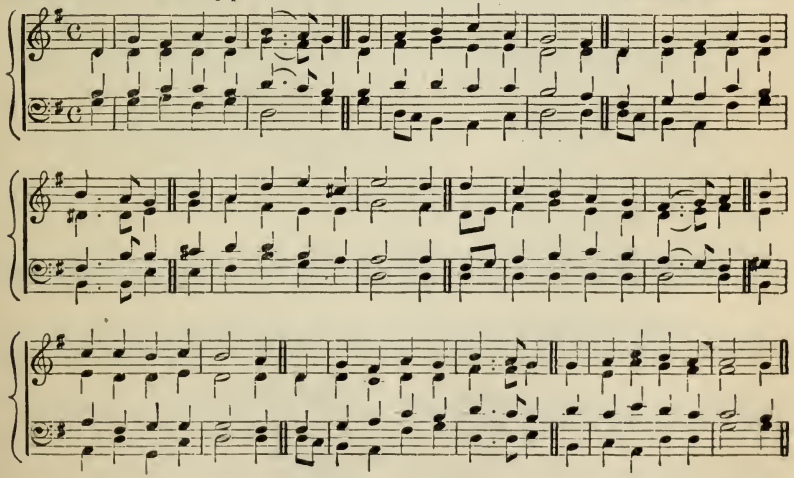
1 The name we still acknowledge
That burst our bonds in sunder,
And loudly sing
Our conquering King,
In songs of joy and wonder.
In every day's deliverance
Our Jesus we discover;
'Tis he! 'tis he!
That smote the sea,
And led us safely over.

2 In sin and Satan's onsets
He still our soul secures,
Our guardian God,
Looks through the cloud,
And baffles our pursuers:
He fights his people's battles,
Omnipotently glorious,
He fights alone,
And makes his own
O'er earth and hell victorious.

3 Partakers of his triumph,
In vehement expectation
We now stand still,
To prove his will,
And see his great salvation;
With violent faith and patience
To seize the kingdom given,
The purchased rest
In Jesu's breast,
The inheritance of heaven.

Hymn 855. Worship. 7.7.4.4.7.7.7.4.4.7.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

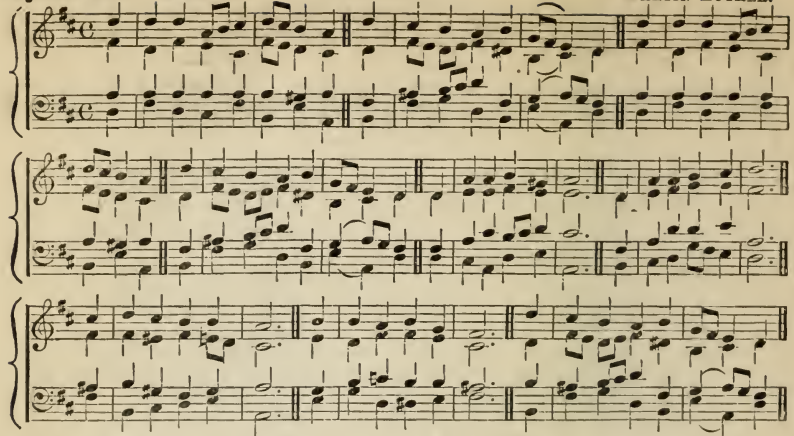


1 Safe in the fiery furnace,
Joyful in tribulation,
My soul adores
With all its powers
The God of my salvation.
Kept by the strength of Jesus,
Almighty to deliver,
I find his name
Is still the same,
A tower that stands for ever.

2 I see stretched out to save me
The arm of my Redeemer;
That arm shall quell
The powers of hell,
And silence the blasphemer.
I render thee the glory,
I know thou wilt deliver;
But let me rise
Above the skies,
And praise thy love for ever.

Hymn 856. Worms. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER.



1 A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

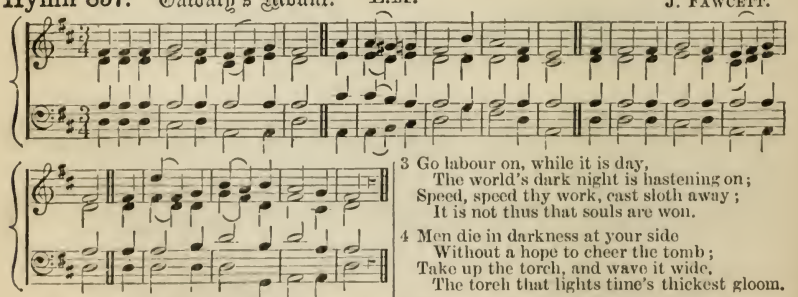
2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

Hymn 857. Calvary's Mount. L.M.

J. FAWCETT.



1 Go labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labour on; 'tis not for nought,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

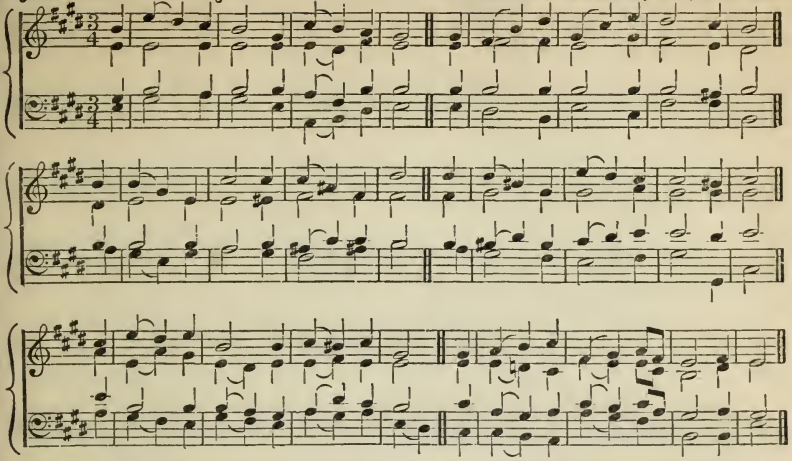
3 Go labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold I come!

Hymn 858. Swaffham. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Rev. G. P. Merrick, B.A., Mus. Bac.

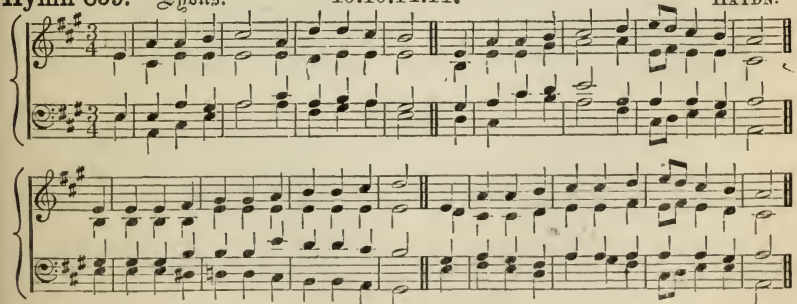


1 Their earthly task who fail to do,
Neglect their heavenly business too;
Nor know what faith and duty mean,
Who use religion as a screen,
Asunder put what God hath joined,
A diligent and pious mind.

2 Full well the labour of our hands
With fervency of spirit stands;
For God, who all our days hath given,
From toil excepts but one in seven:
And labouring while we time redeem,
We please the Lord, and work for him.

3 Happy we live, when God doth fill
Our hands with work, our hearts with zeal;
For every toil, if he enjoin,
Becomes a sacrifice divine,
And like the blessed spirits above,
The more we serve, the more we love.

Hymn 859. Lyons. 10.10.11.11. Haydn.



1 Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

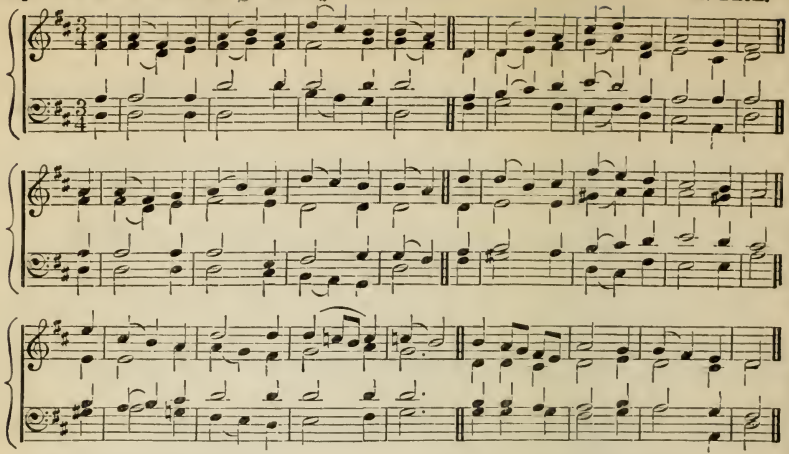
2 The waves of the sea Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring, But Jesus is here;
While we are adoring, He always is near.

3 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus our King.

4 "Salvation to God Who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, And worship the Lamb.

5 Then let us adore, And give him his right,
All glory and power, All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, And infinite love.

Hymns 860 & 861. Hamburg. 8.8.8.8.8.8. E. Bach.



1 Who Jesus our example know,
And his Apostles' footsteps trace,
We gladly to the temple go.
Frequent the consecrated place
At every solemn hour of prayer,
And meet the God of mercy there.

2 His offering pure we call to mind,
There on the golden altar laid,
Whose Godhead with the manhood joined,
For every soul atonement made;
And have whate'er we ask of God,
Through faith in that all-saving blood.

Hymn 861. Hamburg.

1 If but one faithless soul be here,
Jesus assembled with thine own,
Wilt thou not in the midst appear,
Thy resurrection's power make known,
Sprinkle the sinner with thy blood,
And show thyself his Lord and God?

2 Slower of heart than Thomas, I
With thy sincere disciples meet;
A conscious unbeliever sigh
For faith and pardon at thy feet:
Thy feet, alas, I cannot see,
Or feel the blood that flows for me.

3 But nothing can obstruct thy way,
Thou omnipresent God of love:
Come, Saviour, come, thy wounds display,
My stubborn unbelief remove,
And me among thy people bless,
And fill our hearts with heavenly peace.

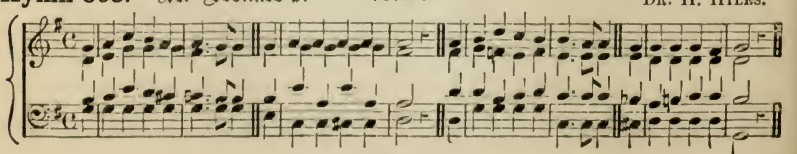
4 Occasion from my slowness take
Thy faithful followers to cheer,
For a poor abject sinner's sake,
Jesus, the second time appear,
Increase thy saints' felicity,
And bless them all by blessing me.

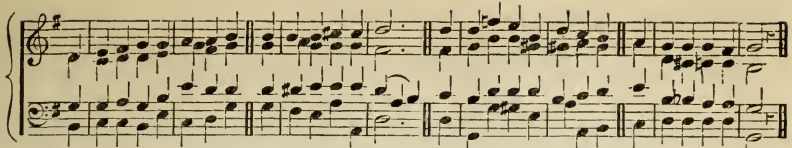
Hymn 862. (*See Hymn* 411.) Barnabas.

1 Two or three in Jesu's name,
According to his word
Humbly met, may boldly claim
The presence of their Lord;
He himself prepares the fane
With azure canopy o'erspread,
Ample dome to entertain
The members and their Head.

2 How august the hallowed place
To faith's discerning eye!
Hallowed by the present grace
Of him who fills the sky!
While the Spirit of love and prayer
Into their simple hearts is given,
Christ with all his church is there,
And turns their earth to heaven.

Hymn 863. St. Leonard's. D.C.M. Dr. H. Hiles.





1 Behold us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Hymn 864. Redhead. (4.) L.M.

R. REDHEAD.

1 Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going take thee to their home.

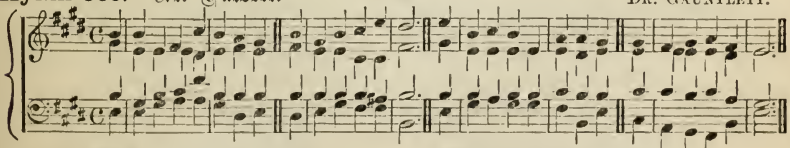
3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

Hymn 865. St. Fulbert. C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer,
O grant us power to pray!
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

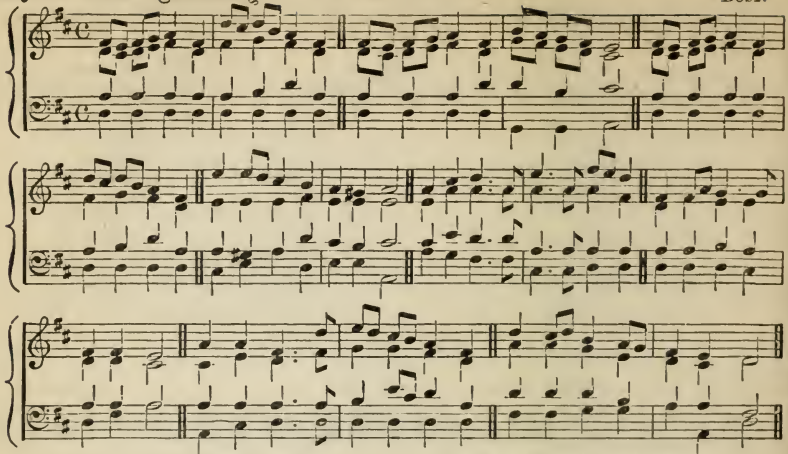
3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live;

4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To build our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

Hymn 866. Normandy. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Bost.

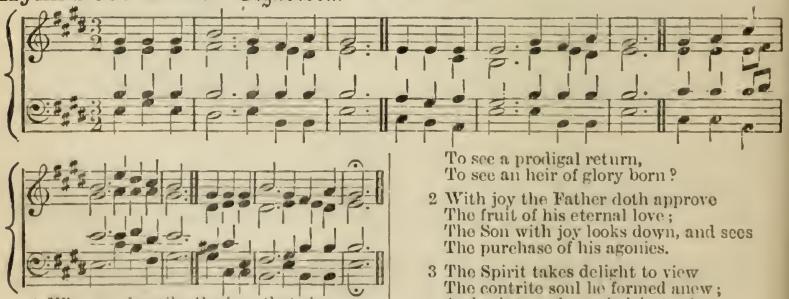


1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above!

Hymns 867 & 868. Eignbrook. L.M.



1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Hymn 868. Eignbrook.

1 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

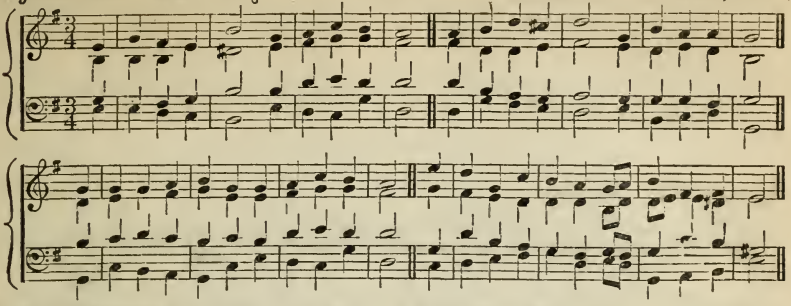
2 Hence sprung the Apostles' honoured name;
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms before our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

3 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While guarded by his mighty hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise
Through the long round of endless days.

Hymn 869. Old 104th. 10.10.11.11. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



1 Disposer Supreme, And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels And things of no worth
Entrusting thy riches, Which always endure;

2 Those vessels soon fail, Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree Are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth The arm of thy might, [have shone.
As through the clouds riven The lightnings

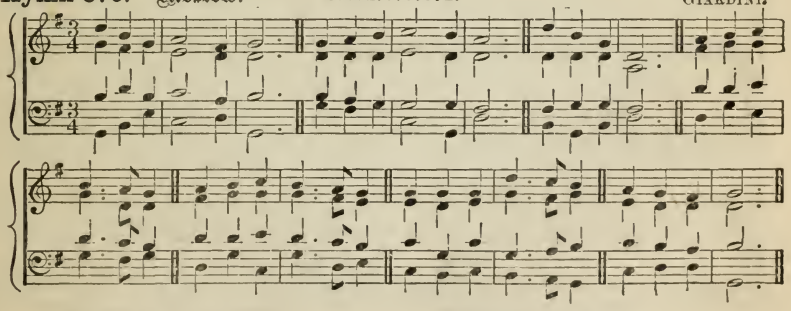
3 Like clouds are they borne To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds About the world go:
The fire of thy presence Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth, "Christ Jesus is Lord:"
Then Satan doth fear, His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets Went forth at thy word,
And one long blast shattered The Canaanite's wall.

5 Then loud be their trump, And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, From slumber of sin;
The lights thou hast kindled In darkness around,
O may they illumine Our spirits within!

6 All honour and praise, Dominion and might,
To God Three in One Eternally be:
Who round us hath shed His marvellous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see.

Hymn 870. Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. GIARDINI.



1 Thou whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
Let there be light!

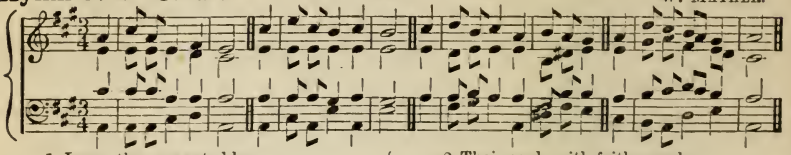
Hymn 871. (*See Hymn* 532.) French.

1 Teacher of hearts, tis thine alone
Thine officers to ordain,
Point out thy instruments, unknown
To undiscerning men;
The pastors of thy church apprize
Of thine unseen decree,
And stir them up to recognize
The men designed by thee.

2 The men whom thou hast inly moved
Their charge to undertake,
And toil for precious souls, beloved
For their Redeemer's sake;
Thy chosen ministers reveal,
With whom thou always art,
And then their saving gospel seal
On every listening heart.

Hymn 872. Canada. S.M.

W. MATHER.

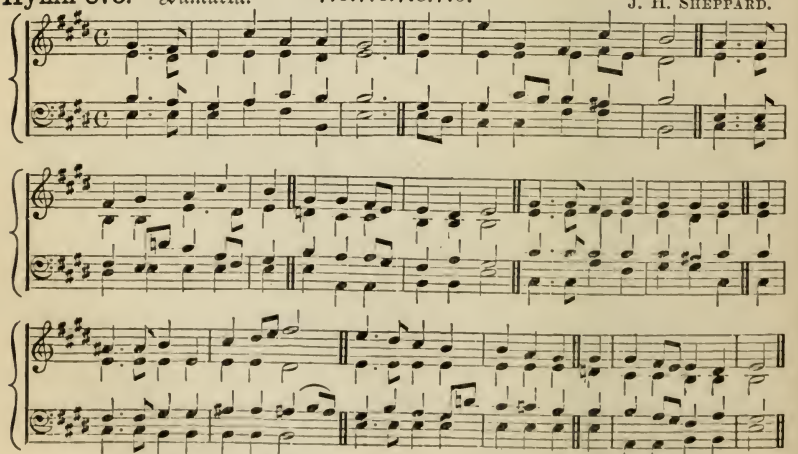


1 Jesus, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness
Experienced in thy name:
The kingdom of our God,
Which thy great Spirit imparts,
The power of thy victorious blood,
Which reigns in faithful hearts.

2 Their souls with faith supply,
With life and liberty;
And then they preach and testify
The things concerning thee:
And live for this alone,
Thy grace to minister,
And all thou hast for sinners done
In life and death declare.

Hymn 873. Samaria. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

J. H. SHEPPARD.



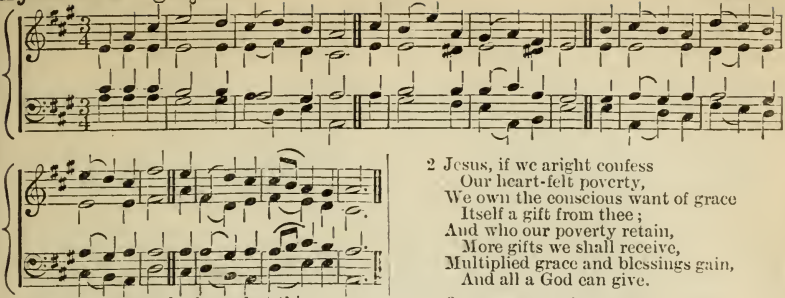
1 Bold in our Almighty Lord,
While thee we testify,
Present to confirm the word
We on thyself rely;
Thou thy confessors confess,
The truth in sinners' hearts reveal,
Welcome news of saving grace
By thy own Spirit seal.

2 More than outward wonder show
On those that humbly hear,
Let their souls the witness know,
The indwelling Comforter;
Let their lives resemble thine,
And preach the kingdom from above,
Holy joy and peace divine,
And pure unbounded love.

3 Thus thy testimony give
To all who speak for thee,
Thus let thousands turn and live
In faith's sincerity;
Through our ministerial hands
Ten thousand more with grace supply,
Power to practise thy commands,
And live for God and die.

Hymn 874. Richmond. C.M.

DR. HAWEIS.



1 Not from a stock of ours but thine,
Jesus, thy flock we feed,
Thy unexhausted grace divine
Supplies their every need;
But if we trust thy providence,
Thy power and will to save,
We have the treasure to dispense,
And shall for ever have.

2 Jesus, if we aright confess
Our heart-felt poverty,
We own the conscious want of grace
Itself a gift from thee;
And who our poverty retain,
More gifts we shall receive,
Multiplied grace and blessings gain,
And all a God can give.

3 Our scanty stock as soon as known,
Our insufficiency
For feeding famished souls we own,
And bring it, Lord, to thee;
Our want received into thy hand
Shall rich abundance prove,
Answer the multitude's demand,
And fill them with thy love.

Hymn 875. St. Peter. C.M.

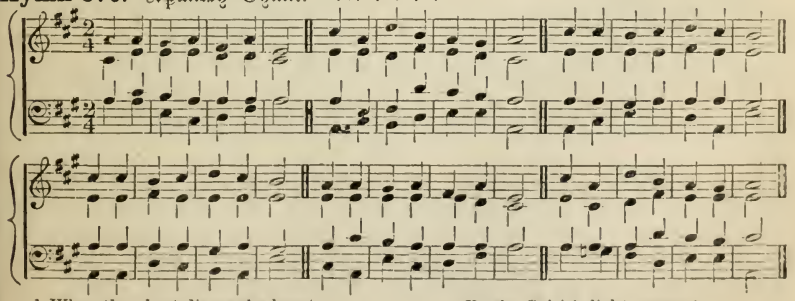
REINAGLE.

1 Jesus, the needy sinner's friend,
Command the crowd to sit,
Who hungry still on thee attend,
And nothing have to eat;
They hear the word thy lips have said,
Low at thy feet they bow,
Distribute now the heavenly bread,
And feed their spirits now.

2 O'erwhelmed with blessings from above,
Father, before we taste
These freshest tokens of thy love,
We thank thee for the past;
Our eyes and hearts to heaven we lift,
And, taught by Jesus, own
That every grace and every gift
Descends from thee alone.

3 The gospel by our Saviour blessed
Doth efficacious prove,
The loaves a thousand-fold increased
Communicate his love;
We banquet on the heavenly bread,
When Christ himself imparts,
By his disciples' hands conveyed
To all believing hearts.

Hymn 876. Spanish Chant. 7.7.7.7.7.7.



1 When thou hast disposed a heart
Saving truth with joy to hear,
Utterance, Lord, thou dost impart
To thy chosen messenger;
Then he finds the scripture key,
Then he speaks, and preaches thee.

2 Jesus, in the sacred book
Thou art everywhere concealed:
There for thee alone we look,
By thy Spirit's light revealed,
Thee set forth before our eyes
Faith in every page descries.

3 Thee we preach to sinful men,
Urging them their Lord to embrace,
Pardon in thy blood to gain,
Hope for all the promised grace;
None but Christ on earth we know,
None but Christ to others show.

Hymn 877. (*See Hymn* 191.) Eccles.

1 The holy unconcern
That I, even I may learn,
Show me, Lord, the dazzling prize,
Thou thyself my teacher be;
Then I shall my life despise,
Only wish to live for thee.

2 When I my Saviour love,
Nor life nor death can move:
Partner of thy weal or woe,
For that blissful sight I sigh,
Crucified to all below,
Only wish for thee to die.

3 Thy gospel-minister,
I see my business here,
Witness of thy saving will,
Of thy free unbounded grace,
First mine office to fulfil,
Then to win and close my race.

4 I ask not how or when,
But be my Saviour then;
Grant in death my sole desire,
Bid me lay this body down,
Joyful in thine arms expire,
Share thine everlasting crown.

Hymn 878. Alma. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1 Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be thou with them:
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at thy command;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land;
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day;
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay,
Be thou with them,
Drive their terrors far away.

4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be thou with them:
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer,
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.

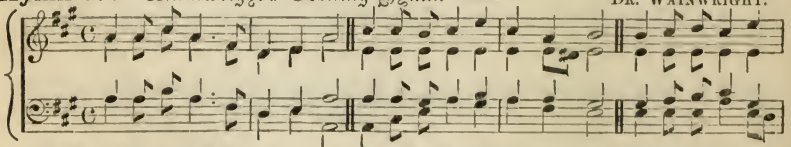
6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

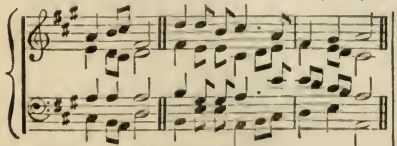
7 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till thy face in heaven they see:

8 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with him who never
Ceases to preserve his own,
And with gladness
Give the praise to him alone.

Hymn 879. Wainwright's Evening Hymn. L.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.





1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to thee alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

Hymn 880. Sawley. C.M. J. WALCH.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

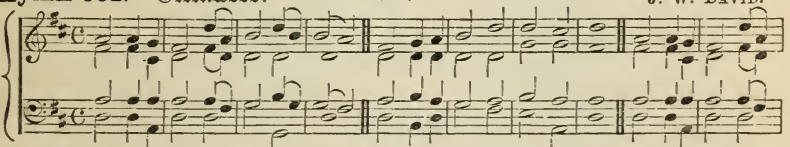
2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 881. Greenwood. L.M. J. W. DAVID.



1 Jesus, descended from the sky,
The power of God in man thou art;
Thyself, to whom I now apply,
Speak thy own words into my heart:
Thy words are more than empty sound,
Inseparably one with thee;
Spirit in them, and life is found,
And all the depths of Deity.

2 While, feebly gasping at thy feet,
A sinner in my sins I bow,
O might I now my Saviour meet,
And hear and feel thy sayings now!
Speak, and thy word the dead shall raise,
Shall me with spirit and life inspire;
Speak on, and fill my soul with grace,
And add me to thy deathless choir.

Hymn 882. St. Oswald. 8.7.8.7. DR. DYKES.

1 O how blest the hour, Lord Jesus,
When we can to thee draw near,
Promises so sweet and precious
From thy gracious lips to hear!

2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain,
With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.

3 See us eager for salvation
Sit, great Master, at thy feet,
And with breathless expectation
Hang upon thine accents sweet.

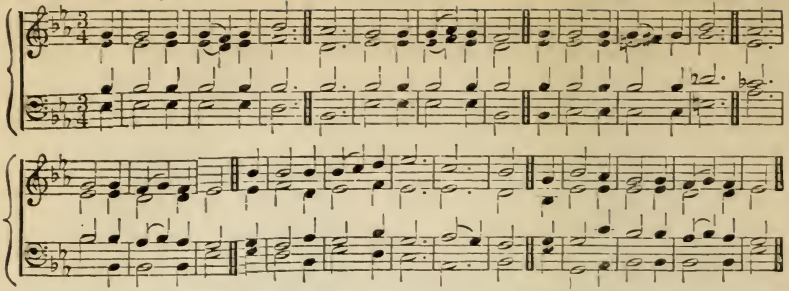
4 Open thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

5 Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
And yet bold in doing right;
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble;
Men walk safely in the light.

6 Lord, endue thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power,
That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

7 Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced,
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

Hymn 883. Auvergne. 6.6.6.6.8.8. FRENCH MELODY.



1 Jesus I humbly seek,
And of himself enquire,
Did not the prophet speak
Of thee, the world's Desire?
Thou poor, despised, afflicted Man,
His meaning to my heart explain.

2 Art thou the Lamb of God
Who didst from heaven come,
Led by the multitude,
Before thy shearers dumb,
The patient, speechless Man of woe,
By sinners crucified below?

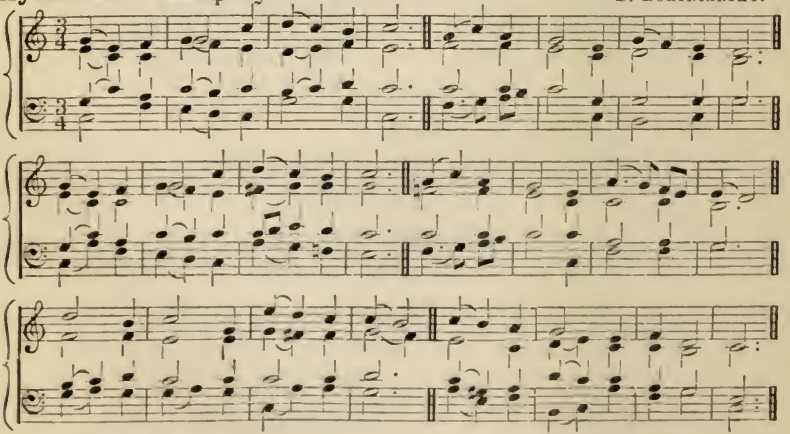
3 Swept from the face of earth
Didst thou our sorrows bear,
Whose everlasting birth
God only can declare,
Whose countless seed shall soon arise,
And shine as stars beyond the skies?

4 Adopt me by thy grace
Into thy family,
My heart shall then confess
The prophet spake of thee,
Then, to mine inmost soul made known,
I feel he spake of thee alone.

Hymn 884. (*See Hymn* 285.) Wareham.

To me, almighty Saviour, give
Thy servant's sayings to receive,
The true simplicity impart,
The nobleness of Lydia's heart:
Of every heart thou hast the key,
Command that mine may yield to thee,
May hear thy whisper in thy word,
And opening now admit its Lord.

Hymn 885. Wellspring. 7.7.7.7.7.7. D. BORTNIANSKY.



1 Come, divine Interpreter,
Bring me eyes thy book to read,
Ears the mystic words to hear,
Words which did from thee proceed,
Words that endless bliss impart,
Kept in an obedient heart.

2 All who read, or hear, are blessed,
If thy plain commands we do;
Of thy kingdom here possessed,
Thee we shall in glory view;
When thou com'st on earth to abide
Reign triumphant at thy side.

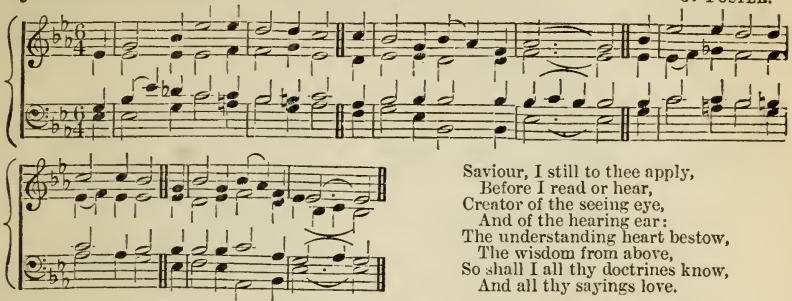
Hymn 886. (*See Hymn* 335.) Amsterdam.

Lord, with open heart and ear,
We would thy law receive,
All thy gracious sayings hear,
And savingly believe;

All thy kind commands obey,
The pattern trace which thou hast given,
Walk in thee, the Truth, the Way,
The Life, and heaven of heaven.

Hymns 887 & 888. Claremont. C.M.

J. Foster.



Saviour, I still to thee apply,
Before I read or hear,
Creator of the seeing eye,
And of the hearing ear:
The understanding heart bestow,
The wisdom from above,
So shall I all thy doctrines know,
And all thy sayings love.

Hymn 888. Claremont.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

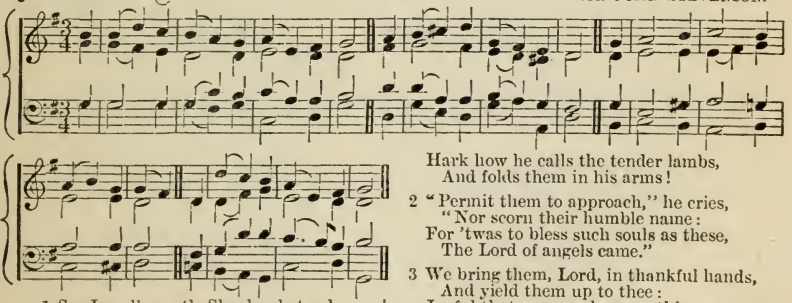
2 The words of his unbounded love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

Hymn 889. Dublin. C.M.

Sir John Stevenson.



1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:

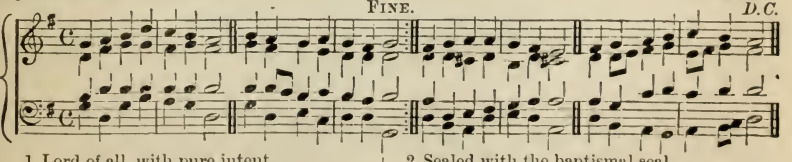
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Hymn 890. Cassel. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Fine. German. D.C.

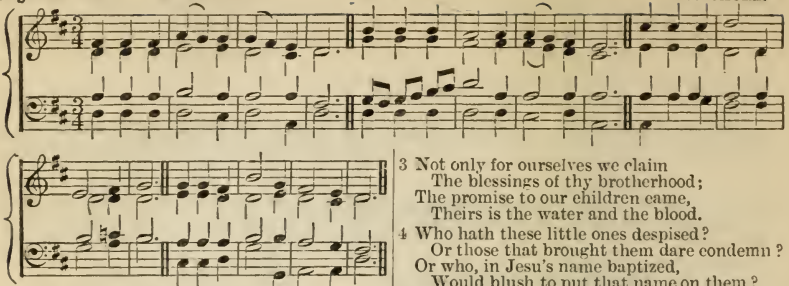


1 Lord of all, with pure intent,
From their tenderest infancy
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee:
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledge for thine own.

2 Sealed with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by the atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God:
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

Hymn 891. Wabertree. L.M.

W. Shore.



1 O crucified, triumphant Lord!
Thy sceptre and thy cross we own;
And, taught by thine apostle's word,
Repose our faith on thee alone.

2 The sign of faith ordained by thee
We thy confessors scorn to shun;
All men our fellowship shall see,
Our Lord, our faith, our symbol, one.

3 Not only for ourselves we claim
The blessings of thy brotherhood;
The promise to our children came,
Theirs is the water and the blood.

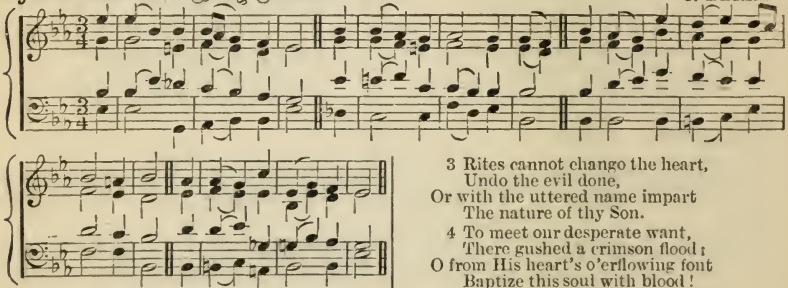
4 Who hath these little ones despised?
Or those that brought them dare condemn?
Or who, in Jesu's name baptized,
Would blush to put that name on them?

5 Let sprinkled water seal them now
The heirs of all-redeeming grace;
The truth thus symboled on the brow
Thy Spirit on the heart shall trace!

6 Lord, spare them till their lives and tongues
The heart-taught truth have well confessed,
That who to us, to thee belongs,
Early believing, ever blessed.

Hymn 892. St. Mary Redcliffe. S.M.

C. Bryan.



1 Father, our child we place
Where we thy children kneel;
For thou hast made the sign of grace
To *him*, to us, the seal.

2 Thine own a moment claim,
Then lend *him* to our love,
Marked as thine own,—and bid the name
Be registered above.

3 Rites cannot change the heart,
Undo the evil done,
Or with the uttered name impart
The nature of thy Son.

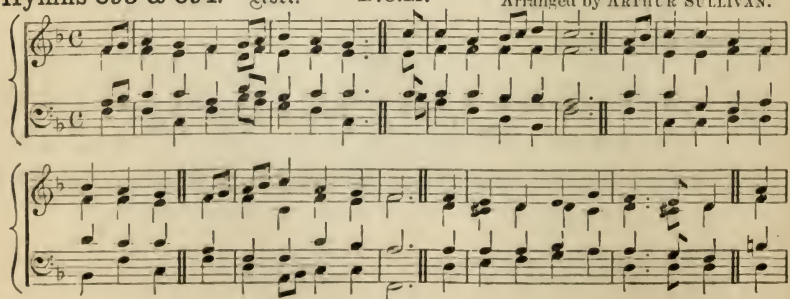
4 To meet our desperate want,
There gushed a crimson flood;
O from His heart's o'erflowing font
Baptize this soul with blood!

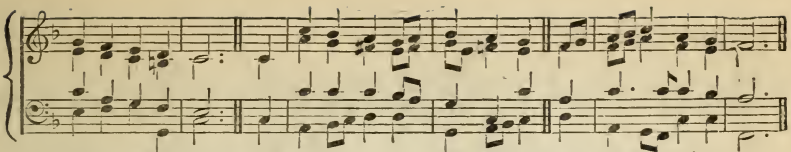
5 Be grace from Christ our Lord,
And love from God supreme,
By the communing Spirit poured
In a perpetual stream!

6 So cleanse our offering;
Then will we, at thy call,
This pledge accepted, daily bring
Ourselves, our house, our all.

Hymns 893 & 894. Noel. D.C.M.

Arranged by Arthur Sullivan.





1 Jesus, in earth and heaven the same,
Accept a parent's vow,
To thee, baptized into thy name,
I bring my children now;
Thy love permits, invites, commands,
My offspring to be blessed;
Lay on them, Lord, thy gracious hands,
And hide them in thy breast.

2 To each the hallowing Spirit give
Even from their infancy;
Into thy holy church receive
Whom I devote to thee:
Committed to thy faithful care,
Protected by thy blood,
Preserve by thine unceasing prayer,
And bring them all to God.

Hymn 894. Noel.

1 The great redeeming Angel, thee,
O Jesus, I confess;
Who hast through life delivered me,
Thou wilt my offspring bless;
Thou that hast borne my sins away,
My children's sins remove,
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing thy praise above.

2 My name be on the children? no!
But mark them, Lord, with thine,
Let all the heavenly offspring know
By characters divine;
Partakers of thy nature make,
Partakers of thy Son,
And then the heirs of glory take
To thine eternal throne.

Hymn 895. Prague. 7.8.7.8.8.8. GERMAN.

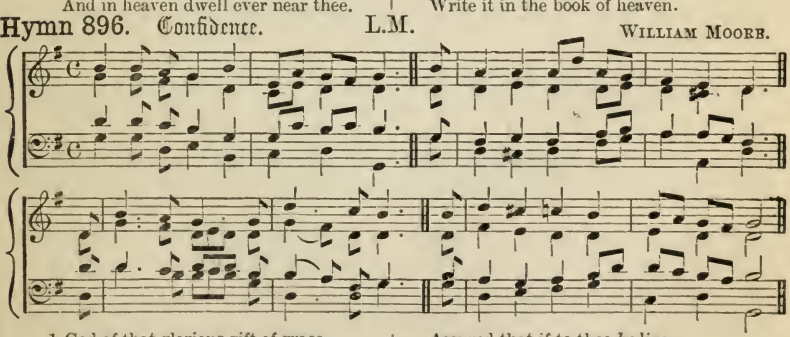
1 Jesus, Lord, thy servants see,
Offering here obedience willing;
Lo, this infant comes to thee,
Thus thy blest command fulfilling;
'Tis for such, thyself declarest,
That the kingdom thou preparest.

2 Take the pledge we offer now,
To the font baptismal hastening;
Make *him*, Lord, thy child below,
Let *him* feel thy tender chastening,
That *he* here may love and fear thee,
And in heaven dwell ever near thee.

3 Prince of peace, thy peace bestow,
Shepherd, to thy sheep-fold take *him*,
Way of life, *his* pathway show,
Head, thy living member make *him*.
Vine, abundant fruit providing,
Keep this branch in thee abiding.

4 Lord of grace! to thee we cry,
Filled our hearts to overflowing;
Heavenward take the burdened sigh,
Blessings on the babe bestowing;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

Hymn 896. Confidence. L.M. WILLIAM MOORE.



1 God of that glorious gift of grace
By which thy people seek thy face,
When in thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

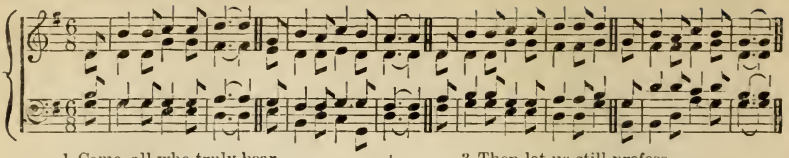
2 Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesu's throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to thee;
Assured that if to thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Large and abundant blessings shed
Warm as these prayers upon *his* head;
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

5 Make *him* and keep *him* thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

Hymns 897 & 898. Eucharist. S.M.



1 Come, all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
And keep his kindest word.
Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified:
"In memory of my dying love,
Do this," he said,—and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood,
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honoured name;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb.
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain:
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed:
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

Hymn 898. Eucharist.

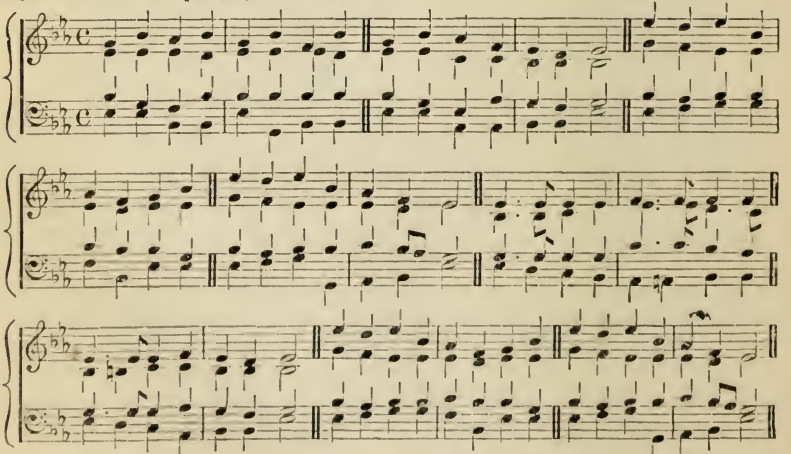
1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies:
And still we by his death are blessed,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Even now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

Hymn 899. Vesper Hymn. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

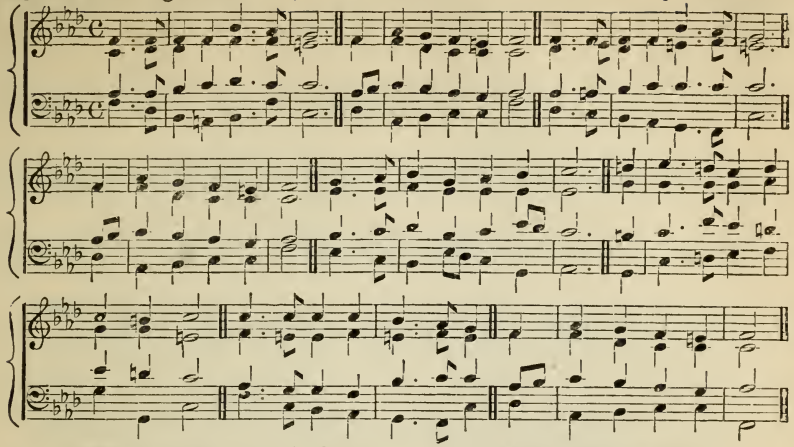


1 Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind!
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer Divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul—and mine!
Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Hymn 900. Atonement. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

J. Turle.



1 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Hymn 901. French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.

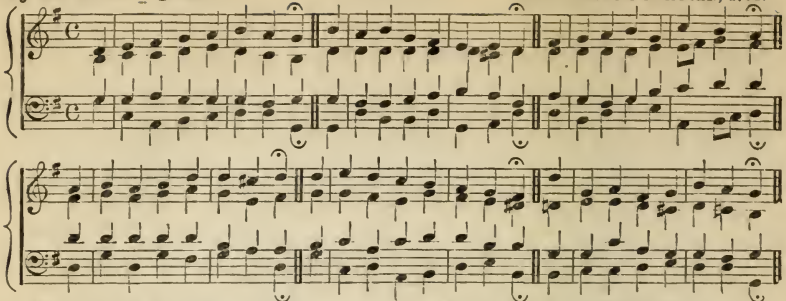
1 Jesu, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own:
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, blessed by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

Hymn 902. Lusatia. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From Freylinghausen, 1704.



1 Victim Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we show:
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And showed the great Invisible:
Well pleased in thee, our God looked down,
And called his rebels to a crown.

4 He still respects thy sacrifice;
Its savour sweet doth always please;
The offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace:
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down:
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here!

Hymn 903. Aristides. C.M. A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.

1 "The promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

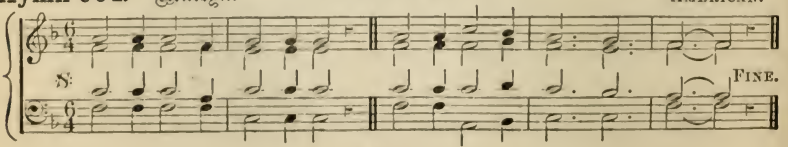
2 To this sure covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blest us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

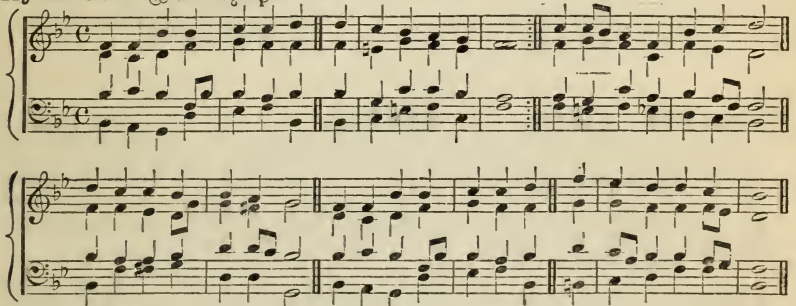
Hymn 904. Martyn. 7.7.7.7.7.7. American.



1 Bread of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

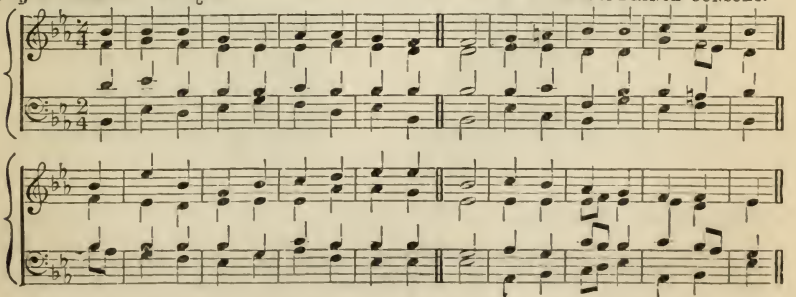
Hymn 905. Middlethorpe. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.



1 Jesus, Master of the feast,
The feast itself thou art,
Now receive thy meanest guest,
And comfort every heart:
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down,
Fill us with immortal meat,
And make thy nature known.

2 In this barren wilderness
Thou hast a table spread,
Furnished out with richest grace,
Whate'er our souls can need;
Still sustain us by thy love,
Still thy servants' strength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feast for ever there.

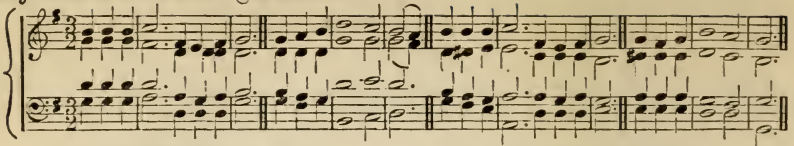
Hymn 906. Gotha. 9.8.9.8. H. R. H. the late Prince Consort.



1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

Hymns 907 & 908. Ilfracombe. C.M.



1 In memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of his blood
That was for sinners shed.

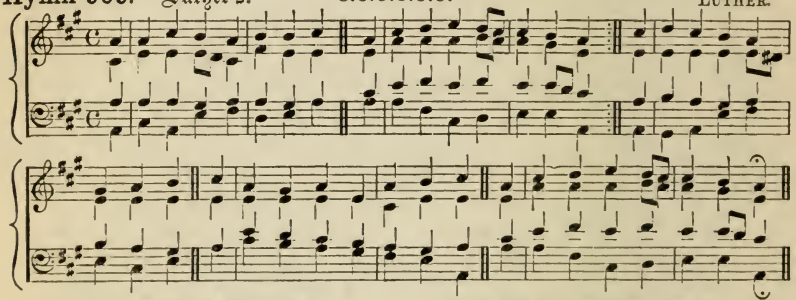
3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Hymn 908. Ilfracombe.

1 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

Hymn 909. Luther's. 8.8.8.8.8.8.



1 O God! how often hath thine ear
To me in willing mercy bowed!
While worshipping thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed:
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vowed and wept in vain?

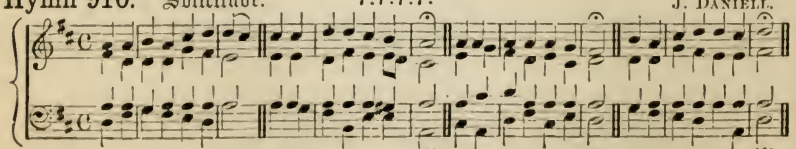
2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return!
Behold thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to thine arms my spirit take,
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

3 In pity of the soul thou lov'st,
Now bid the sin thou hat'st expire;
Let me desire what thou approv'st,
Thou dost approve what I desire:
And thou wilt deign to call me thine,
And I will dare to call thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since sealed with Jesu's blood it is:
That blood I trust, that blood alone,
And make the covenant peace mine own.

5 But, that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Help me in all thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with thy child!

Hymn 910. Solicitude. 7.7.7.7.



1 God of truth and power and grace,
Drawn by thee to seek thy face,
Lo! I in thy courts appear,
Humbly come to meet thee here;

2 Trembling at thine altar stand,
Lift to heaven my heart and hand,
Of thy promised strength secure,
All my sins I now abjure.

3 All my promises renew,
All my wickedness eschew,
Chiefly that I called my own,
Now I hate, renounce, disown.

4 Never more will I commit,
Follow, or be led by it;
Only grant the grace I claim,
Arm my soul with Jesu's name.

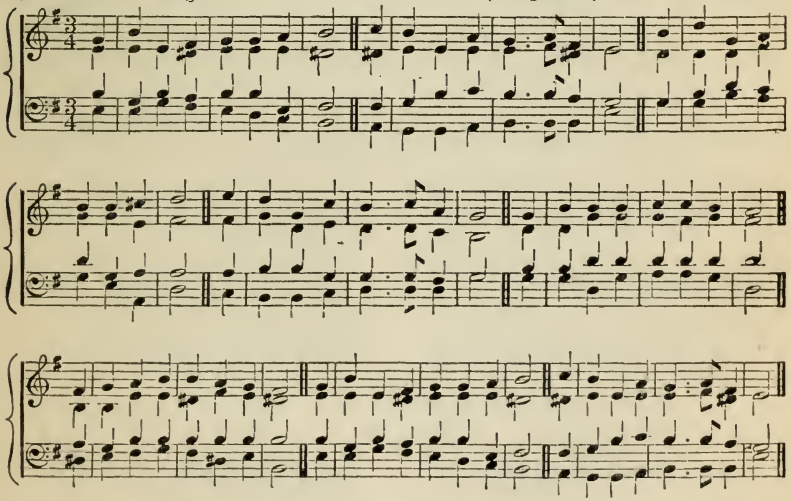
5 Sure I am it is thy will,
I should never yield to ill,
Never lose thy gracious power,
Never sin or grieve thee more.

6 What doth then my hopes prevent?
Lord, thou stay'st for my consent;
My consent through grace I give,
Promise in thy fear to live.

7 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Present with thy angel host,
While I at thy altar bow,
Witness to the solemn vow,

8 Now admit my bold appeal,
Now affix thy Spirit's seal,
Now the power from high be given,
Register the oath in heaven.

Hymn 911. Leyburn. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.) Rev. R. Harrison.



1 O how shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vowed to the Lord?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word?
I tremble at what I have done:
O send me thy help from above;
The power of thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love!

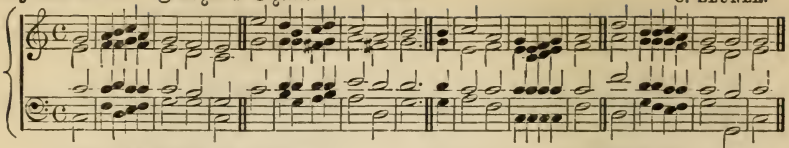
2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair;
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed by his Spirit abroad
The love of himself in my heart.

3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me thy compassionate grace;
Appear my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of thy face!
That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love;
And then I shall cleave unto thee,
And then I shall never remove.

4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace in my conscience reveal!
And then I shall love thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel:
Constrained by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restored,
And long to be summoned away.

Hymn 912. Luther's Chant. L.M.

C. Zeuner.



1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

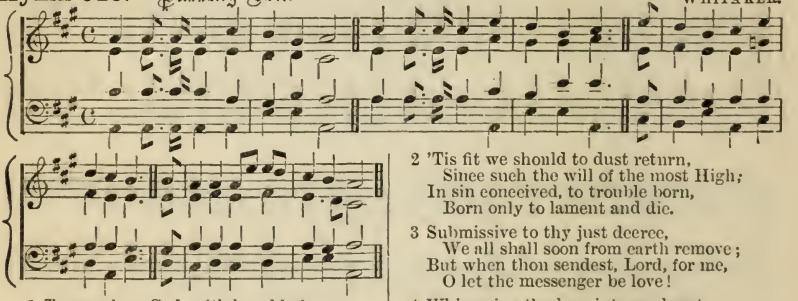
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possest.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hymn 913. Passing Bell. L.M.

Whitaker.



1 Tremendous God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love!

4 Whispering thy love into my heart,
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.

Hymn 914. (*See Hymn* 910.) Solicitude.

1 Father, Lord of earth and heaven,
Spare, or take what thou hast given;
Sole disposer of thine own,
Let thy sovereign will be done.

2 When thou didst our Isaac give,
Him we trembled to receive,
Him we called not ours, but thine,
Him we promised to resign.

3 Lo! we to our promise stand,
Lo! we answer thy demand,
Will not murmur or complain,
If thou claim thine own again.

4 Life or death depend on thee,
Just and good is thy decree,
Safe in thy decree we rest,
Sure whatever is, is best.

5 Meekly we our vow repeat,
Nature shall to grace submit,
Let him on the altar lie,
Let the victim live, or die.

6 Yet thou know'st what pangs of love
In a father's bosom move,
What the agony to part,
Struggling in a mother's heart.

7 Sorely tempted and distressed,
Can we make the fond request?
Dare we pray for a reprieve?
Need we ask that he may live?

8 God we absolutely trust,
Wise and merciful and just,
All thy works to thee are known,
All thy blessed will be done.

9 If his life a snare would prove,
Rob us of thy heavenly love,
Steal our hearts from God away;
Mercy will not let him stay.

10 If his life would matter raise
Of thine everlasting praise,
More his Saviour glorify,
Mercy will not let him die.

Hymn 915. (*See Hymn* 116.) Redhead. (76.)

1 O thou faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead,
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

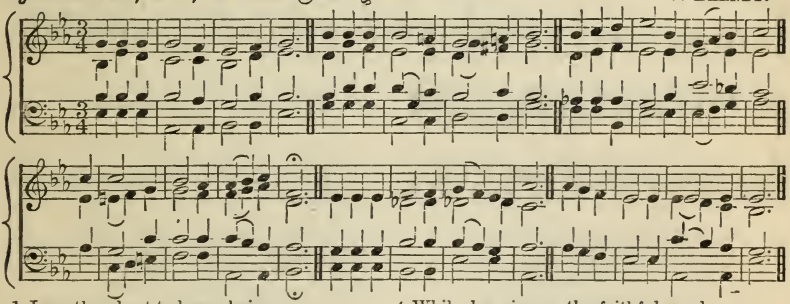
2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
Give them, all thy blessings give,
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend
Into thy protection take,
Be her sure immortal friend,
Save her for my Saviour's sake;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me we shall meet above,
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

Hymns 916, 917, & 918. Barnby. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. Barnby.



1 Jesu, thou hast to hoary hairs
My manners and my burdens borne,
Carried me through ten thousand snares,
And, when I would to sin return,
With a high hand and outstretched arm
Redeemed me from the mortal harm.

2 O let me still the promise plead,
Thy kind continued aid engage!
Thy aid I every moment need,
In childhood, youth, and trembling age;
A sinner I, on mercy cast,
By mercy saved from first to last.

3 Still, O thou patient God of love,
My soul's infirmity sustain,
Bear me on eagles' wings above
The world of ill, the vale of pain,
The flesh that weighs my spirit down,
The fiend who strives to take my crown.

4 While, hanging on thy faithful word,
My utter helplessness I feel,
Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,
Beyond the reach of earth or hell,
Till on the margin of the grave
I prove thine utmost power to save.

5 Thou know'st the trials yet behind,
The strength of sin, the tempter's power;
Support my feebleness of mind
In every dark unguarded hour;
Thy servant mightily defend,
And love and save me to the end.

6 Walk with me through the lions' den,
Walk with me through the floods and fires,
In form of God distinctly seen;
And O! to crown my last desires,
In death my guide and Saviour be,
My God through all eternity!

Hymn 917. Barnby.

1 Justly thou might'st, in helpless age,
Thy most unworthy servant leave,
Leave me to faint in life's last stage,
And never more my sins forgive,
Leave me to breathe my slighted prayer,
And perish in extreme despair.

2 But lo! I from thy justice, Lord,
To thy redeeming grace appeal!
Justice awakes its flaming sword
Against the Man thou lov'st so well;
He paid my ransom with his blood,
And God hath quenched the wrath of God.

3 Whate'er I have of evil done,
Or said, or thought, on him was laid;
My trust is in thy bleeding Son,
My fainting soul on Christ is stayed:
Father, regard his sacrifice,
And bid me live, for Jesus dies.

4 With humble faith his death I plead,
And, covered with the atoning blood,
Calmly I sink among the dead,
The dead who ever live to God,
Secure in that great day to rise,
And share thy kingdom in the skies.

Hymn 918. Barnby.

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Hymn 919. (*See Hymn* 317.) Athlone.

1 Warned of my dissolution near,
As on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,
I now bespeak thy power to save;
Thou who hast tasted death for me,
Indulge me in my fond request,
And let a worm prescribe to thee
The manner of my final rest.

2 My feeble heart's extreme desire
If now thine eye with pity sees,
Whene'er thou dost my soul require,
O let me then be found in peace!
In active faith and humble prayer,
Resigned, yet longing to depart,
To rise, redeemed from earthly care,
And see thee, Saviour, as thou art.

3 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign;
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God, is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Hymn 920. Aristides. C.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.

1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

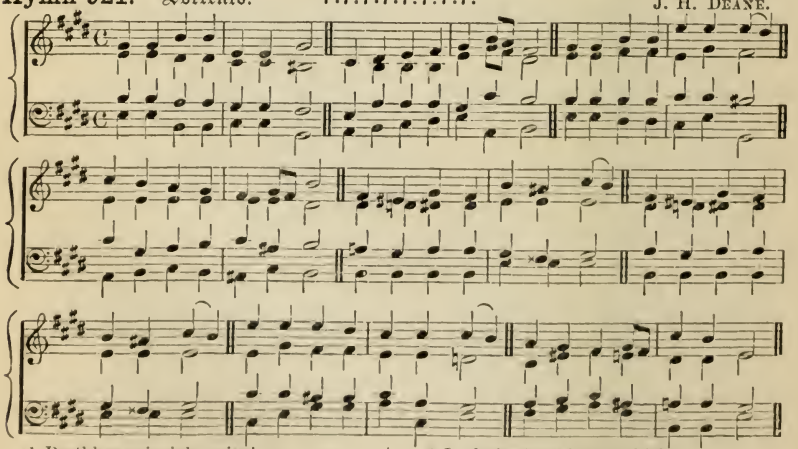
4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Hymn 921. Sorrento. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. H. Deane.



1 Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumph to adorn;
Made for God, to God return!

2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillows bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

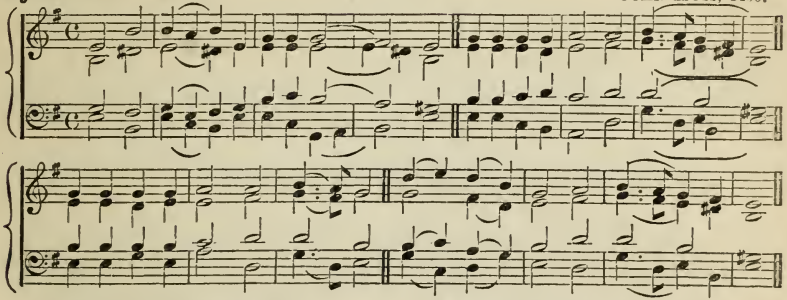
3 Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die;
Fly, celestial inmate, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away,
Singing to thy crown remove,
Mounting high on wings of love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him,
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar;
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve,
No one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

5 Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade;
See, they throng the blissful shore,
Ardent for thy coming o'er.
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven!

Hymn 922. Tabor. 8.7.8.7.

JOHN HUSS, 1460.



1 Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

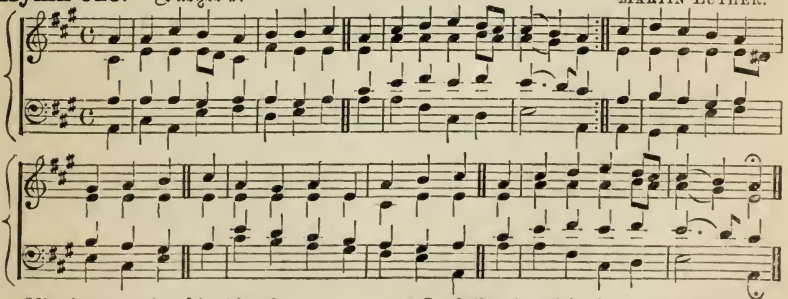
2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Hymn 923. Luther's. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

MARTIN LUTHER.



1 Mine hour appointed is at hand,
Lord Jesu Christ, attend me;
Beside my bed, my Saviour, stand,
To comfort, help, defend me.
Into thy hands I will commend
My trembling soul at my last end,
How safe in thy sweet keeping!

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins are thronging round me;
But though they grieve and wound me sore,
They never shall confound me.
My sins are numberless, I know,
But o'er them all thy blood doth flow;
Thy wounds and death uphold me.

3 Lord, thou hast joined my soul to thine
In bonds no power can sever;
Grafted in thee, the living Vine,
I shall be thine for ever.
Lord, when I die, I die to thee,
Thy precious death hath won for me
A life that never endeth.

4 Since thou hast risen from the grave,
The grave cannot detain me;
Christ died; Christ "rose again," to save;
These words shall still sustain me.
For where thou art, there I shall be,
That I may ever live with thee;
This is my joy in dying.

Hymn 924. (*See Hymn* 317.) Athlone.

1 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace!

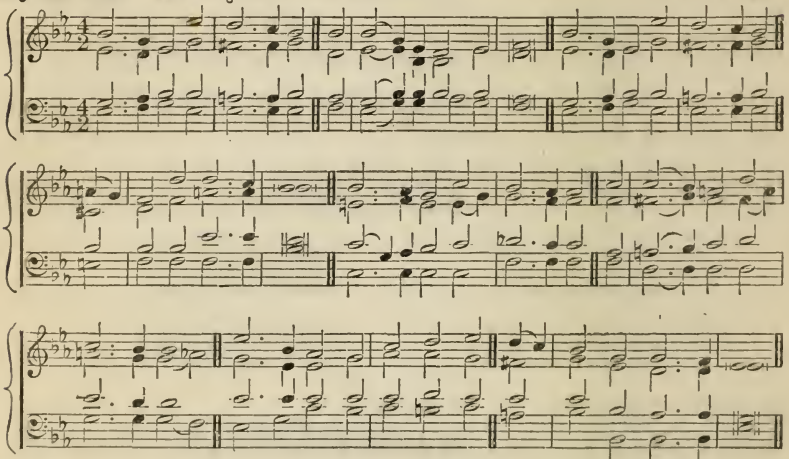
2 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend!

4 I come, I come at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand!
Stretch forth thy everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

5 The hour of my departure 's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace!

Hymn 925. Woodthorne. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. A. H. Mann.

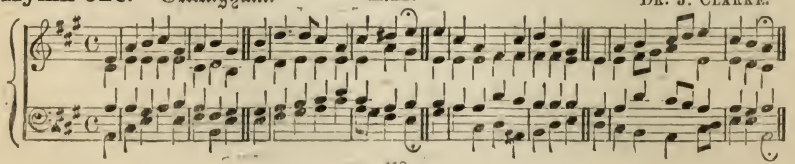


1 Happy who in Jesus live;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart;
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh;
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die!

2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load:
When we have our grief filled up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die, to thee.

Hymn 926. Gillingham. L.M. Dr. J. Clarke.



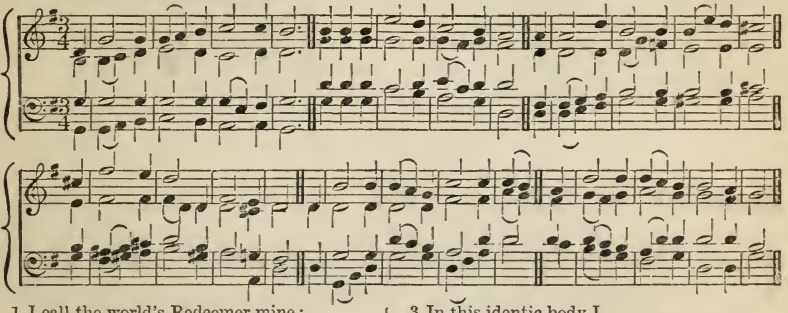
1 The saints who die of Christ possest
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Hymn 927. Celestis Urbs. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. LAHEE.



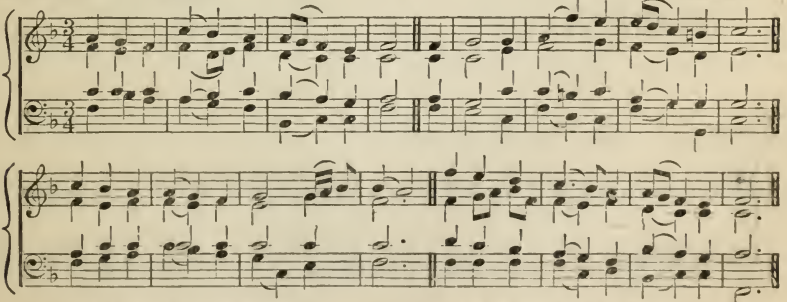
1 I call the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

2 Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight;
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ, my Life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

Hymn 928. Leeds. L.M. R. BENNETT.



1 I know that my Redeemer lives.
He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.

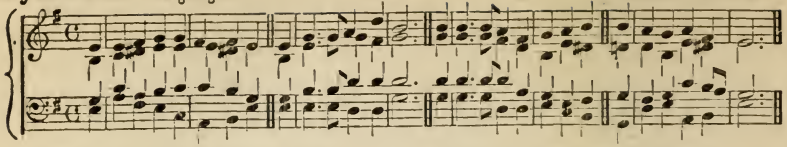
2 In this re-animated clay
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up,
The eternal Spirit lives in me;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

Hymn 929. Cheshire. C.M.

ESTE'S PSALTER.



1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

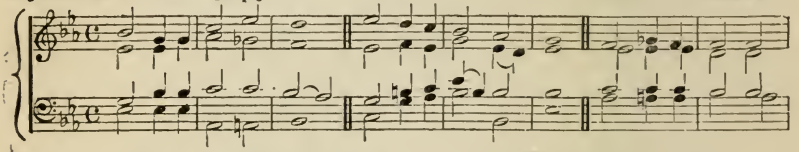
2 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

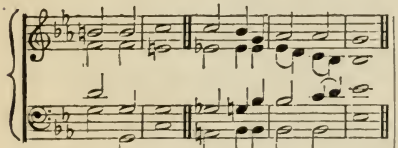
3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Hymn 930. St. Raphael. S.M.

PHILIP R. SLEEMAN.





1 And must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above!

Hymn 931. Pastor Bonus. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

SAMUEL SMITH.

1 My life 's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline:
My Lord is life, he 'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine;
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep
And leave my bed of clay;
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

3 My Lord his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

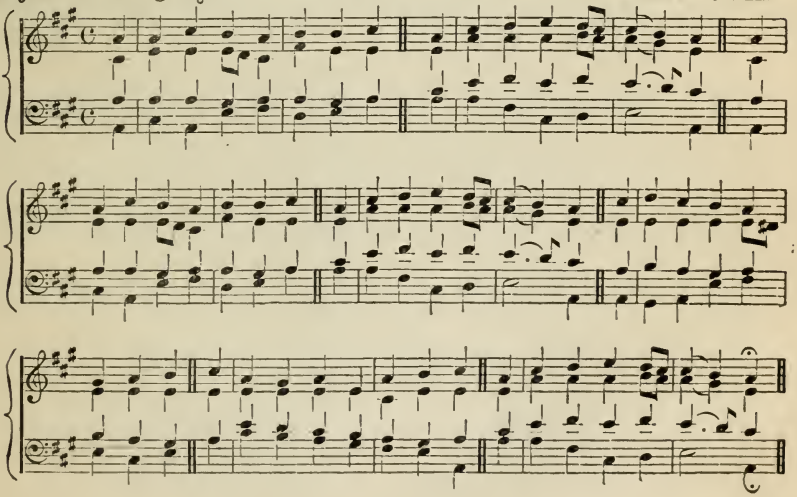
4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I 'm loth to die,
Lord, silence thou those fears;
My life 's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

5 What means my trembling heart
To be thus shy of death?
With life I shall not part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

6 Then welcome, harmless grave;
By thee to heaven I 'll go,
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise
And with these eyes My Saviour see.

Hymn 932. Luther's. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

MARTIN LUTHER.



1 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

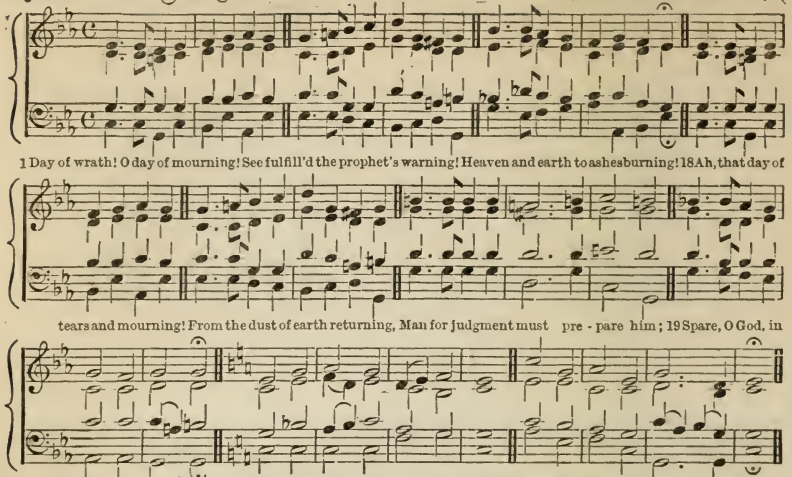
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone:
Trembling they stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

Hymn 933. Dies Iræ. 8.8.8.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.


1 Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See fulfill'd the prophet's warning! Heaven and earth to ashes burning! 18 Ah, that day of
tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning, Man for judgment must pre - pare him; 19 Spare, O God, in
mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing, Je - su blest, Grant us thine e - ter - nal rest!

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth!
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

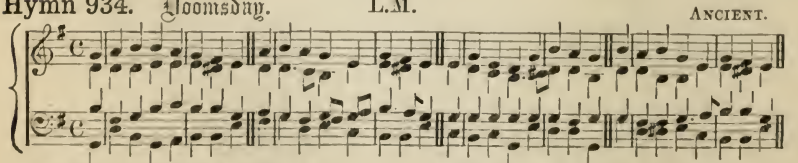
15 With thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me!

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Hymn 934. Doomsday. L.M.

ANCIENT.

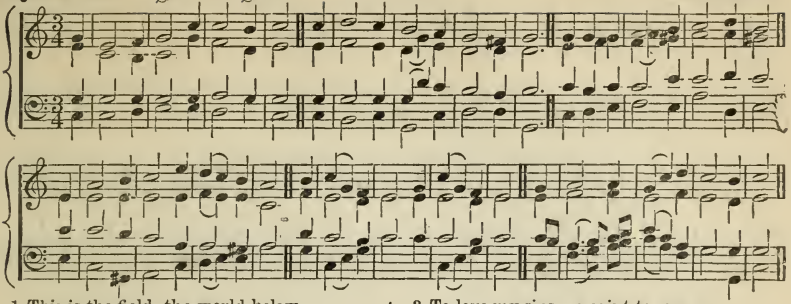


1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Hymn 935. Harbest Home. 8.8.8.8.8.8. T. WALLHEAD.



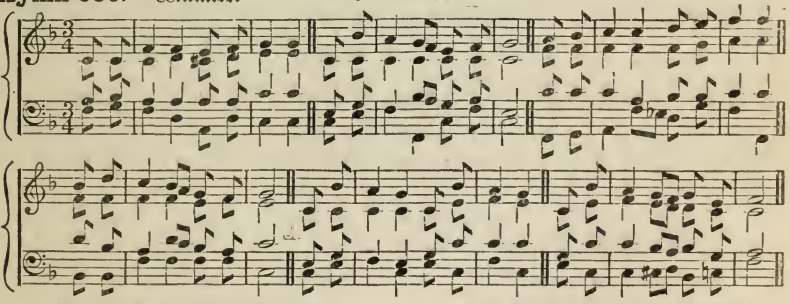
1 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares:
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world that harvest know?
Is every man or wheat or tare?
Then for that harvest O prepare!
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 To love my sins,—a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat—yet be a tare,
May serve me while I live below,
Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 But all who truly righteous be
Their Father's kingdom then shall see;
And shine like suns for ever there:
He that hath ears, now let him hear;
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Hymn 936. Walmer. 8.7.8.7.4.7.



1 Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Christ the Saviour
Shines, the everlasting Light.

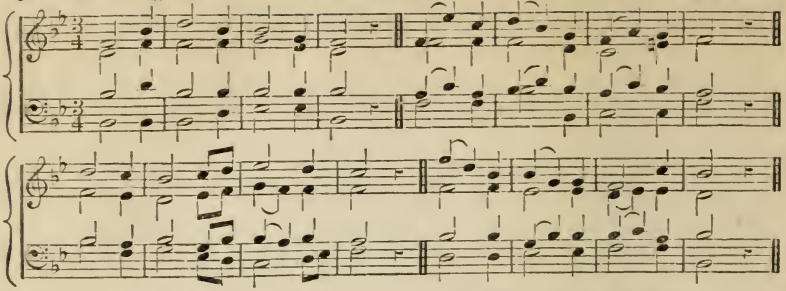
4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the glorious Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

6 Lo! 'tis he! our hearts' desire,
Come for his espoused below,
Come to join us to his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

7 Yes, the prize shall now be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

Hymn 937. Horton. 7.7.7.7. WARTENSEE.



1 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

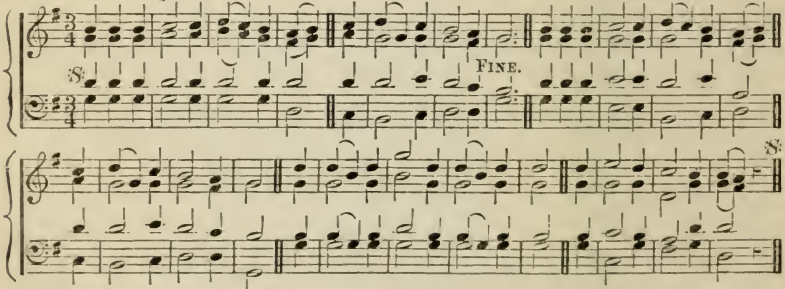
3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here,
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more.
Reign, when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity.

Hymn 938. Prospect. D.C.M. OLD ENGLISH MELODY.



1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

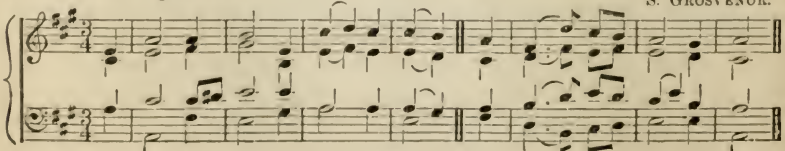
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

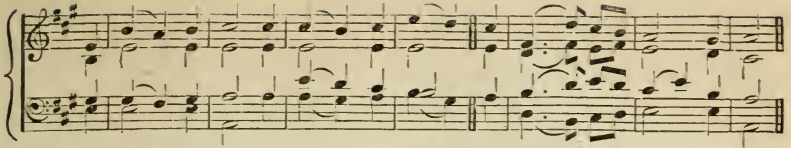
5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Hymn 939. Jerusalem. C.M.

S. GROSVENOR.





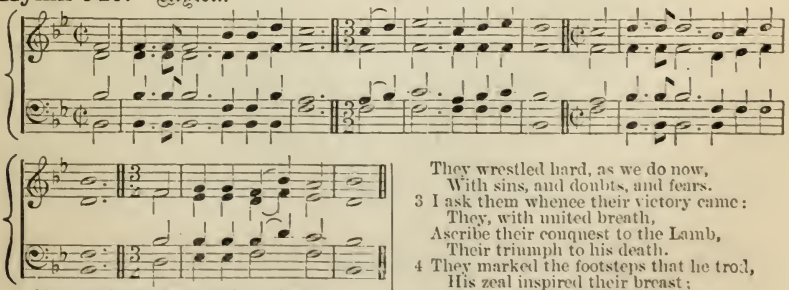
1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Hymn 939. (SECOND TUNE.) Beulah. D.C.M.

GREEK MELODY.

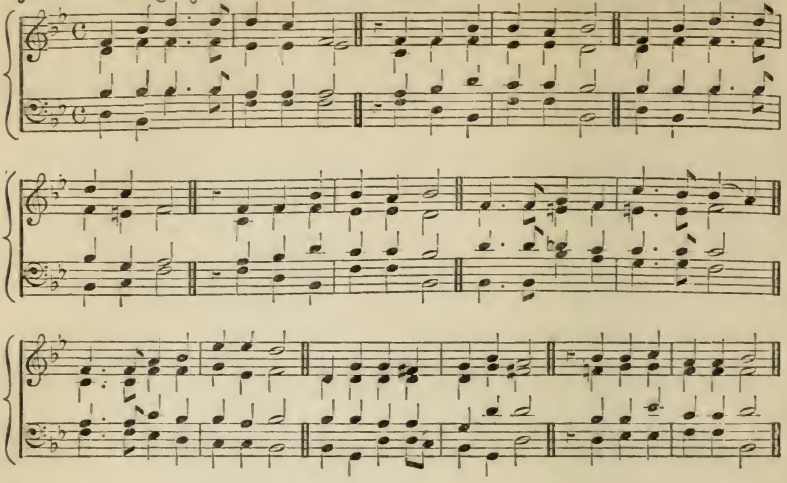
1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me:
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Hymn 940. Mylon. C.M.



1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Hymn 941. Jeshurun. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Dr. Gauntlett.



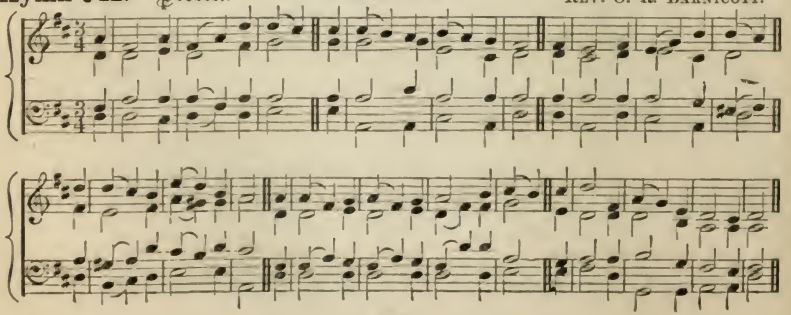
1 Where shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordained to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are entered there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing are no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see:
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
Thus employed in heaven they are:
Lord, receive my happy soul
With all thy servants there!

Hymn 942. Peberil. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Rev. O. R. Barnicott.



1 Sweet place; sweet place alone!
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

2 The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

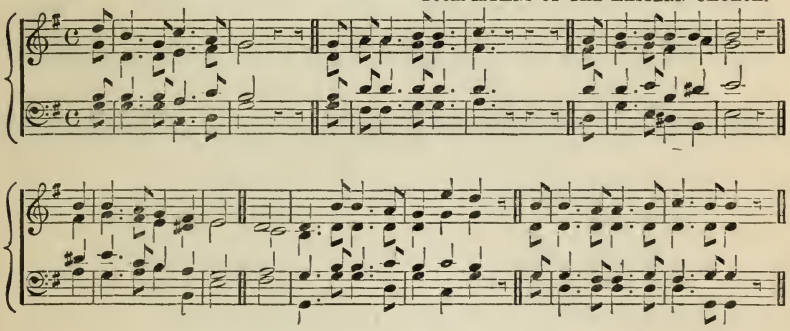
3 Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitched but a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

4 No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir:
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

5 There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end,
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best friend.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

Hymn 942. (SECOND TUNE.) Safe Home. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

From HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.



SECOND PART.

6 Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

7 Thy walls, sweet city! thine
With pearls are garnished,
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

8 No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night.
O no! these needless are:
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

9 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

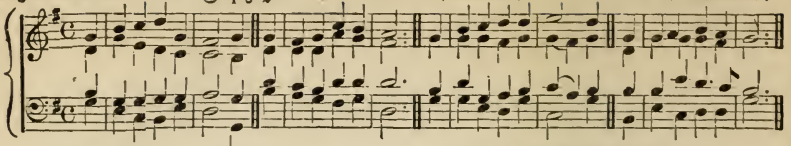
10 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

11 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

12 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found;
All clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

13 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord! guide my way.
O happy place! When shall I be,
My God, with thee, To see thy face?

Hymn 943. St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) Dr. Gauntlett.

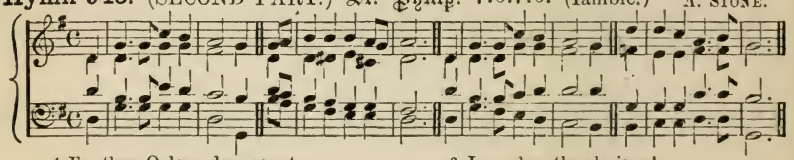


1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

2 That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;
But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

Hymn 943. (SECOND PART.) St. Philip. 7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) A. Stone.



4 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

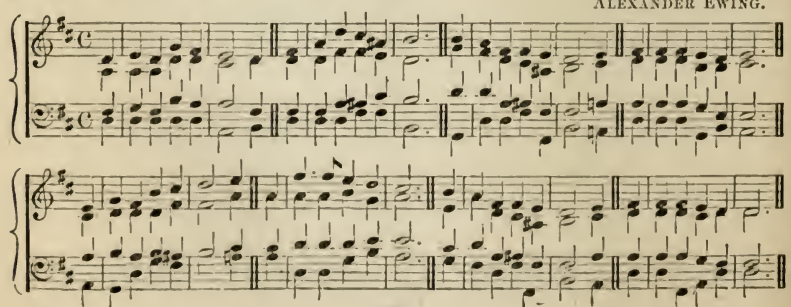
5 O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

6 Jerusalem the glorious!
Glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

7 Jerusalem, the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe!
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

Hymn 943. (THIRD PART.) Ewing. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.)

Alexander Ewing.



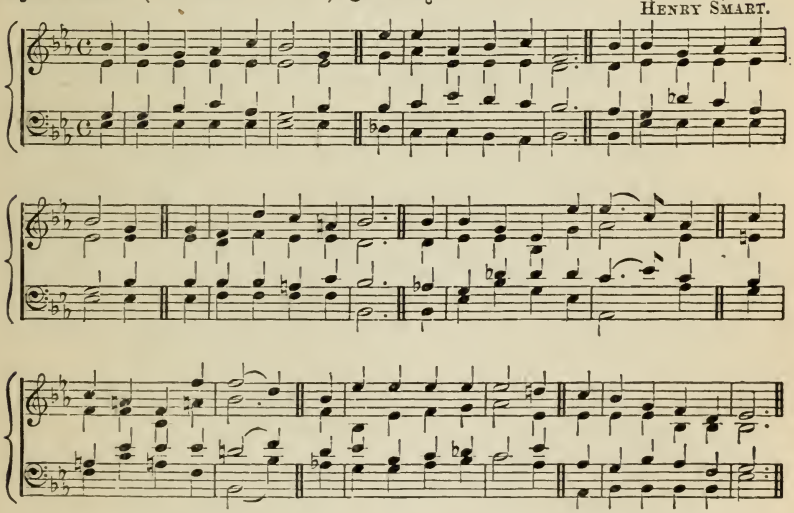
8 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

9 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

10 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Hymn 943. (FOURTH PART.) Lancashire. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.)

HENRY SMART.



11 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:

12 But yet with faith I venture
And hope upon the way,
For those perennial guerdons
I labour night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me, and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved;

13 When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's royal fountain
Purge every stain away.

14 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

15 Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his for ever
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Hymn 944. Pilgrim. S.M. (WITH CHORUS.) WOODBURY.

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

CHORUS.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Here in the body, &c.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
Here in the body, &c.

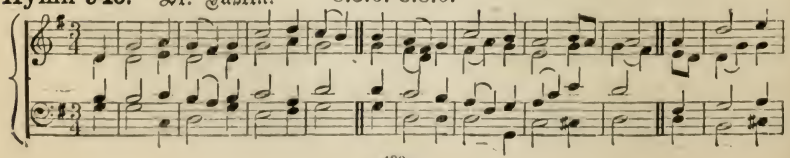
5 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Here in the body, &c.

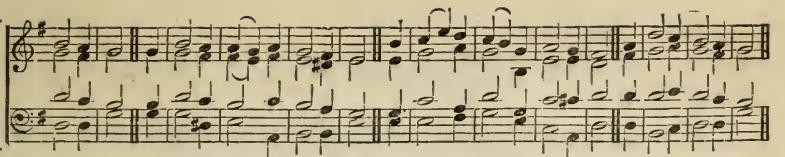
6 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
Here in the body, &c.

7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Here in the body, &c.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"
Here in the body, &c.

Hymn 945. St. Justin. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.



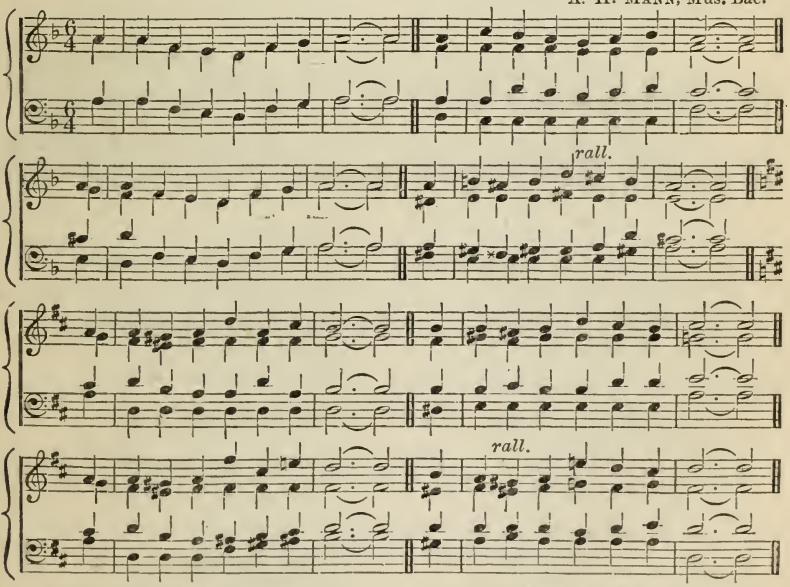


1 O God, to whom the faithful dead
Still live, united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:
For all thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed thee,
As with them to partake
The full reward of heavenly bliss:
Merciful Father! grant us this
For our Redeemer's sake.

Hymn 946. Tottenhall. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic.)

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.



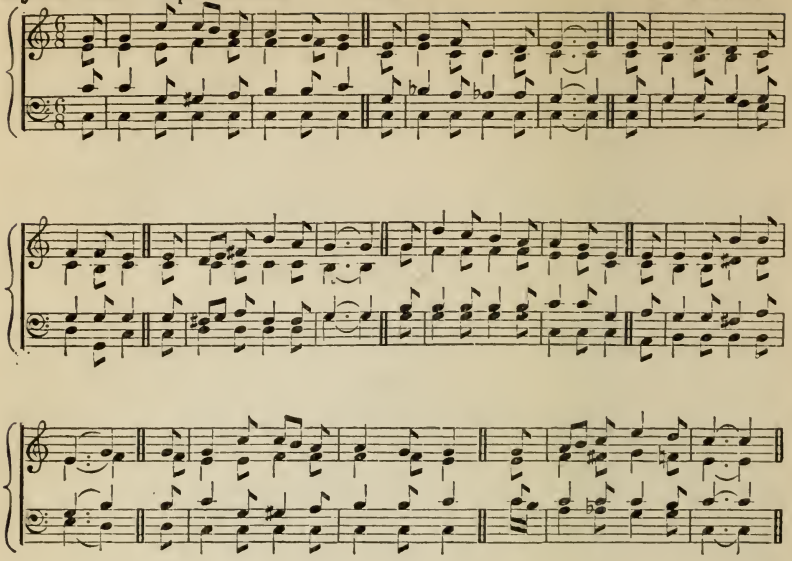
1 O when shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more:
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

4 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

Hymn 947. Spes Celestis. D.C.M. W. A. Smith.



1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven!
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

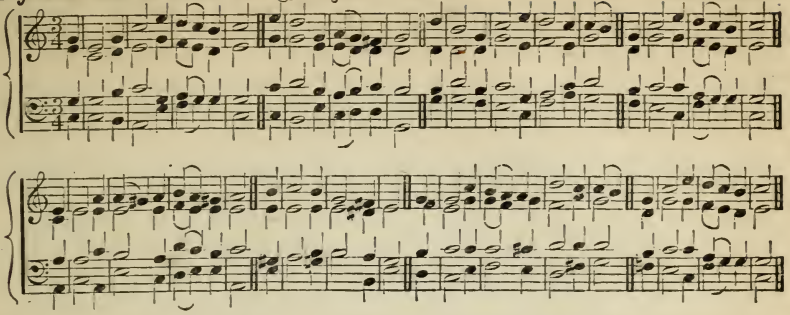
6 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

7 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

8 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In raptures awe on him to gaze
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity!

Hymns 948 & 949. St. Matthew. D.C.M.

DR. CROFT.



1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants)
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 Surely he will not long delay:
I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up, and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give thee victory;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heaven for thee."

4 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise;
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come
Eternally shall live.

5 I see a world of spirits bright
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

6 They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of him
Who tuned his golden lute:
At once they strike the harmonious wire,
And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears; he smiles; and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

7 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day.

Hymn 949. St. Matthew.

1 Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

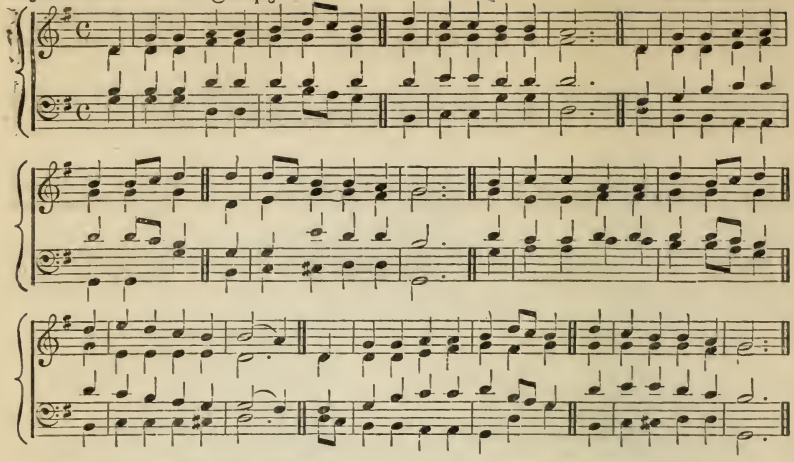
2 One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

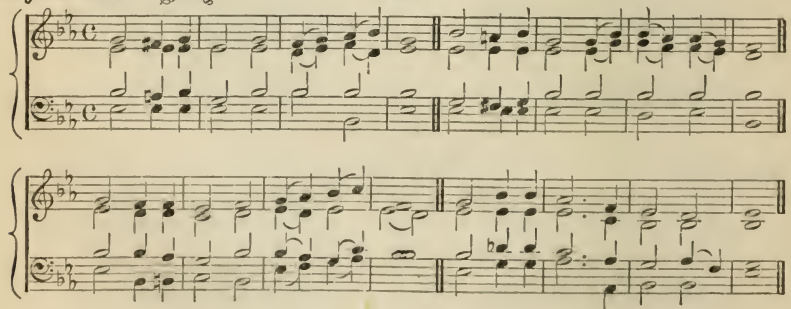
Hymn 950. St. Asaph. D.C.M. GIORNIVICHI.



1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
HE RISES, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'T was great to speak a world from nought;
'T was greater to redeem!

Hymn 951. Holly. L.M.



1 Dear is the day which God hath made,
Signal of peace to earth displayed;
Its light the rainbow of the seven,
Its atmosphere the air of heaven.

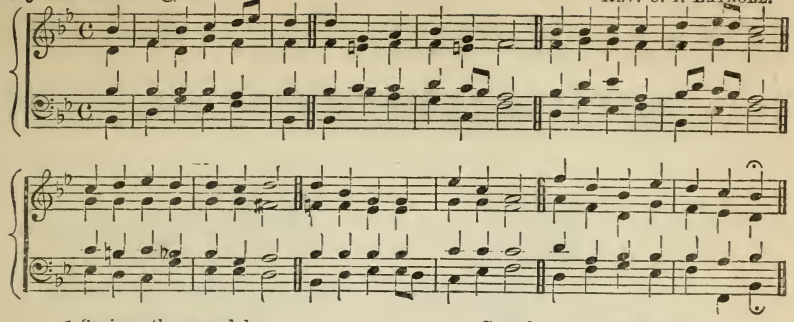
2 The gay who rest nor worship prize
Jehovah's changeless sign despise;
Still stand it to our eyes alone
With claims and blessings all its own!

3 The suffering scarce, alas! can know
This from the other days of woe,
May we the worth of Sabbaths learn
Before we suffer in our turn!

4 The blest no sun save Jesus see,
No Sabbath save eternity;
May our brief Sabbaths melt away
In the clear light of endless day!

5 Lord of the Sabbath, 'tis thy will
These hours to hallow; bless them still!
Send down thy Spirit's sevenfold powers,
And make thy rest and gladness ours.

Hymn 952. Fulneck. 6.6.7.7.7.7. Rev. C. I. Latrobe.

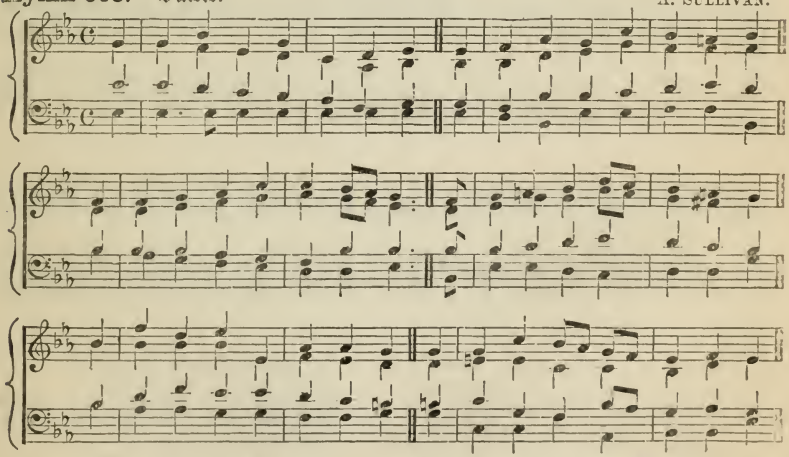


1 Saviour, thy sacred day
Is subject to thy sway,
Made thy pleasure to fulfil;
Thou, the Son of man, alone
Canst, according to thy will,
Abrogate or change thine own.

2 Thy love the day designed
A blessing to mankind;
But thy more abundant grace,
Gospel grace unsearchable,
Bade the Jewish feast give place,
Fixed the Christian festival.

3 Lord of the hallowed day,
Once more thy power display;
Now returning from above,
Change it to that heavenly feast,
Sabbath of celestial love,
Sabbath of eternal rest.

Hymn 953. Valete. 8.8.8.8.8.8. A. Sullivan.



1 Come, let us with our Lord arise,
Our Lord, who made both earth and skies;
Who died to save the world he made,
And rose triumphant from the dead;
He rose, the Prince of life and peace,
And stamped the day for ever his.

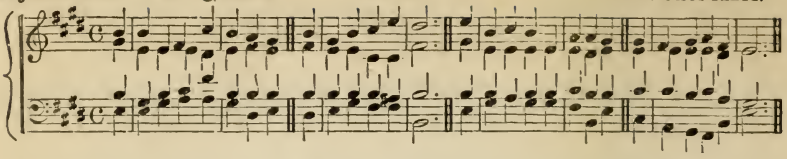
2 This is the day the Lord hath made,
That all may see his love displayed,
May feel his resurrection's power,
And rise again to fall no more,
In perfect righteousness renewed,
And filled with all the life of God.

3 Then let us render him his own,
With solemn prayer approach the throne,
With meekness hear the gospel-word,
With thanks his dying love record;
Our joyful hearts and voices raise,
And fill his courts with songs of praise.

4 Honour and praise to Jesus pay
Throughout his consecrated day;
Be all in Jesu's praise employed,
Nor leave a single moment void;
With utmost care the time improve,
And only breathe his praise and love.

Hymn 954. St. Fulbert. C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 Come let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

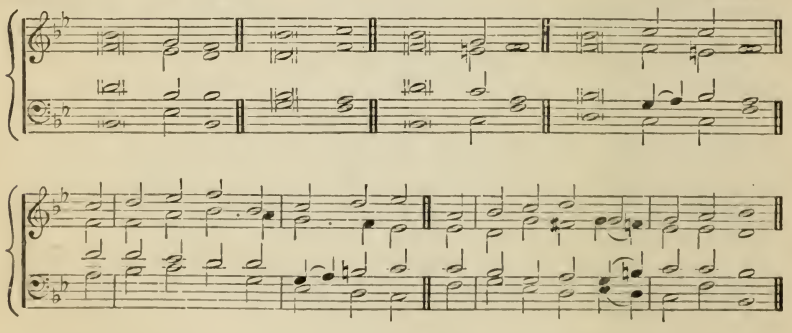
2 This is the day which God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

Hymn 955. St. Hilda. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

A. H. BROWN.



1 Great God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers;
We would employ in works divine
These solemn, these devoted hours:
Our willing hearts adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

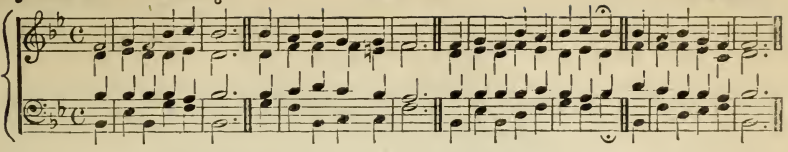
2 We bid life's cares and trifles fly,
And where thou art appear no more:
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Doth every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine!

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest:
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart,
And let thy word, with power divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
And make the day entirely thine!
Thus may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

Hymn 956. Olmutz. S.M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

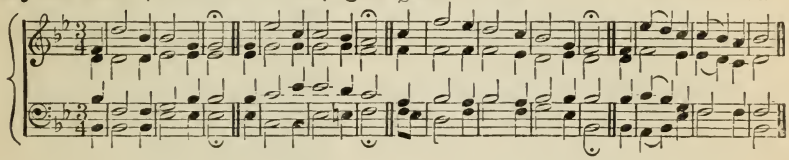
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where thou, my Lord, hast been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Hymn 956. (SECOND TUNE.) New Haven. S.M.

Dr. Hastings.



Hymn 957. Redhead. (4.) L.M.

R. Redhead.

1 Sweet is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep which follows pain,
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

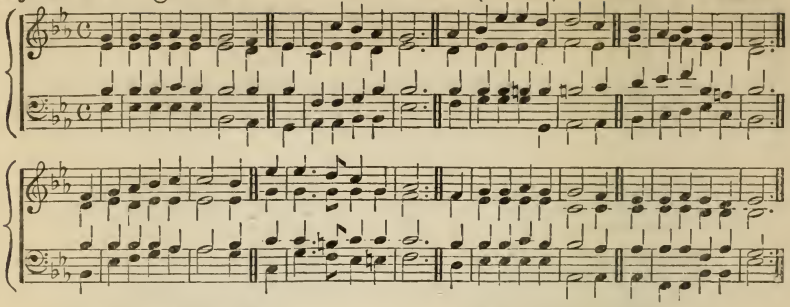
2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm!
The poor man's birthright, and his balm!
God's witness of celestial things!
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime,
Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide!
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live:
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

Hymn 958. Aurelia. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. (Iambic.) Dr. S. S. Wesley.



1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One!

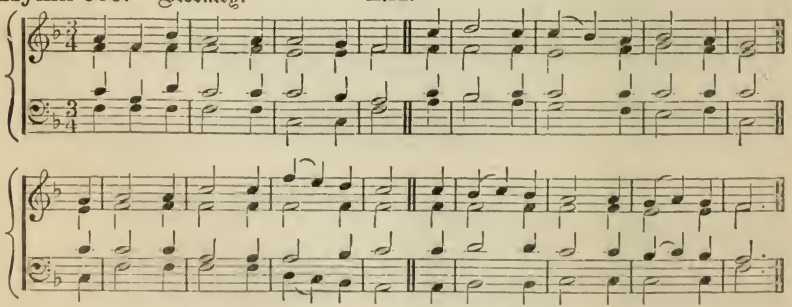
2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Hymn 959. Blockley. L.M.



1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

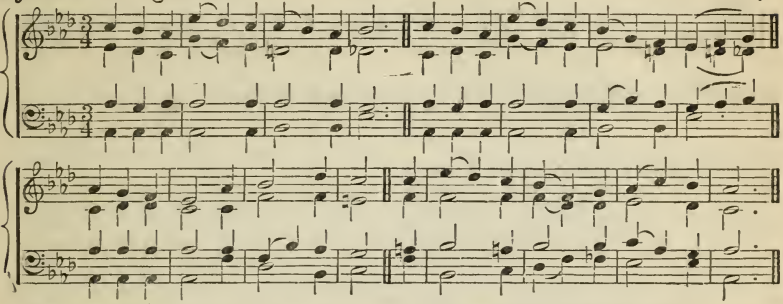
5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

May I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine
That trembles at thy word,

Spirit of faith my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love!

Hymn 961. Norwood. L.M.

W. H. Hart.



1 We rose to-day with anthems sweet,
To sing before the mercy-seat,
And ere the darkness round us fell,
We bade the grateful vespers swell.

2 Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,
Each upward glance of filial fear,
Each true resolve, each solemn vow,
Jesus our Lord! accept them now.

3 Whate'er beneath thy searching eyes
Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,
Jesus our Lord! forgive us now.

4 And teach us erring souls to win,
And hide their multitude of sin;
To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,
And grow more like him day by day.

5 So as our Sabbaths hasten past,
And rounding years bring nigh the last;
When sinks the sun behind the hill,
When all the weary wheels stand still;

6 When by our bed the loved ones weep,
And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,
And vain is help or hope from men;
Jesus our Lord! receive us then.

Hymn 962. Ellers. 10.10.10.10.

E. J. Hopkins.

1 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

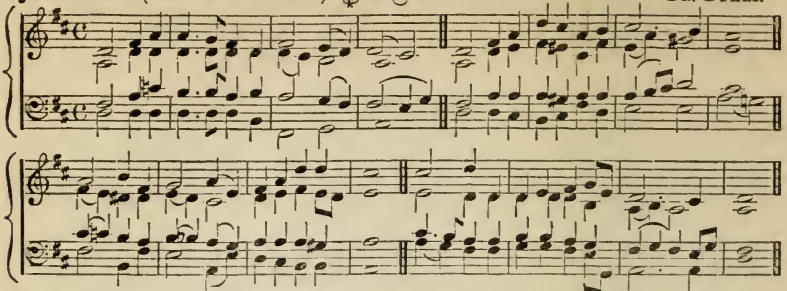
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Hymn 962. (SECOND TUNE.) Pax Dei. 10.10.10.10.

DR. DYKES.



1 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

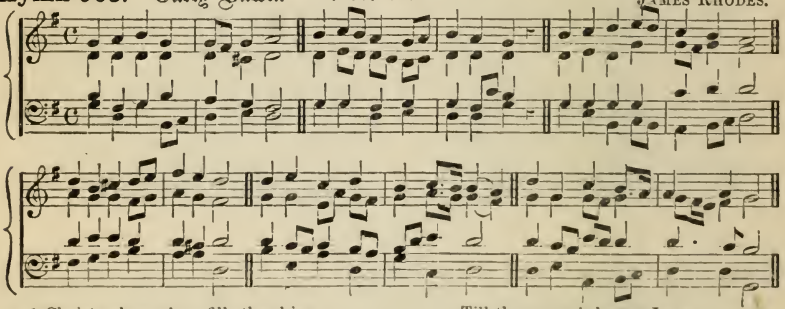
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

Hymn 963. Early Dawn. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

JAMES RHODES.



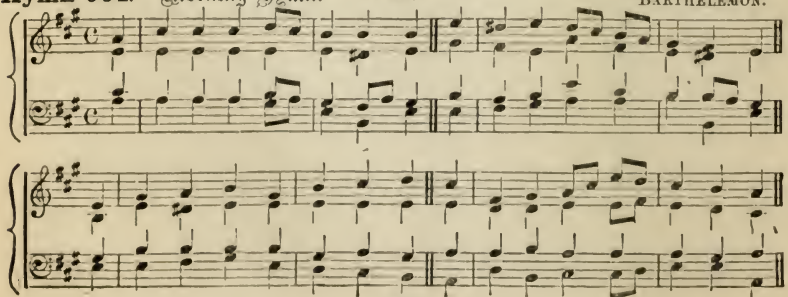
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Hymn 964. Morning Hymn. L.M.

BARTHELEMON.



1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

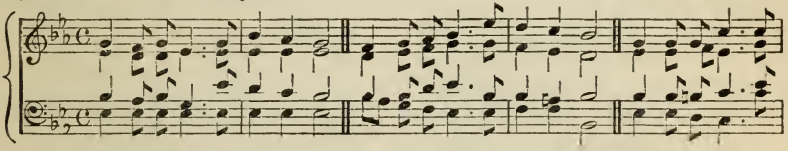
6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 965. Nicomachus. L.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.



1 O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

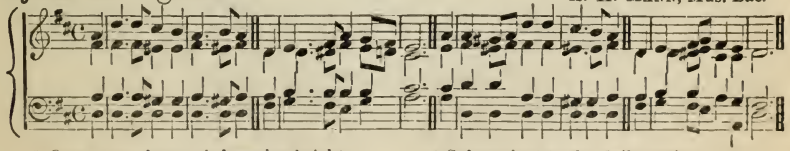
5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in thy great love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Hymn 966. Aristides. C.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.



1 Once more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That his eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

2 O may no sin our hands defile,
Or cause our minds to rove,
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love!

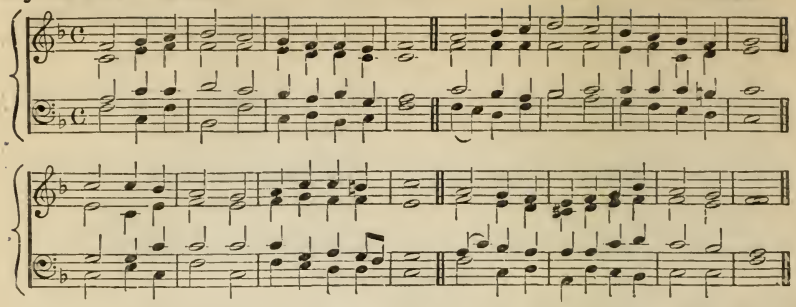
3 Throughout the day, O Christ, in thee
May ready help be found,
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is hovering round.

4 Subservient to thy daily praise
Our daily toil shall be;
So may our works, in thee begun,
Be furthered, Lord, by thee.

5 And lest the flesh, profane and proud,
Subdue the yielding soul,
May self-constraining temperance
Carnal desires control.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel host!

Hymn 967. Toulon. 10.10.10.10. Goudimel.



1 O Lord, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

2 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
On the poor heart worn out with toil, thy word
Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 How sad and cold if thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed;

4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

5 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din,
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me on a Father's loving heart [last.
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at

Hymn 968. St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8. Rev. Dr. Dykes.

1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

4 Be thou our soul's preserver,
For thou, O God, dost know
How many are the perils
Awaiting us below;
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all!

Hymn 968. (SECOND TUNE.) St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night!

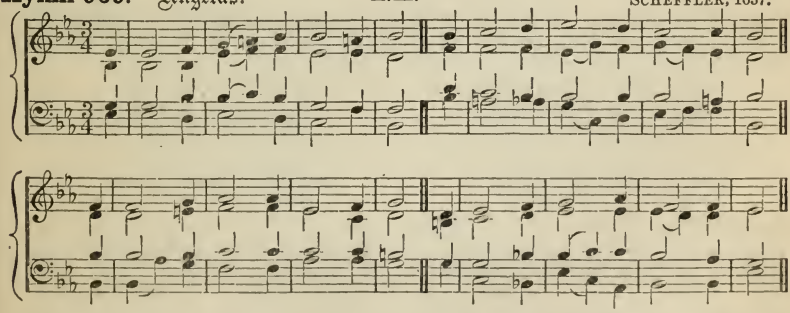
2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesu, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

4 Be thou our soul's preserver,
For thou, O God, dost know
How many are the perils
Awaiting us below;
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all!

Hymn 969. Angelus. L.M.

SCHEFFLER, 1657.



1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

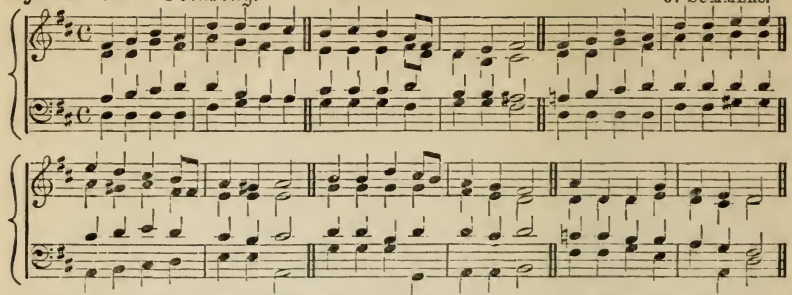
4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man!
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

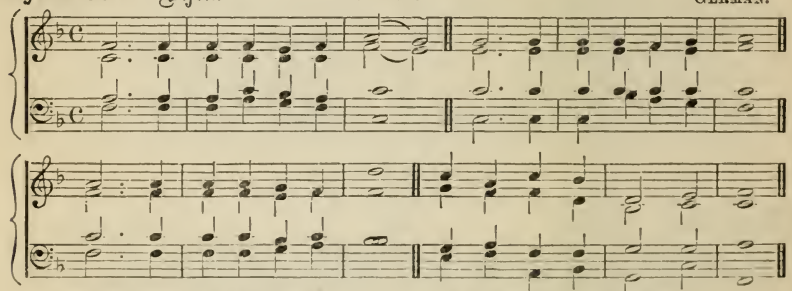
Hymn 970. Ebensong. 8.7.8.7.7.7. J. SUMMERS.



1 Through the day thy love hath spared us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

Hymn 971. Dijon. 7.7.7.7. GERMAN.



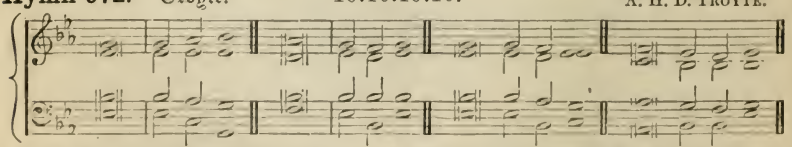
1 God the Father! be thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all thy children dear,
In the darkness be our light.

2 God the Saviour! be our peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit! deign to come!
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare thy home,
Turn our darkness into light.

4 Holy Trinity! be nigh!
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live, and help to die,
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

Hymn 972. Troyte. 10.10.10.10. A. H. D. TROYTE.



1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Hymn 972. Eventide. 10.10.10.10. W. H. Monk.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

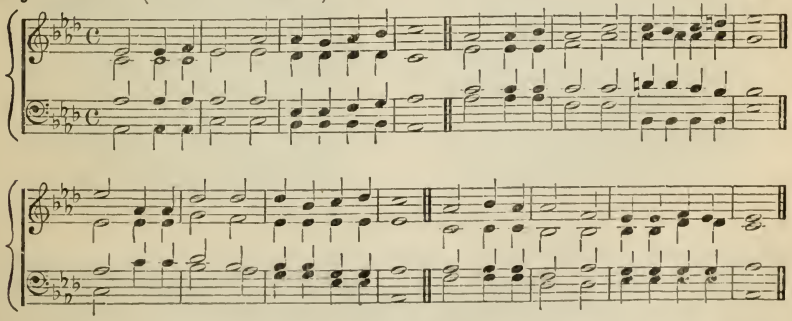
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Hymn 972. (SECOND TUNE.) Ellers. 10.10.10.10. E. J. Hopkins.



1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

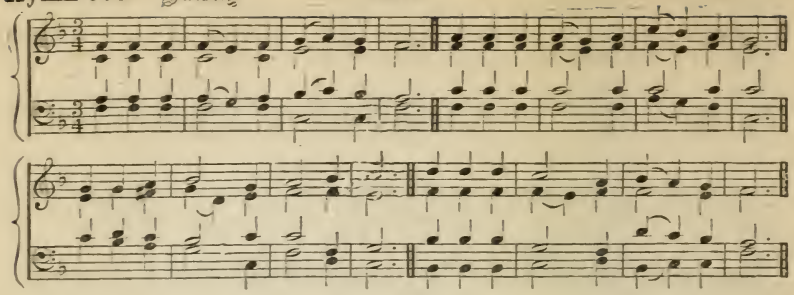
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

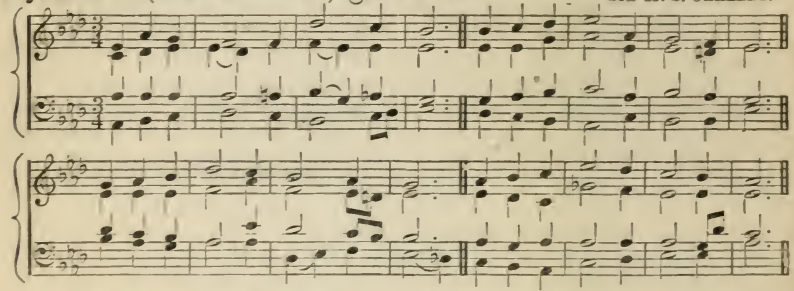
5 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

Hymn 973. Barnsley. L.M.



Hymn 973. (SECOND TUNE.) Abends. L.M.

SIR H. S. OAKELEY.



1 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

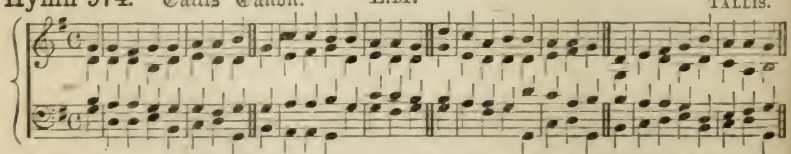
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymn 974. Tallis' Canon. L.M.

TALLIS.



1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust;
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

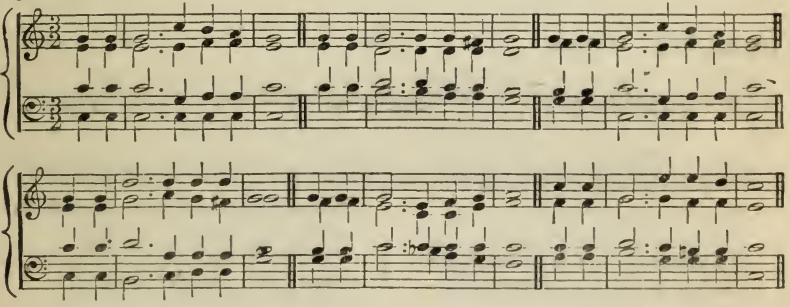
7 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

8 All praise to thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

9 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in thy sight;
My soul O lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of thy great name!

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 975. Edgecumbe. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott.



1 Safely through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

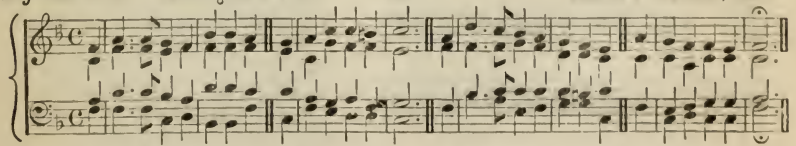
2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Often made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
In the great Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:—
Such may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above!

Hymn 976. Winchester Old. C.M. Alison's Psalter, 1599.



1 Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

Hymn 977. (*See opposite.*) Worsley.

1 How many pass the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For *us* suffice the season past;
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?

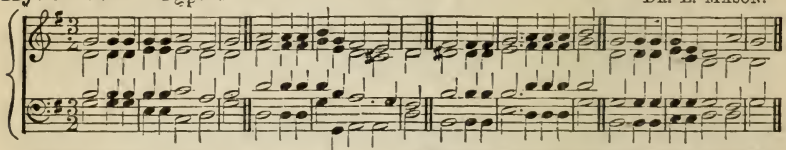
3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee:
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Shout in the midst of us, O King
Of saints, and make our joys abound;
Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We ask for every waiting soul,
O let our glorious joy be full!

5 O may we all triumphant rise,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above those nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love!

Hymn 978. Cyprus. L.M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters softened by thy care
No more a face of horror wear.

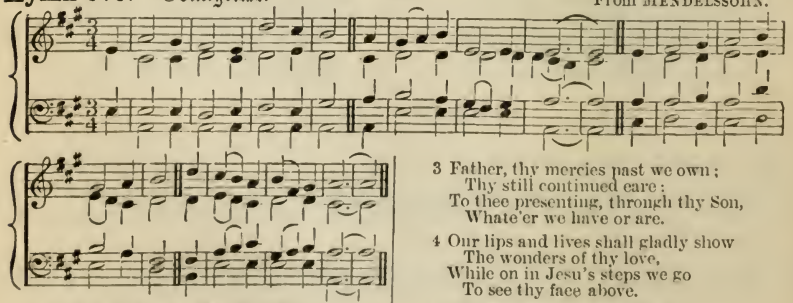
4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Hymn 979. Evangelist. C.M.

From Mendelssohn.



1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year:
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own;
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

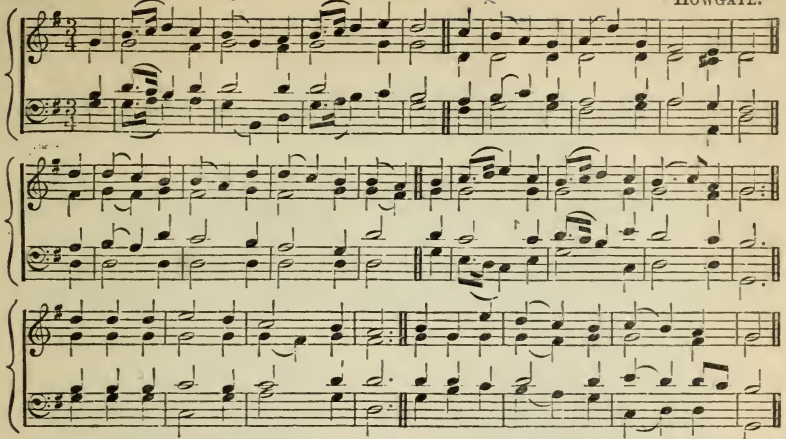
4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee:

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Hymn 980. Worsley. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

HOWGATE.



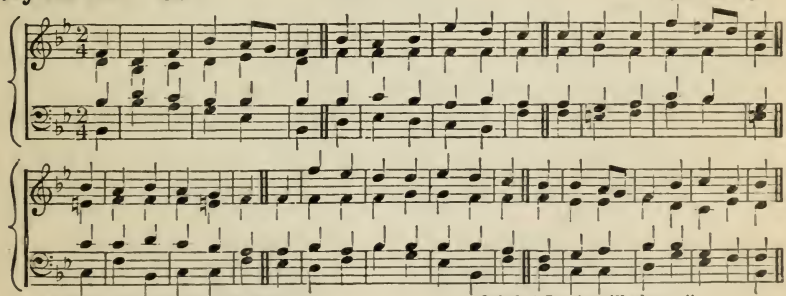
1 Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here:
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let them alone," his mercy cried,
And turned the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

Hymn 981. Ulm. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

From HAYDN.



1 The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruits of holiness,
On our dead souls were found:
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another and another year.

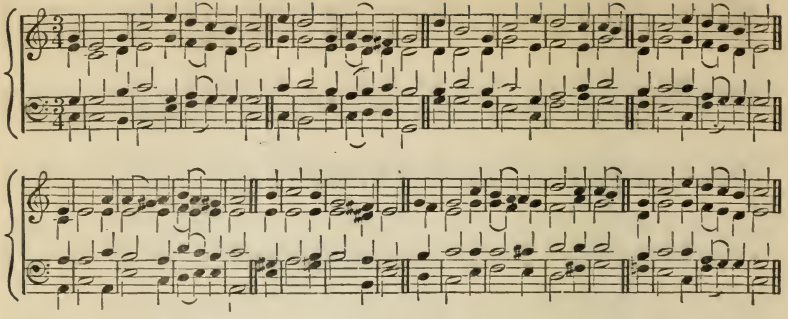
3 When justice bared the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone;"
Our gracious God inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year!

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up the fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear!

Hymn 982. St. Matthew. D.C.M.

DR. CROFT.



1 Let me alone another year,
In honour of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
Before thy gracious throne:
Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.

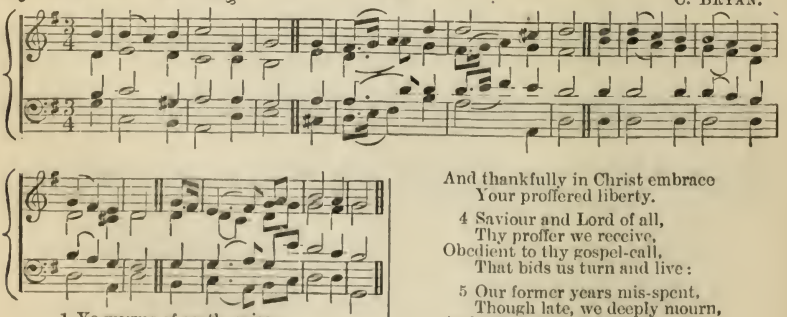
2 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
But O the power impart!
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart!
To-day, while it is called to-day,
The hindering thing remove;
And lo, I now begin to pray
And wrestle for thy love!

3 I now from all my sins would turn
To my atoning God;
And look on him I pierced, and mourn,
And feel the sprinkled blood;
Would nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things count but dung and loss,
For Jesus crucified.

4 Giver of penitential pain,
Before thy cross I lie,
In grief determined to remain,
Till thou thy blood apply.
Forgiveness on my conscience seal,
Bestow thy promised rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.

Hymn 983. Serenity. S.M.

C. BRYAN.



1 Ye worms of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day,
Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,
And cast your bonds away;

2 Shake off the chains of sin,
Like us assembled here,
With hymns of praise to usher in
The acceptable year.

3 The year of gospel-grace,
Like us, rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

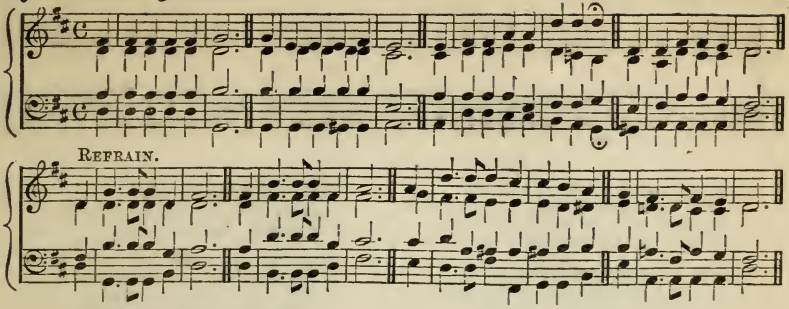
4 Saviour and Lord of all,
Thy proffer we receive,
Obedient to thy gospel-call,
That bids us turn and live:

5 Our former years mis-spent,
Though late, we deeply mourn,
And softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thy arms return.

6 Thy patience lifts us up,
Thy free, unbounded grace,
And all our fear is lost in hope,
And all our grief in praise.

7 To thee, by whom we live,
Our praise and lives we pay,
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant, give,
And shout to see thy day.

Hymn 984. Leominster. D.S.M.



1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

REFRAIN.

2 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

4 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

5 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prep are, &c.

6 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

Hymn 985. Bull. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

OLD MELODY.

1 Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,—
Rulers, and governors, and powers;
And lo, in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain!

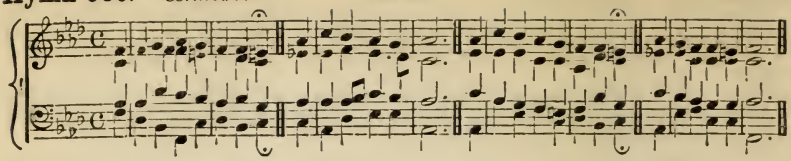
2 Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From *his* anointed head;
Bid all *his* griefs and troubles cease,
And through the paths of heavenly peace
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover *his* enemies with shame,
Defeat their every hostile aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy:
But shower on *him* thy blessings down,
Crown *him* with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou *his* God;
Late may *he* reach that high abode,
Late to *his* heaven remove;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace
To fill a throne above.

5 Secure us, of *his* royal race,
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy power:
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
Till time shall be no more.

Hymn 986. Windsor. C.M.



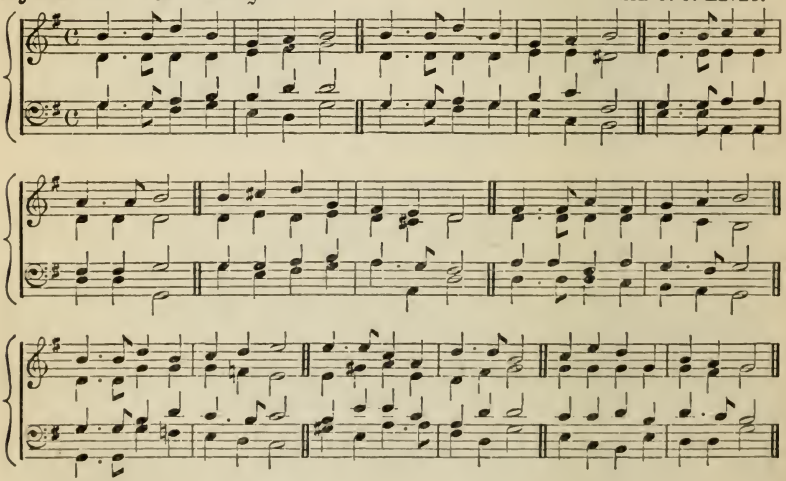
1 In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly,
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die!

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead!

4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

Hymn 987. St. George. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Sir G. J. Elvey.



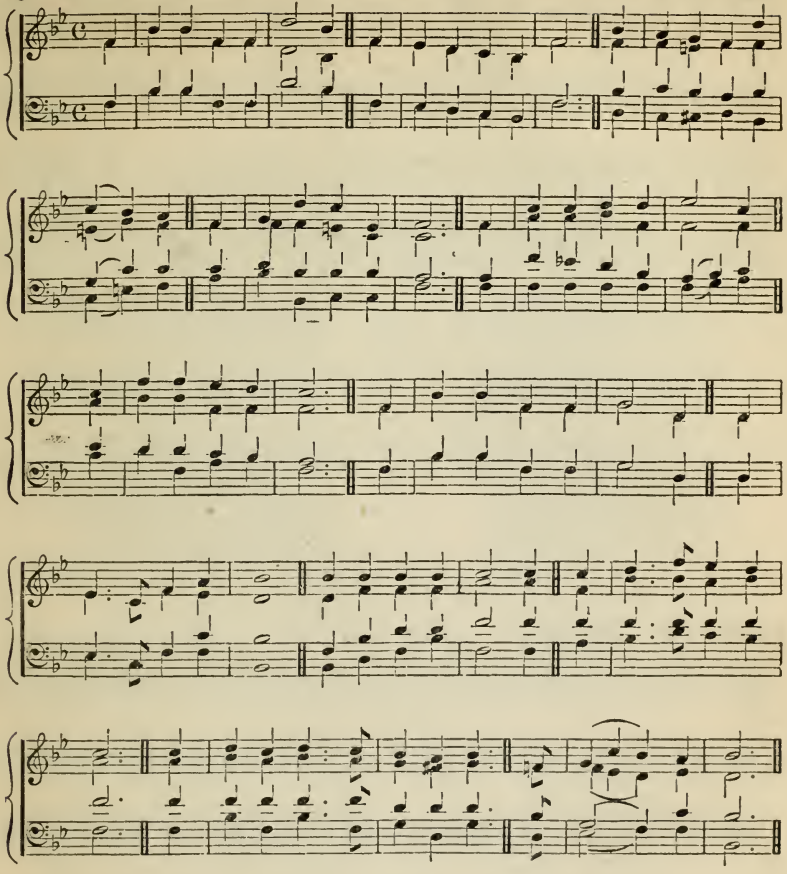
1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Hymn 988. Grafenberg. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. J. A. E. Schultze.

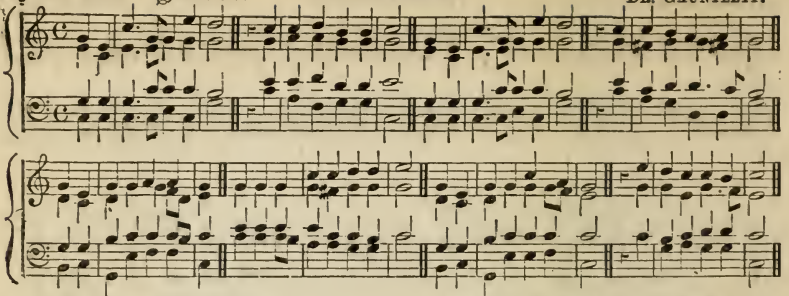


1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love!

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love!

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love!

Hymn 989. Halstead. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6. Dr. Gauntlett.



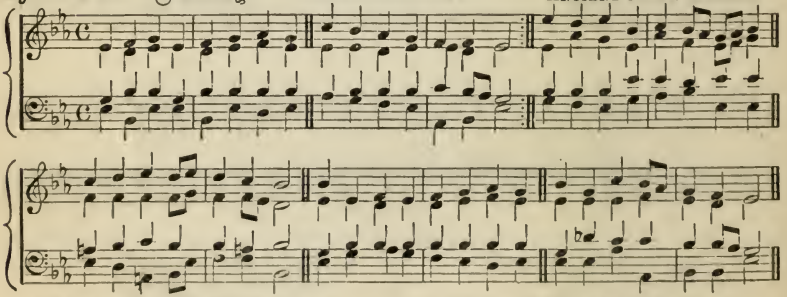
1 Thou, who hast in Zion laid
The true foundation-stone,
And with those a covenant made,
Who build on that alone:
Hear us, architect divine,
Great builder of thy church below!
Now upon thy servants shine,
Who seek thy praise to show.

2 Earth is thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven thy awful presence fills;
O'er all thy glory reigns:
Yet the place of old prepared
By regal David's favoured son
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts his praise,
His saving name record;
Dedicate a house to him,
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living name;
That great name by which we live
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into thy hands receive,
Our temple make thy throne.

Hymn 990. Daventry. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Ancient Latin Melody.



1 In the name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here:
Here with prayer its deep foundations
In the faith of Christ we lay,
Trusting by his help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in thee are found;
And to thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier house on high;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to The Absolver's feet:

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where thy bride, thy church redeemed,
Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold his face.

5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the bread of heaven be broken,
"Till he come" himself revealed.

6 Praise to thee, O Master-Builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to thee, in whom thy temple
Fitly framed together lies:
Praise to thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun!

Hymn 991. Waterstock. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

1 Christ is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On his great love Our hopes we place
Of present grace And joys above.

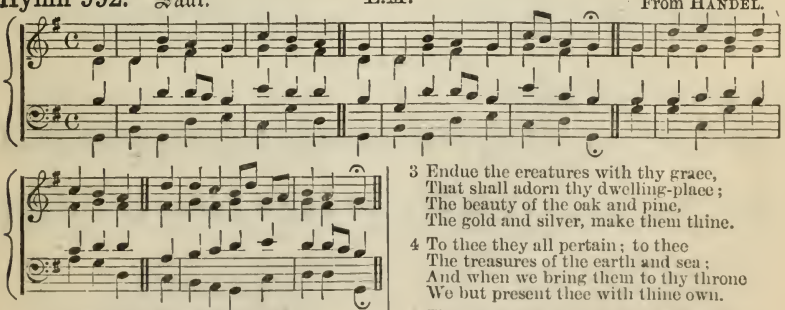
2 O! then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim In joyful song,
Both loud and long, That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower On all who pray
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore:
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day, When all the blest
To endless rest Are called away.

Hymn 992. Saul. L.M.

From HANDEL.



1 O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

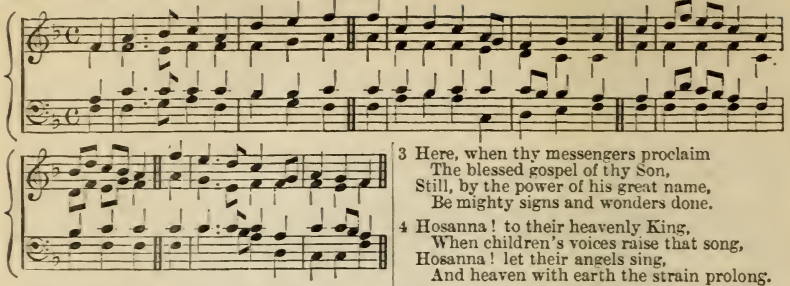
4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we who these foundations lay
May raise the topstone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

Hymns 993 & 994. Samson. L.M.

From HANDEL.



1 This stone to thee in faith we lay;
To thee this temple, Lord, we build;
Thy power and goodness here display,
And be it with thy presence filled.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place;
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne!

Hymn 994. Samson.

1 Great God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred courts in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

Hymn 995. (*See Hymn* 582.) Dix.

1 Saviour, let thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with thy presence blessed,
Ratify the nuptial vow:
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with thee.

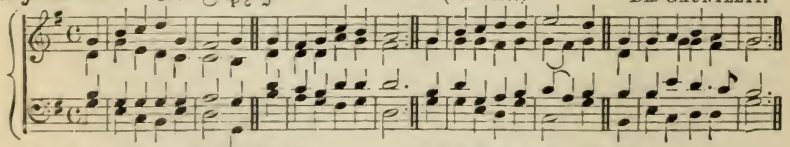
2 Thou in Cana didst apppear
At a marriage-feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board,
Joy that earth cannot afford.

3 We no miracle require,
Turning water into wine;
All our panting hearts desire
Is to taste thy love divine:
Holy influence from above,
Consecrating earthly love.

4 Let the path our friends pursue,
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To thy house, O Lord, in heaven.

Hymn 996. St. Alphege. 7.6.7.6. (Iambic.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union,
Which nought on earth may break.

4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.

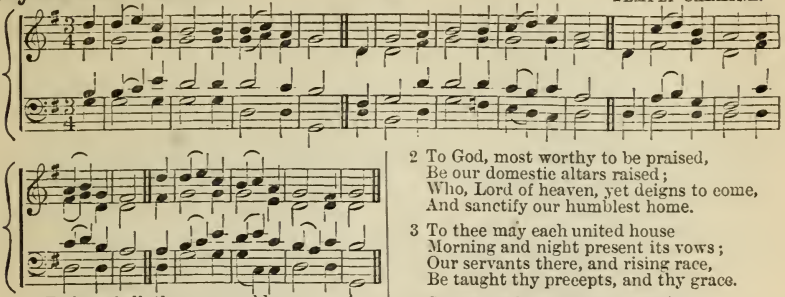
6 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread thy pure wings o'er them!
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise!

Hymn 997. Warner. L.M.

TEMPLI CARMINA.



1 Father of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they spring; and by thy hand
They are, and shall be still sustained.

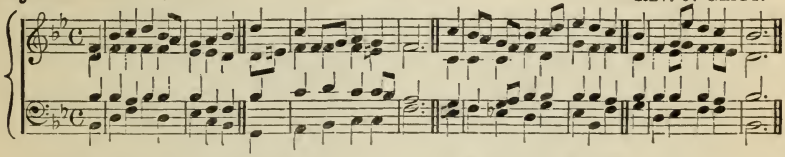
2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,
And sanctify our humblest home.

3 To thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

Hymn 998. Tiverton. C.M.

REV. J. GRIGG.



1 Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

Hymn 999. German Hymn.

(*See Hymn* 381.)

1 Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Hymn 1000. Josiah.

(*See Hymn* 98.)

1 Lord of earth, and air, and sea,
Supreme in power and grace,
Under thy protection, we
Our souls and bodies place.
Bold an unknown land to try,
We launch into the foaming deep;
Rocks, and storms, and deaths defy,
With Jesus in the ship.

2 Who the calm can understand
In a believer's breast?
In the hollow of his hand
Our souls securely rest:
Winds may rise, and seas may roar,
We on his love our spirits stay;
Him with quiet joy adore,
Whom winds and seas obey.

Hymn 1001. (*See Hymn* 993.) Samson.

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls:

2 For thee we leave our native shore,
(We whom thy love delights to keep)
In other climes thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

SECOND PART.

6 Infinite God, thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise!

7 Thee to perfection who can tell!
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

8 Yet, in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

9 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
We walk upon our subject seas.

10 We boast of our recovered powers,
Lords are we of the lands and floods;
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's!

Hymn 1002. (*See Hymn* 642.) York.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, in lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Hymn 1003. (*See Hymn* 83.) St. Stephen.

1 While lone upon the furious waves,
Where danger fiercely rides,
There is a hand, unseen, that saves,
And through the ocean guides.

2 Almighty Lord of land and sea,
Beneath thine eye we sail;
And if our hope be fixed on thee,
Our hearts can never quail.

3 Though tempests shake the angry deep,
And thunder's voice appal;
Serene we wake, and calmly sleep,
Our Father governs all.

4 Still prove thyself through all the way,
The guardian and the friend:
Cheer with thy presence every day,
And every night defend.

Hymn 1004. Melita. 8.8.8.8.8.8. Rev. Dr. Dykes.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

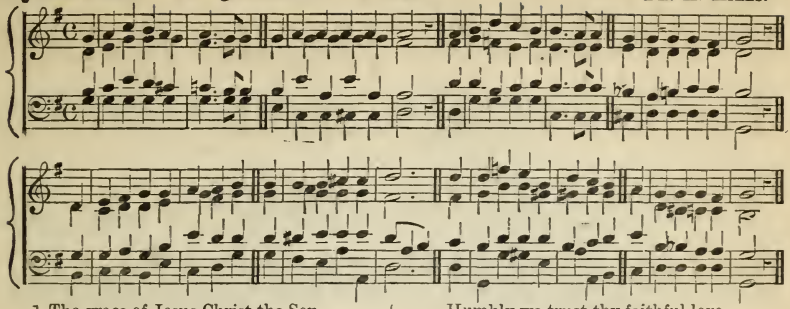
2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Hymn 1005. St. Leonard's. D.C.M.

Dr. H. Hiles.



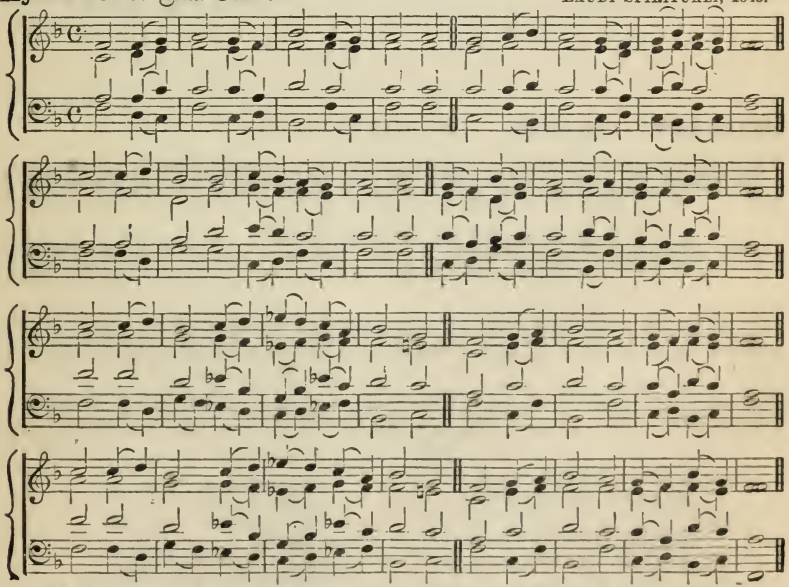
1 The grace of Jesus Christ the Son
Be on his church bestowed:
Jesus, through thy free grace alone
We have access to God:
To favour now through thee restored,
O may we still retain
The mercy of our pardoning Lord,
And never sin again!

2 Father, thy love in Christ reveal,
Which spake us justified,
And let the gift unspeakable
In all our hearts abide:
Humbly we trust thy faithful love
Thy children to defend,
And hide our life with Christ above,
And keep us to the end.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, supply the want
Of all thy saints and me,
In all thy gifts and graces grant
Us fellowship with thee:
The pledge, the witness, and the seal,
We look for thee again,
In us eternally to dwell,
Eternally to reign.

Hymn 1006. Alla Trinita. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

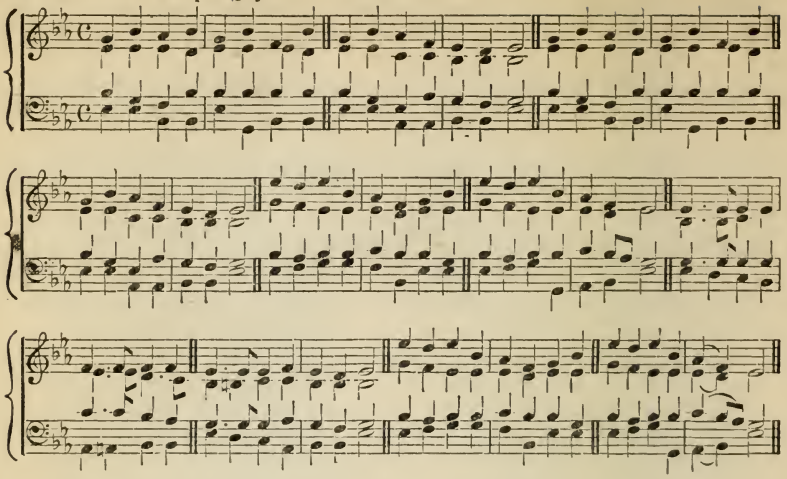
Laudi Spirituali, 1545.



May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

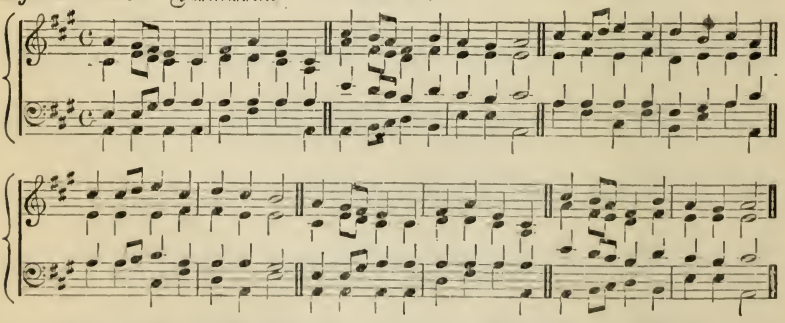
Hymn 1007. Vesper Hymn. 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.



Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:

Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach yon blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise!
Hallelujah, Amen.

Hymn 1008. Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.4.7.



1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Hymn 1009. Ferry.

(*See Hymn* 108.)

Come then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat, and live!

Hymn 1010. St. Hilda.

(*See Hymn* 653.)

This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

Hymn 1011. Boylston.

(*See Hymn* 573.)

Father of earth and heaven,
Thy hungry children feed,
Thy grace be to our spirits given,
That true immortal bread!
Grant us and all our race
In Jesus Christ to prove
The sweetness of thy pardoning grace,
The manna of thy love.

Hymn 1012. Tichfield.

(*See Hymn* 142.)

Lord of all, thy creatures see
Waiting for their food on thee;
That we may with thanks receive,
Give, herewith thy blessing give;
Fill our mouths with food and praise;
Taste we in the gifts the grace,
Take it as through Jesus given,
Eat on earth the bread of heaven!

Hymn 1013. Houghton.

(*See Hymn* 198.)

1 O Father of all, Who fillest with good
The ravens that call On thee for their food;
Them ready to perish Thou lov'st to sustain,
And wilt thou not cherish The children of men?

2 On thee we depend Our wants to supply, [sky;
Whose goodness shall send Us bread from the
On earth thou shalt give us A taste of thy love,
And shortly receive us To banquet above.

Hymn 1014. Canada.

(*See Hymn* 314.)

Life of the world, come down
And stir within our breast,
And by thy sacred presence crown
The sober Christian feast:
Thou Bread of life, and Well,
Come at thy creatures' call,
And give our inmost souls to feel
That thou art all in all!

Hymn 1015. Grosvenor.

(*See Hymn* 59.)

Jesus, to whom alone we live,
Now let us from thyself receive
Our consecrated food,
In nature's acts thy will pursue,
And do with faith whate'er we do,
To glorify our God.

Hymn 1016. St. Fulbert.

(*See Hymn* 865.)

1 O'erwhelmed with blessings from above,
Father, before we taste
These freshest tokens of thy love,
We thank thee for the past;

2 Our eyes and hearts to heaven we lift,
And taught by Jesus own
That every grace, and every gift,
Descends from thee alone.

Hymn 1017. Eden.

(*See Hymn* 437.)

1 Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.

2 On thee we cast our care, we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!

Hymn 1018. Samaria.

(*See Hymn* 242.)

For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;

For the blessings numberless
Which thou hast already given,
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

Hymn 1019. Clarion.

(*See Hymn* 238.)

1 Meet and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestowed
On the evil and the good:

2 He prevents his creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

3 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led.

Hymn 1020. New York.

(*See Hymn* 654.)

Being of beings, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise,
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

Hymn 1021. Christ Chapel.

(*See Hymn* 233.)

1 Give Him then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive;
Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above!

2 Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

Hymn 1022. Newark.

(*See Hymn* 325.)

Father, through thy Son receive
Our grateful sacrifice;
All the wants of all that live
Thine open hand supplies,
Fills the world with plenteous food;
For the riches of thy grace
Take, thou universal Good,
The universal praise.

Hymn 1023. Stella.

(*See Hymn* 189.)

Blessing to God, for ever blest,
To God the Master of the feast,
Who hath for us a table spread,
And with his daily bounties fed;
May he with all his gifts impart
The crown of all—a thankful heart!

Hymn 1024. Ilfracombe.

(*See Hymn* 908.)

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Hymn 1025. Hanover.

(*See Hymn* 611.)

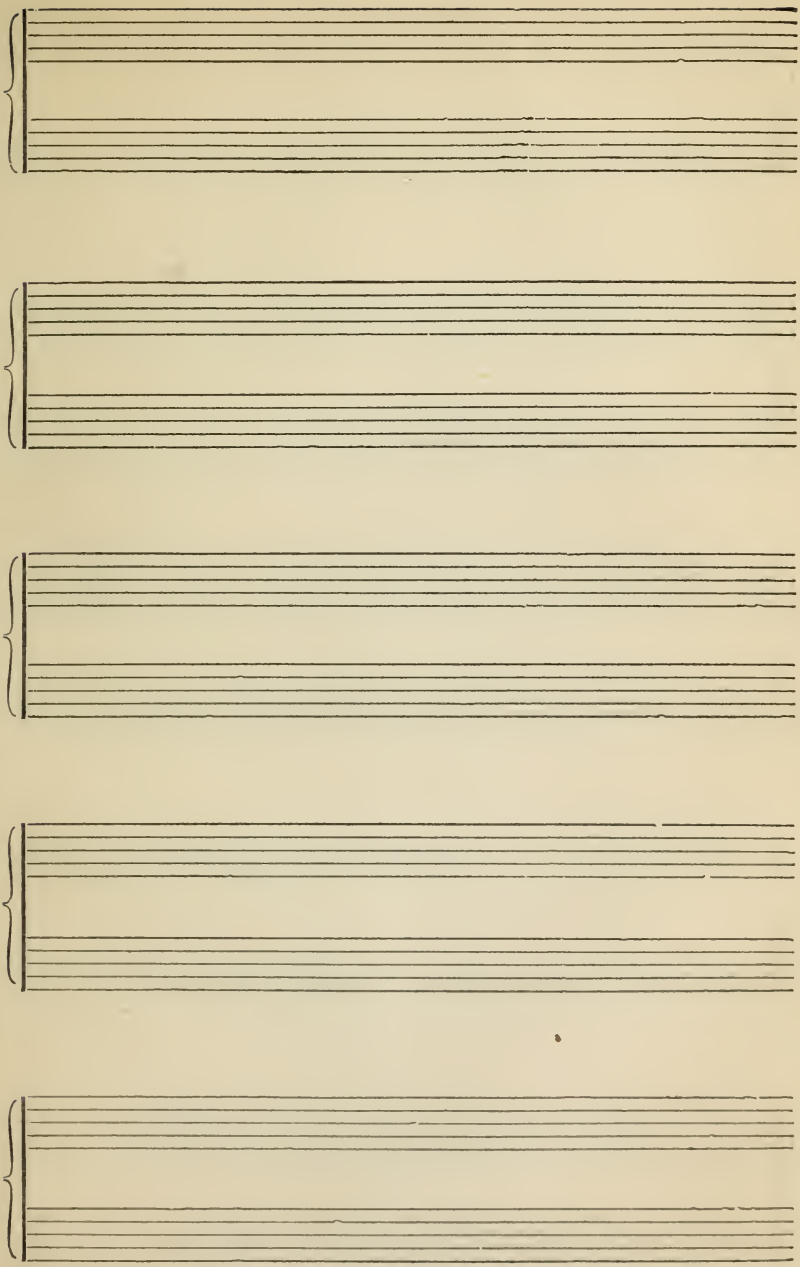
1 And can we forbear, In tasting our food,
The grace to declare And goodness of God?
Our Father in heaven, With joy we partake
The gifts thou hast given For Jesus's sake.

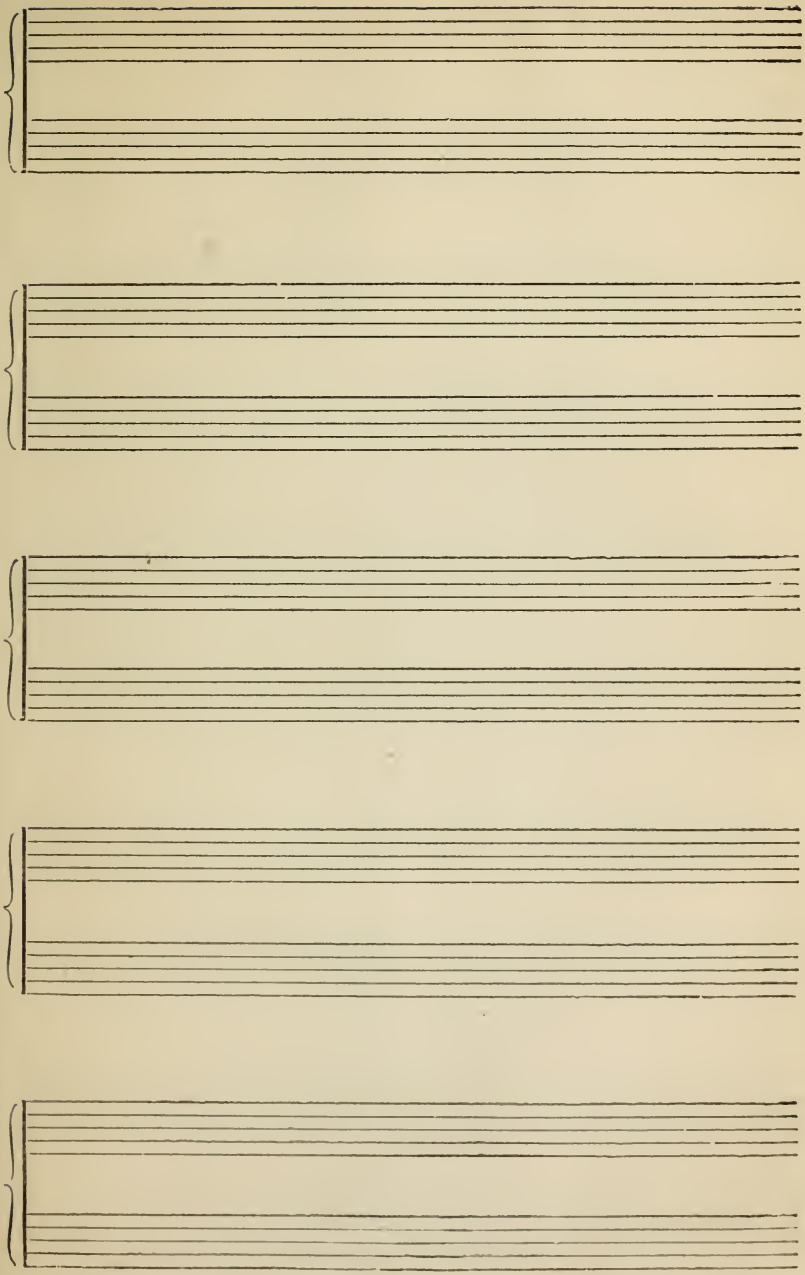
2 By thee do we live, Thy daily supplies
As manna receive Dropped down from the skies;
In thanks we endeavour Thy gifts to restore,
And praise thee for ever, When time is no more.

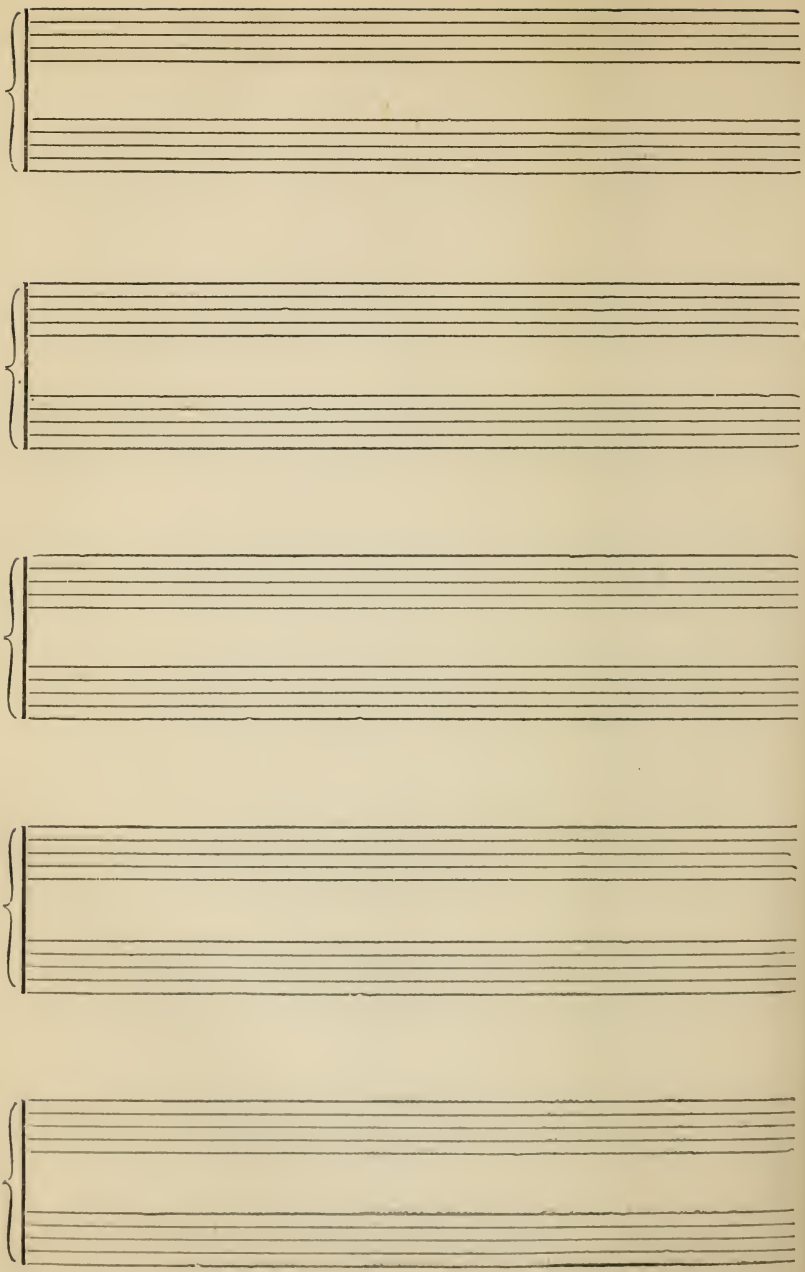
Hymn 1026. Deliverance.

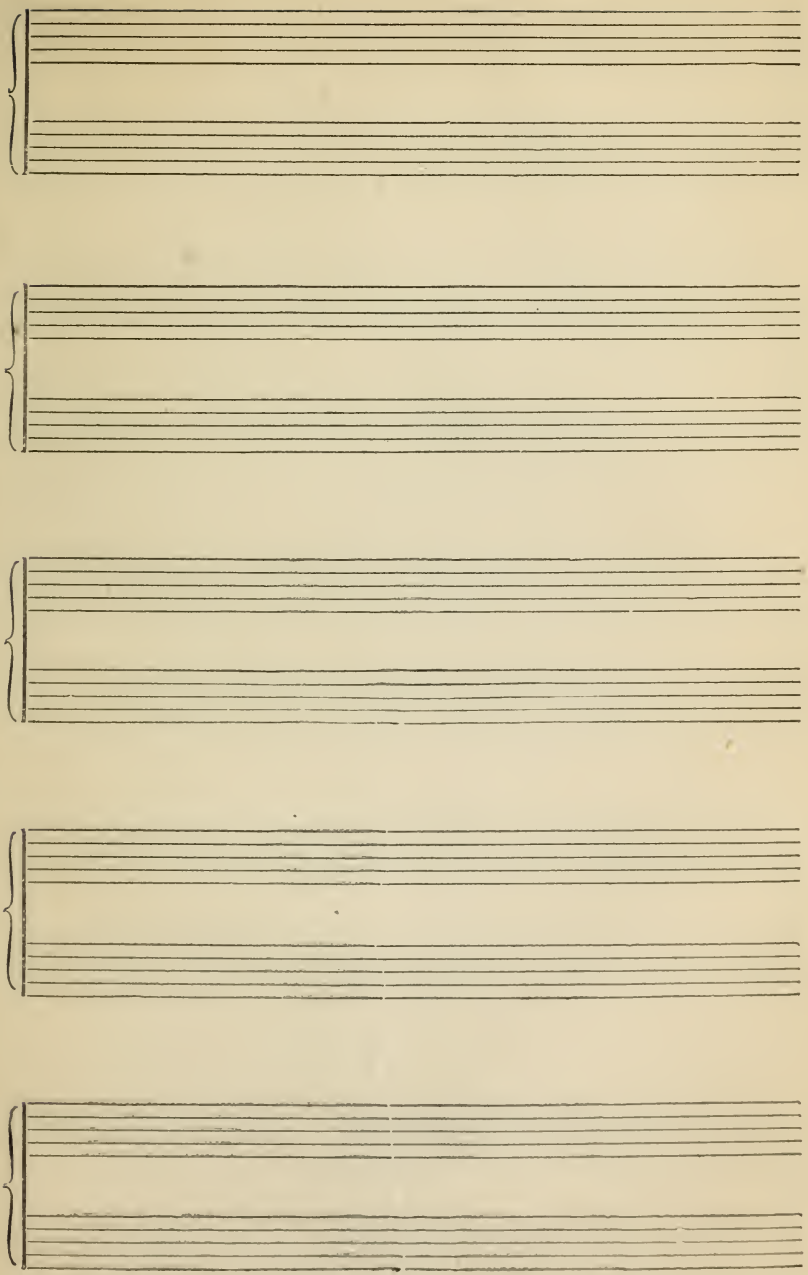
(*See Hymn* 853.)

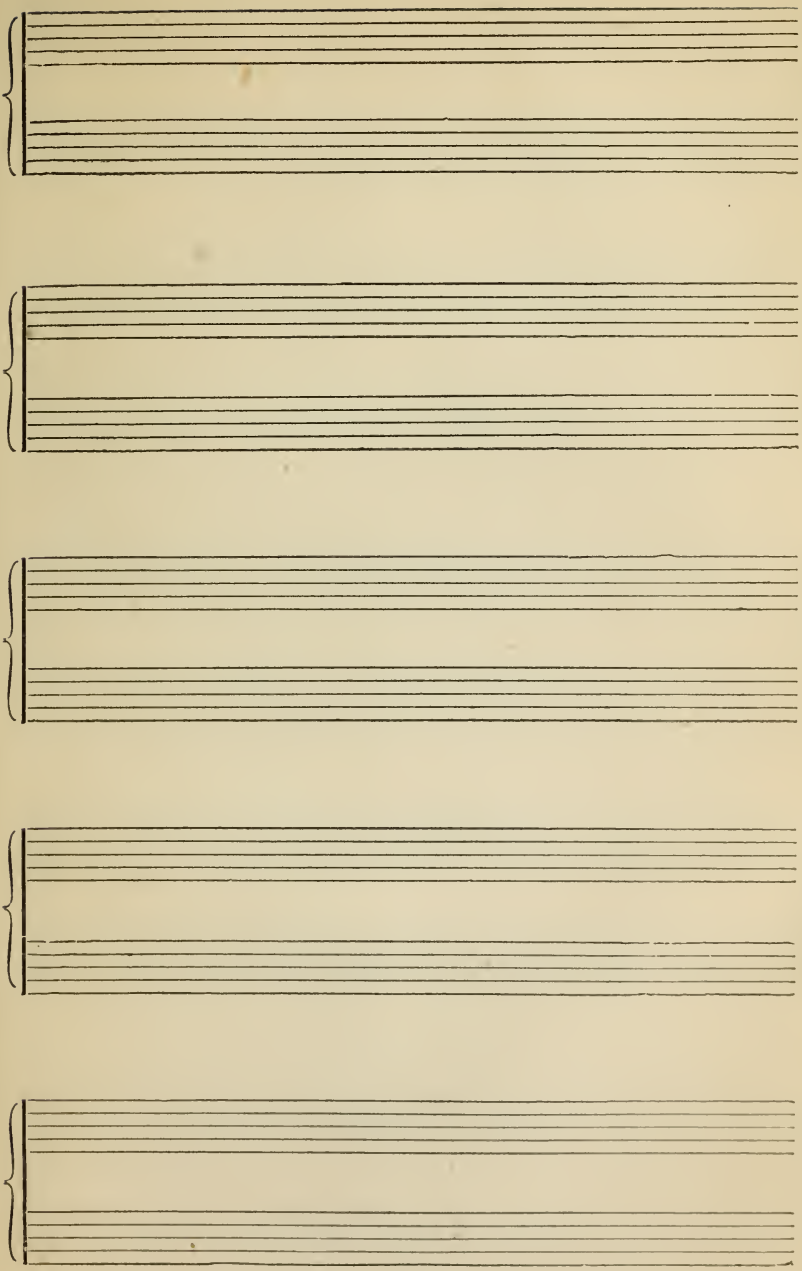
Away with all trouble
And caring for the morrow!
The God of love
Shall still remove
Our every want and sorrow.
Still, Lord, with joy we bless thee,
Of all good gifts the giver,
For Christ our Lord
Hath spoke the word
Which seals thee ours for ever.

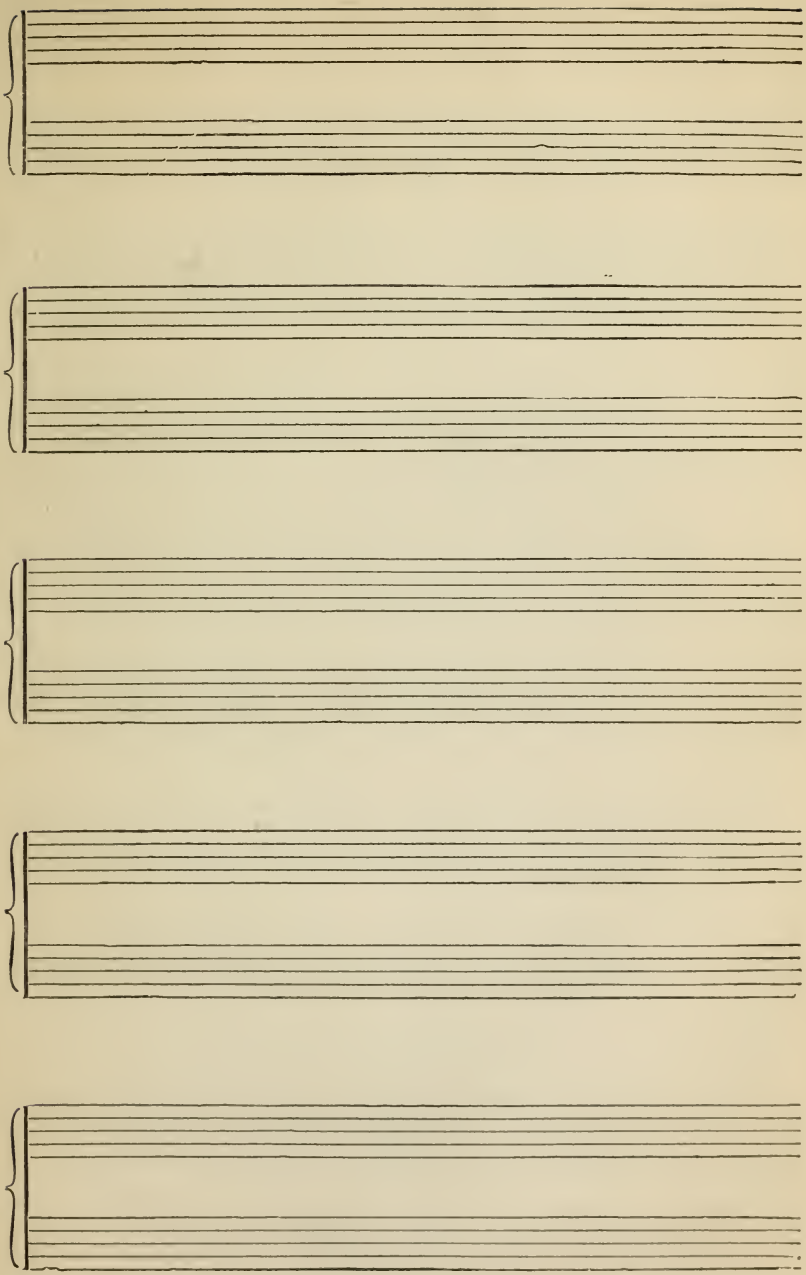












I.—INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

NOTES.—1. Where no name follows the first line in the Index, the hymn may be taken as the production of Mr. Charles Wesley. The letter *W.* is affixed to those hymns which first appeared in publications for which the Wesleys were jointly responsible; in this case it cannot be determined with certainty to which of the two brothers a hymn should be ascribed.

2. The mark † affixed to certain hymns denotes that the sixth line of each verse contains eight syllables.

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Blest Spirit! from	*W. M. Bunting*	770
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Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ	*W.*	963
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Father, I know that	*Miss Waring*	842
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How many pass the guilty	W.	977
How pleasant, how	*Dr. Watts*	592
How sad our state by	*Dr. Watts*	786
How shall a lost sinner		174
How shall I walk my God		471
How sweet the name	*J. Newton*	679
How weak the thoughts		67
I and my house will serve		472
I ask the gift of righteousness		416
I call the world's Redeemer		927
I know in whom I have		810
I know that my Redeemer lives, And	W.	384
I know that my Redeemer lives, He	W.	928
I long to behold Him arrayed		70
I praise thee, Lord	*Dr. B. H. Kennedy*	559
I seek the kingdom first		834
I seem desirous to repent		153
I soon shall hear thy quick-	W.	366
I the good fight have fought		421
I thirst, thou wounded	*German, trans. by J. Wesley*	26
I want a principle within		308
I want the Spirit of power		376
I will hearken what the Lord	W.	182
I will not let thee	*Deszler, trans. by Miss Winkworth*	851

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	HYMN
If but one faithless soul		861
If our God had	*Dr. B. H. Kennedy*	621
I'll praise my Maker	*Dr. Watts*	224
I'm not ashamed to own	*Dr. Watts*	811
In age and feebleness		918
In all my vast concerns	*Dr. Watts*	632
In deep distress, to God	*Hall's Selection*	634
In every time and place		840
In fellowship, alone		268
In grief and fear, to	*Dean Bullock*	986
In memory of the	*T. Cotterill*	907
In the bonds of death	*Luther, trans. by Miss Winkworth*	714
In the name which	*J. Ellerton*	990
In time of tribulation	*Montgomery*	587
In vain we build	*Dr. B. H. Kennedy*	624
Infinite God, thy	*W.* (pt. 2).	1001
Infinite God, to thee	*W.*	647
Infinite Power, eternal	*Dr. Watts*	788
Infinite, unexhausted love	*W.*	216
Inspirer of the ancient		89
Into thy gracious hands	*Deszler, trans. by J. Wesley*	196
It is the Lord	*B. Beddome or T. Greene*	844
Jehovah, God the Father		258
Jehovah reigns on high		601
Jehovah's Fellow, and his Son		670
Jerusalem divine	*B. Rhodes* (pt. 2)	731
Jerusalem, exulting	*Bernard of Clugny, trans. by Dr. Neale* (pt. 4)	943
Jerusalem, my happy	*Unknown*	939
Jerusalem on high	*S. Crossman* (pt. 2)	942
Jerusalem the golden	*Bernard of Clugny, trans. by Dr. Neale* (pt. 3)	942
Jesu, at whose supreme	*W.*	901
Jesu, friend of sinners	*W.*	110
Jesu, if still the same	*W.*	134
Jesu, if still thou art	*W.*	135
Jesu, in whom the weary	*W.*	114
Jesu, let thy pitying eye		106
Jesu, Lover of my soul	*W.*	143
Jesu, my Advocate above	*W.*	100
Jesu, my God and King	*W.*	727
Jesu, my Saviour, Brother	*W.*	312
Jesu, my Truth, my Way		436
Jesu, Redeemer, Saviour	*W.*	139
Jesu, shall I never be	*W.*	355
Jesu, Shepherd of the sheep		183
Jesu, take my sins away	*W.*	166
Jesu, the Life, the Truth	*W.*	357
Jesu, the sinner's friend	*W.*	132
Jesu, the very thought	*Bernard of Clairvaux* (*died A.D.* 1153), *trans. by Caswall*	680
Jesu, the word of mercy		446
Jesu, thou great redeeming		525
Jesu, thou hast to hoary		916
Jesu, thou sovereign Lord		294
Jesu, thy blood and	*Zinzendorf, trans. by J. Wesley*	190
Jesu, thy boundless	*P. Gerhardt, trans. by J. Wesley*	373
Jesu, thy far-extended		397
Jesu, thy wandering sheep	*W.*	744
Jesu, to thee our hearts		483
Jesu, we look to thee		485
Jesu, whose glory's	*Deszler, trans. by J. Wesley*	133
Jesus, accept the praise	*W.*	536
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb		434
Jesus comes with all his		400
Jesus, descended from the		881
Jesus, faithful to his word	*W.*	58
Jesus, from thy heavenly		464
Jesus, from whom all		17
Jesus, great Shepherd of the		501
Jesus hath died that I might		415
Jesus, I believe thee near		173
Jesus, I fain would find		300
Jesus, I humbly seek		883
Jesus, in earth and heaven		893
Jesus is lifted up	*W.* (pt. 2)	616
Jesus is our common Lord	*W.*	207
Jesus, Jehovah, God		583
Jesus, Lord, thy servants	*Schmolck, trans. by Miss Cox*	895
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee		509
Jesus, Master of the feast	*W.*	905
Jesus, my King, to thee	*W.*	293
Jesus, my Life! thyself	*W.*	347
Jesus, my Lord, I cry to thee		409
Jesus, my Master and my		310
Jesus, my strength, my hope	*W.*	301
Jesus shall reign	*Dr. Watts* (pt. 2)	585
Jesus, soft, harmonious		538
Jesus, the all-restoring	*W.*	169
Jesus, the conqueror, reigns		277
Jesus, the first and last		674
Jesus, the gift divine I know		364
Jesus the good Shepherd is		554
Jesus, the infinite I AM		668
Jesus, the name high over all		37
Jesus, the needy sinner's		875
Jesus, the word bestow		453
Jesus, thee thy works proclaim		693
Jesus, thou all-redeeming		35
Jesus, thou art our King	*W.*	352
Jesus, thou everlasting	*Dr. Watts*	677
Jesus, thou hast bid us	*W.*	299
Jesus, thou know'st my	*W.*	177
Jesus, thou soul of all		204
Jesus, thy servants bless		872
Jesus, to thee I now can fly	*W.*	217
Jesus, to thee we fly		723
Jesus, to whom alone we live	*W.*	1015
Jesus, united by thy grace		504

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	HYMN
Jesus, we on the word	W.	754
Jesus, we steadfastly believe		812
Jesus, where'er thy	*Cowper*	864
Jesus, with kindest pity		513
Join all the glorious	*Dr. Watts*	675
Join, all ye ransomed sons		976
Just as I am, without	*Miss Elliott*	796
Justly thou might'st		917
Lamb of God, for sinners	W.	167
Lamb of God, who bear'st	W.	463
Lamb of God, whose bleeding	W.	900
Lay to thy hand, O God	W.	159
Lead me not into temptation		819
Leader of faithful souls	W.	71
Let all men rejoice, By		211
Let all that breathe Jehovah		234
Let all who truly bear	W.	898
Let earth and heaven agree		34
Let earth and heaven combine		685
Let everlasting glories	*Dr. Watts*	879
Let every tongue	*Dr. Watts* (pt. 2)	637
Let God, who comforts		441
Let Him to whom we now	W.	428
Let me alone another year		982
Let not the wise his		422
Let the beasts their breath	W.	7
Let the redeemed give		123
Let the world their virtue	W.	115
Let us join, ('tis God com-	W.	521
Let Zion in her King	*Dr. Watts* (pt. 2)	569
Life of the world, come	W.	1014
Lift up your hearts to		539
Lift your eyes of faith	W.	75
Lift your heads, ye friends		936
Light of life, seraphic fire		399
Light of those whose		687
Lo! God is here! let	*Tersteegen, trans. by J. Wesley*	491
Lo! He comes with clouds		66
Lo! I come with joy to do	W.	325
Long have I lived in grief		781
Long have I sat beneath	*Dr. Watts*	789
Long have I seemed to	W.	91
Lord, and is thine anger	W.	188
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing Bid	*Unknown*	1007
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill	W. *Shirley*	1008
Lord, I adore thy gracious		334
Lord, I believe a rest	W.	403
Lord, I believe thou *wilt*		780
Lord, I believe thy every	W.	356
Lord, I believe thy mercy's		813
Lord, I despair myself	W.	131
Lord, I hear of	*Mrs. Codner*	790
Lord, if at thy command		734
Lord, if thou the grace	W.	628
Lord, in the strength of		426
Lord, it belongs not	*R. Baxter*	920
Lord! it is good	*Dean Stanley*	698
Lord, let me know	*Montgomery*	565
Lord of all, thy creatures	W.	1012
Lord of all, with pure intent		890
Lord of earth, and air		1000
Lord of hosts, our God		733
Lord of the harvest, hear	W.	745
Lord of the Sabbath	*Dr. Doddridge*	959
Lord of the wide, extensive	W.	1001
Lord of the worlds	*Dr. Watts*	591
Lord over all, if thou		444
Lord, regard my earnest	W.	164
Lord, teach us how	*Montgomery*	865
Lord, that I may learn		302
Lord, thou hast bid thy	W.	985
Lord, we sit and cry	*Dean Milman*	694
Lord, we thy will obey		533
Lord, who hast taught	*R. Massie*	822
Lord, whom winds and		999
Lord, with open heart		886
Love Divine, all loves	W.	385
Lovers of pleasure more		36
Maker, Saviour of mankind		18
Master, I own thy lawful		332
Master supreme, I look		470
Master, thy grace vouchsafe		828
May I throughout this day		960
May the grace of Christ	*J. Newton*	1006
Meet and right it is to praise		238
Meet and right it is to sing		221
Mercy and judgment	*Dr. Watts (altered)*	609
Messiah, full of grace		450
Messiah, joy of every heart	W.	648
Messiah, Prince of peace		447
Mine hour appointed is	*Hermann, trans. by R. Massie*	923
My brethren beloved, Your		212
My Father, my God	W.	200
My God, and Father	*Miss Elliott*	841
My God, I am thine		205
My God, I know, I feel	W.	361
My God, if I may call	W.	290
My God, my God, to thee	W.	184
My God, the spring of	*Dr. Watts*	213
My gracious, loving Lord	W.	93
My heart and voice	*B. Rhodes*	731
My heart is fixed, O God	W.	576
My heart is full of Christ	W.	568
My life's a shade	*S. Crossman*	931
My Shepherd will	*Dr. Watts*	555
My soul, inspired with		638
My soul, repeat	*Dr. Watts* (pt. 2)	610
My soul, through my		246
My spirit on thy care	*H. F. Lyte*	560
My sufferings all to thee	W.	157
Nearer, my God, to	*Mrs. Adams*	848

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	HYMN
None is like Jeshurun's God	*W.*	407
Not all the blood of	*Dr. Watts*	703
Not from a stock of ours		874
Now, even now, I yield		414
Now I have found the	*Rothe, trans. by J. Wesley*	189
O all-creating God		264
O all that pass by, To Jesus	*W.*	3
O almighty God of love	*W.*	271
O bless the Lord, my	*Dr. Watts*	610
O blessed, blessed	*W. M. Bunting*	799
O come, and dwell in me		367
O come, O come	*From the Latin, trans. by Dr. Neale*	690
O come, thou radiant		445
O crucified, trium-	*W. M. Bunting*	891
O day of rest and	*Bp. Wordsworth*	958
O disclose thy lovely face	*W.*	156
O Father of all, Who	*W.*	1013
O filial Deity	*W.*	193
O for a closer walk with	*Cowper*	787
O for a heart to praise	*W.*	343
O for a thousand tongues	*W.*	1
O for that tenderness of		104
O glorious hope of perfect	*W.*	404
O God, at thy command		652
O God, how often	*W. M. Bunting*	909
O God, if thou art love	*W.*	171
O God, most merciful and		369
O God, my God, my all	*Spanish, trans. by J. Wesley*	437
O God, my hope, my		283
O God my strength	*T. Sternhold*	551
O God of all grace		808
O God of Bethel	*Dr. Doddridge (altered)*	664
O God of GOD, in whom	*W.*	666
O God, of good the	*Scheffler, trans. by J. Wesley*	38
O God of my salvation	*W.*	365
O God of our forefathers	*W.*	394
O God of peace and pardoning		438
O God, our help in ages	*Dr. Watts*	41
O God, the help of all	*E. Osler*	546
O God, thou bottomless	*J. Lange, trans. by John Wesley*	240
O God, thy faithfulness		288
O God, thy righteousness		176
O God, to whom, in flesh		395
O God, to whom the	*J. Conder*	945
O God, what offering	*J. Lange, trans. by J. Wesley*	431
O God, who dost thy	*J. Conder*	821
O great mountain, who	*W.*	382
O happy day that	*Dr. Doddridge*	912
O heavenly King, Look	*W.*	199
O help us, Lord	*Dean Milman*	696
O how blest the hour	*Spitta, trans. by R. Massie*	882
O how shall a sinner perform		911
O Jesu, source of	*Freylinghausen, trans. by J. Wesley*	353
O Jesus, at thy feet we		389
O Jesus, full of truth and	*W.*	815
O Jesus, let me bless thy		145
O Jesus, let thy dying cry		341
O Jesus my Hope		160
O joyful sound of gospel	*W.*	405
O let the prisoners' mournful		462
O let us our own works	*W.*	455
O Lord, how good	*H. F. Lyte*	544
O Lord, how long	*W. H. Bathurst*	588
O Lord of hosts, whose	*Dr. Neale*	992
O Lord, thy faithful servant		548
O Lord, turn not thy	*Bp. Heber, from Mardley*	797
O Lord, who by thy	*Spitta, trans. by R. Massie*	967
O Lord, with ven-	*W. H. Bathurst*	602
O Love divine! how sweet		147
O Love divine! what hast	*W.*	28
O Love, I languish at thy	*W.*	379
O may thy powerful word		265
O might I this moment	*W.*	402
O my God, what must I do	*W.*	158
O my offended God	*W.*	162
O my old, my bosom foe		274
O render thanks to	*Tate and Brady*	612
O Saviour, cast a gracious		528
O Saviour, whom this	*Bp. Heber*	692
O Sun of righteousness	*Unknown*	785
O that I could, in every		550
O that I could my Lord		125
O that I could repent! O that		105
O that I could repent! With all		102
O that I could revere		103
O that I, first of love		124
O that my load of sin were		388
O that thou wouldst the	*W.*	138
O thou eternal Victim	*W.*	708
O thou faithful God of love		915
O thou God who	*Dr. B. H. Kennedy*	579
O thou, our Husband		523
O thou that hangedst on		774
O thou that hear'st	*Dr. Watts* (pt. 2)	574
O thou to whose all-	*German, trans. by J. Wesley*	339
O thou who camest from		327
O thou who hast our sorrows		122
O thou who hast redeemed		772
O thou who, when	*S. Wesley, Sen.*	614
O thou whom fain my soul	*W.*	113
O thou, whom once they		396
O thou, whose offering	*W.*	702
O timely happy, timely	*J. Keble*	965
O 'tis enough, my God	*W.*	170
O unexhausted grace		172
O what shall I do My	*W.*	198
O when shall we sweetly		946

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	HYMN
O wondrous power of	W.	298
O worship the King .	*Sir R. Grant*	611
O'erwhelmed with blessings . . .		1016
Of old, O God, thine .	*Montgomery*	589
Oft I in my heart have . . .	W.	192
Oft in danger, oft in .	*Kirke White and Miss Maitland*	847
Omnipotent Lord, My . . .	W.	273
Omnipotent Redeemer		736
Omnipresent God! whose		287
On all the earth thy .	*Altered from Dr. H. More*	457
On thee, O God of purity . .	W.	543
Once more the sun is . .	*St. Ambrose (died A.D. 397), trans. by Chandler*	966
Once thou didst on earth		413
One thing with all my .	*Montgomery*	558
Open, Lord, my inward . . .	W.	358
Other ground can no man . .	W.	516
Our earth we now lament		442
Our friendship sanctify		524
Our Jesus is gone up on . . .	W.	759
Our Lord is risen from .	W. (pt. 2)	557
Out of the deep I cry	W.	151
Out of the depth of self- . .	W.	625
Out of the depths I cry . .	*Luther, trans. by Miss Winkworth*	626
Partners of a glorious hope .	W.	522
Pass a few swiftly-fleeting		48
Peace be on this house		479
Peace, doubting heart! my . .	W.	272
Pierce, fill me with an . . .	W.	313
Pleasant are thy courts .	*H. F. Lyte*	593
Plunged in a gulf of . .	*Dr. Watts*	699
Praise, O praise our .	*Sir H. W. Baker*	631
Praise the Lord! who . . .	W.	641
Praise the Lord! ye .	*J. Kempthorne*	640
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis .	*Dr. Watts*	225
Prayer is the soul's .	*Montgomery*	823
Prisoners of hope, arise		387
Prisoners of hope, lift up . .	W.	380
Pure baptismal Fire divine . . .		766
Quickened with our immortal . . .		419
Raise the psalm .	*Archd. Charton*	604
Regardless now of things . .	W.	773
Rejoice evermore With . . .	W.	19
Rejoice for a brother		49
Rejoice, the Lord is King		729
Remember, Lord, the pious .	W.	629
Return, O wanderer .	*Dr. Hastings*	792
Righteous God! whose		60
Rock of ages, cleft for me .	*Toplady*	709
Safe in the fiery furnace . . .	W.	855
Safely through another .	*J. Newton*	975
Salvation! O the joyful .	*Dr. Watts* (in part)	712
Save me, O God .	*Dr. B. H. Kennedy*	549
Saviour, again to thy .	*J. Ellerton*	962
Saviour, cast a pitying eye		116
Saviour from sin, I wait . . .	W.	375
Saviour, I now with shame		180
Saviour, I still to thee		887
Saviour, if thy . . .	*Altered from G. Herbert*	24
Saviour, let thy	*Dr. Raffles*	995
Saviour of all, to thee we . .	W.	507
Saviour of all, what hast		330
Saviour of sinful men		482
Saviour of the sin-sick soul		398
Saviour, on me the grace		72
Saviour, on me the want		304
Saviour, Prince of Israel's		101
Saviour, sprinkle many .	*Bp. Coxe*	743
Saviour, the world's and . .	W.	27
Saviour, thy sacred day		952
Saviour, to thee we humbly . . .		461
Saviour, we know thou art		732
Saviour, we now rejoice in . .	W.	649
Saviour, when in . .	*Sir R. Grant*	710
Saviour, whom our hearts		730
See how great a flame		218
See Israel's gentle .	*Dr. Doddridge*	889
See, Jesu, thy disciples see		486
See, sinners, in the gospel . .	W.	31
See the Conqueror .	*Bp. Wordsworth*	720
Servant of all, to toil for . .	W.	322
Shall I, for fear of feeble . .	W.	279
Shepherd divine, our		297
Shepherd of Israel, hear		459
Shepherd of souls, with . . .	W.	82
Show forth thy mercy .	*Archd. Hare* (pt. 2)	566
Show pity, Lord; O .	*Dr. Watts*	574
Shrinking from the cold		45
Since all the downward .	*J. Hervey*	846
Since the Son hath made . .	W.	390
Sing to the great Jehovah's . . .		979
Sing we to our conquering		605
Sinners, believe the gospel . .	W.	32
Sinners, lift up your	W.	761
Sinners, obey the gospel-word . . .		9
Sinners, rejoice: your peace . . .		721
Sinners, turn, why will . . .	W.	6
Sinners, your hearts lift up . .	W.	86
Soldiers of Christ, arise		266
Sometimes a light surprises	*Cowper*	804
Son of God, if thy free . . .	W.	187
Son of thy Sire's eternal .	*J. Wesley*	236
Sovereign of all the .	*Dr. Doddridge*	764
Sovereign of all! whose . . .	W.	465
Sow in the morn thy .	*Montgomery*	739
Speed thy servants . .	*T. Kelly*	878
Spirit divine! attend .	*Dr. A. Reed*	771
Spirit of faith, come down . .	W.	85
Spirit of truth, essential		255
Spirit of truth! on this .	*Bp. Heber*	767

FIRST LINE.	AUTHOR.	HYMN
Stand the omnipotent decree		61
Stay, thou insulted Spirit		161
Still for thy lovingkindness	*W.*	92
Still, Lord, I languish		146
Stupendous height of		686
Stupendous love of God		25
Summoned my labour to	*W.*	321
Sun of my soul! thou	*J. Keble*	973
Surrounded by a host of		269
Sweet is the memory	*Dr. Watts*	637
Sweet is the sunlight	*Dr. Punshon*	957
Sweet is the work, my	*Dr. Watts*	599
Sweet place; sweet	*S. Crossman*	942
Talk with us, Lord, thyself	*W.*	214
Teacher of hearts, 'tis thine		871
Terrible thought! shall I		80
That health of soul I gasp		816
The Church in her militant		77
The day is past and over	*Anatolius* (*died A.D.* 458), *trans. by Dr. Neale*	968
The day of Christ, the day		254
The day of wrath	*Sir W. Scott*	934
The earth is the Lord's		496
The earth with all her	*W.*	557
The foe behind, the deep	*Dr. Neale*	715
The God of Abraham	*T. Olivers*	800
The grace of Jesus Christ		1005
The great archangel's trump		57
The great redeeming Angel		894
The harvest of my joys		776
The heathen perish	*Montgomery*	746
The heavens declare	*Dr. Watts*	553
The holy unconcern		877
The hour of my departure	*M. Bruce*	924
The Lord is King, and	*W.*	280
The Lord Jehovah	*Dr. Watts*	650
The Lord of earth and		981
The Lord of Sabbath	*S. Wesley, Jun.*	950
The Lord unto my Lord hath	*W.*	275
The Lord unto my Lord thus said	*A. Tozer-Russell*	613
The Lord 's my	*Scotch Version*	556
The men who slight thy		94
The morning flowers	*S. Wesley, Jun.*	46
The name we still	*W.*	854
The past no longer in my		835
The people that in darkness		493
The promise of my	*Dr. Watts*	903
The saints who die of Christ		926
The Saviour, when	*Dr. Doddridge*	868
The spacious firmament	*Addison*	552
The Spirit of the Lord		107
The strain upraise	*Godescalcus* (*died A.D.* 870), *trans. by Dr. Neale*	663
The thing my God doth		340
The thirsty are called		78
The voice that breathed	*J. Keble*	996
The voice that speaks		425
The winds were howling	*Bp. Heber*	697
Thee, Jesu, thee, the	*W.*	144
Thee, Jesus, full of truth		329
Thee, O my God and King	*W.*	191
Thee we adore, eternal	*Dr. Watts*	42
Thee will I love, my	*Scheffler, trans. by J. Wesley*	210
Thee will I praise with		545
Their earthly task who		858
There is a book who runs	*J. Keble*	662
There is a fountain filled	*Cowper*	798
There is a land of pure	*Dr. Watts*	938
This day with this day's		1010
This is the field, the	*Unknown*	935
This stone to thee in	*Montgomery*	993
This, this is he that came	*W.*	705
This, this is the God	*J. Hart*	660
Thou art gone up on high		757
Thou art my hiding	*W.* (pt. 2)	561
Thou art the Way; by	*Bp. Doane*	671
Thou bidd'st me ask, and		778
Thou doest all things	*W. M. Bunting*	838
Thou God of glorious		59
Thou God of truth and		510
Thou God that answerest		412
Thou God unsearchable		130
Thou great mysterious God	*W.*	97
Thou great Redeemer	*J. Cennick*	682
Thou hidden God, for whom	*W.*	150
Thou hidden love	*Tersteegen, trans. by J. Wesley*	344
Thou hidden source of		209
Thou, Jesu, art our King	*W.*	737
Thou, Jesu, thou my breast		440
Thou Judge of quick		55
Thou knowest, Lord	*H. L. L.*	850
Thou Lamb of	*From the German, trans. by J. Wesley*	338
Thou, Lord, art a shield	*W.*	542
Thou, Lord, hast blest my		998
Thou, Lord, my witness	*G. Sandys*	627
Thou, Lord, on whom I still		69
Thou Man of griefs		181
Thou, my God, art good		243
Thou Shepherd of Israel		228
Thou Son of God		83
Thou, the great, eternal		244
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Kalkbrenner, L.M.	.. ..	782
Kendal, 4-7s	L. Beethoven	508, 509, 620
Kent, C.M.	S. Stanley, 1767-1822	208, 539
Kiel, 4-7s	Romberg, d. 1821	267
Kilmarnock, C.M.	Neil Dougall. By permission ..	307, 308, 556, 680, 765
Kingston, 8 8 6.8 8 6	Dr. William Hayes, 1708-1777 ..	144, 145, 146
Kingswood, 7s & 6s	From "Harmonia Perfecta," 1735 ..	175, [372]
Kingswood, 5 5 11.5 5 11	.. ..	205
Kinnersley, 6-8s	Dr. Henry Hiles. From "Wesley Tune Book"	159
Korah, L.M	C. H. Rink	419, 420
Laban, S.M.	Dr. Lowell Mason	603
Lætitia, C.M.	.. ..	549
Lancashire, 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6	Henry Smart. From "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship" ..	943
Langton, S.M.	Adapted	560
Lasus, L.M.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac. From "Twelve Popular Hymns" ..	240, 241, 599
Latrobe, 8 8 6.8 8 6	.. ..	97, 122, [466]
Leamington, 7s & 6s	From J. B. Sale's "Psalms and Hymns"	179, 402
Lebanon, 8 6.8 6.8 6	Ludwig Spohr, 1783-1859	842
Leeds, L.M.	R. Bennett	928
Lentz, L.M.	Lentz	422, 425
Leominster, D.S.M.	Author unknown	634, 635, 984
Leoni, 6 6 8 4.6 6 8 4	Ancient Jewish Melody	800
Leyburn, 8s	Rev. R. Harrison	777, 911
Litany, 4-7s	W. Woodward	350
Llandaff, C.M.	Edwin Moss. From the "London Tune Book." By permission ..	692
Llangollen, 4-7s	.. ..	824, 826
London, C.M.	Andro Hart's Psalter, 1615	248, 249, 617
Lubeck, 6-8s	Haydn	373, 374, 576
Lumen Verum, S.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	436
Lunenberg, C.M.	Handel	321, 322
Lusatia, 6-8s	From Freylinghäusen	69, 148, 902
Luther's, 6-8s	Martin Luther, 1535	81, 404, 909
Luther's, 8 7.8 7.8 8 7	Martin Luther, 1535	923, 932
Luther's Chant, L.M.	C. Zeuner	225, 912
Lyons, 8 7.8 7.8 7	C. Goudimel, d. 1572	597
Lyons, 10 10.11 11	F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809	859
Madison, 8s	American	49
Madrid, 6-8s	W. Matthews	401
Maidstone, 8-7	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.	593

Name of Tune and Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn.
Mainzer, L.M.	Dr. Mainzer	129, 131, 132, 133, [467], [470], 600
Manchester, C.M.	Dr. Wainwright, 1747-1782	384, 409
Manchester Old, C.M.	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	80
Marienbourn, 6-8s	From "Sacred Harmony"	177, 178, 776
Marienlyst, 6-8s	J. W. David	326, 328, 380
Martin's Lane, 6-8s, 2d Met. ..	Dr. Arne, 1710-1778	545
Martyn, 6-7s	American Baptist Collection ..	904
Martyrdom, C.M.	Hugh Wilson, 1810	346,347 [584]
Maudsley Street. 8 8 6.8 8 6..	.. ..	[471,472] 543
Melancthon, L.M	Ignace Pleyel, 1757-1831	561
Melcombe, L.M.	Samuel Webbe, 1740-1807	39, 456, 457
Melita, 6-8s	Rev. Dr. Dykes, from "Hymns Ancient and Modern." By permission	1004
Middlethorpe, 7s & 6s	From Freylinghäusen, 1704	414, 905
Miles Lane, C.M.	W. Shrubsole, 1758-1806	681
Millennium, 6 6.6 6.8 8	.. ..	685
Milman, 7 7.7 8.8 8	Rev. Dr. Dykes	694
Milton, 6-8s	F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809	638
Minster, C.M...	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	696
Misericordia, L.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	397
Missionary, 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6	Dr. Lowell Mason	747
Missionary Chant, L.M.	C. Zeuner	107, 744, 746
Moab, S.M.	W. Lonsdale	300, 301
Monmouth, in E, 6-8s, 2d Metre ..	G. Davis	224
Monmouth, in F	G. Davis	38, 524
Montgomery, 10 10.11 11	John Stanley, Mus. Bac., 1730-1786	496
Montreal, C.M.	Conrad Creuzer	184
Morna, C.M.	C. H. Perrot. By permission. ..	614
Morning Flowers, L.M.	James Rhodes	46
Morning Hymn, L.M.	F. H. Barthelemon, 1741-1808 ..	964
Morning Star, 6-8s, 2d Metre ..	P. Nicolai, 1597	377
Moscow, 6 6 4.6 6 6.4	F. Giardini, 1760	870
Mount Ephraim, S.M.	Benjamin Milgrove, 1731-1810 ..	459, 460
Mount Sion, 6-8s	I. Pleyel, 1757-1831	269, 636
Mozart, 6-8s	Mozart, 1756-1792	429
Munich, L.M...	German Chorale	774, 795
Mylon, C.M.	.. ..	805, 940
Narenza, S.M.	Cologne "Choralbuch"	296
Nassau, 6-7s	J. Rosenmüller, 1610-1686	598
Nativity, C.M.	H. Lahee. From "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book." By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope	226
Nazareth, C.M.	T. Wallhead	104, 609, 785
Nazareth, 6-8s	.. ..	695
Nearer to Thee, 6 4.6 4.6 6 4..	.. ..	848
Newark, 7s & 6s	Benjamin Milgrove. 1731-1810 ..	325, 418, [1022]
New Court, 6-8s, 2d Metre.. ..	Rev. T. Bowman, 1728-1792	590
Newhaven, L.M.	G. Burder	2, 651
Newhaven, S.M.	Dr. Hastings	956
Newland, 4-7s	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	817
Newmarket, L.M.	R. Wainwright, 1758-1825	289, 391, 392, 393
New Year Hymn, 5 5.5 11	.. ..	495
New York, C.M.	J. Whitton, about 1750	652, 654, [1020]
Nicæa, 11 12.11 12	Rev. Dr. Dykes. From "Hymns Ancient and Modern." By permission	646
Nicomachus, L.M.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac. From "Twelve Popular Hymns"	965
Noel, D.C.M.	Old Carol. Arranged by Dr. A. Sullivan	893, 894
Normandy, 8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7	Ami Bost. From "Chants Chrétiens"	866

Name of Tune and Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn.
Northampton, C.M.	Dr. Croft, 1677-1727	844
Norwood, L.M.	W. H. Hart. From the "London Tune Book." By permission	961
Nottingham, 4-7s	From Mozart's Twelfth Mass	521, 522, 645
Nuremburg, 6-8s	Hans Kugelman, 1540	113, 114, 708
Obedience, L.M.		111
Old German, 5 5 11.5 5 11	From "Sacred Harmony"	160
Old 100th, L.M.	Attributed to G. Franc, 1543	607, 608, 615
Old 104th, 10 10.11 11	Ravenscroft's Collection, 1621	869
Old 112th, 6-8s	Martin Luther, 1483-1546	176
Olmutz, S.M.	Gregorian. Adapted by Dr. Lowell Mason	303, 806, 956
Oriel, 6-7s	Author unknown	463
Ortonville, C.M.	Dr. Lowell Mason	678
Osborne, C.M.	Henry Carey, 1743	150
Ossett, L.M.	A. Widdop, about 1770	655
Ossory, C.M.	A. E. Harris	699
Palestine, 6-7s	Costa. From "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship"	173
Palmerston, 7s & 6s	Alfred Pooley	166, 167
Paraclete, 6-7s	From "Hymns of the Eastern Church"	769
Paradise, C.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	389
Parah, S.M.		482
Passing Bell, L.M.	Whitaker	913
Passion Chorale, 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6	H. G. Hassler, 1601	587
Pastor Bonus, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Samuel Smith	931
Paulinzelle, 8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7	John Hopkins	720
Pavia, L.M.	German, 13th century	825, 827
Pax Dei, 10 10.10 10	Rev. Dr. Dykes. "From Hymns Ancient and Modern." By permission	962
Pelham, 7s & 6s	F. Giardini. Lock Collection, 1769	278, 382, 383
Pembroke, 8 8 6.8 8 6	J. Foster. From the "Bristol Tune Book." By permission	320, 528, 781
Penarth, 6 6.6 6	Edwin Moss. From the "London Tune Book." By permission	627
Peterborough, C.M.	Author unknown	534
Petition, 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6	From Mozart	804
Peveril, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott	942
Philippi, 4-7s	Himmell	400
Pilgrim, D.S.M.	J. B. Woodbury	944
Pisidia, 7 7.4 4.7 7.7 4 4.7	M. Haydn, 1736-1806	736
Plymouth, 8 8 6.8 8 6	Manhattan Collection	204, 222
Prague, 7 8.7 8.8 8	German. From the "London Tune Book." By permission	895
Prospect, D.C.M.	Old English Melody	938
Provence, 8-7s	Old Provençal Melody	158
Redhead, No. 4, L.M.	R. Redhead	864, 957
Redhead, No. 66, C.M.	R. Redhead	657
Redhead, No. 47, 4-7s	R. Redhead	168, 711
Redhead, No. 76, 6-7s	R. Redhead	116, 709, [915]
Refuge, 6-8s	From G. F. Handel	223, [230], 431
Refuge, 8-7s	J. Summers	185
Regent Square, 8 7.8 7.4 7	Henry Smart. From "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship"	570, 606
Rephidim, C.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission of Messrs. Burns and Oates	169
Requies, 8-7s	Blumenthal	287, 529
Resignation, 8 8 8.4		841
Rex Gloriæ, 4-7s	Dr. Gauntlett, from "The Hallelujah"	718

NAME OF TUNE AND METRE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	HYMN.
Rialto, S.M.	American Baptist Collection	311
Richmond, C.M.	Dr. Haweis, 1733-1820	740, 874
Ripon, D.C.M.	Cheetham	310, 673
Ripon, S.M.	H. G. Nägeli, about 1790	485
Riseholme, 8 8 8.4	Dr. Gauntlett	841
Rockingham, L.M.	From Dr. Miller's "Psalms of David," 1787	161, 574, 700
Royalty, 6 6.7 7.7 7	James Rhodes	352, 643
Russell Place, 7s & 6s	Sir Sterndale Bennett	271, 368, 701
Rutherford, 7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.	D'Urhan, from "Chants Chrétiens"	818
Saba, 7s & 6s	Adapted	724
Sabbata, C.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book," By permission	403
Safe Home, 6 6.6 6.8 8	From "Hymns of the Eastern Church." By permission	202, 942
Saints of God, 6-8s	Dr. Arthur Sullivan	686
Salisbury, with Doxology, C.M.	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. Doxology by S. Reay. From "Tunes New and Old." By permission	742
Salzburg, 8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7	Mozart, 1756-1792	687, 688
Salzbourg, C.M.	M. Haydn, 1736-1806	546, 763, 764
Samaria, 7s & 6s	J. Hallett Sheppard	242, 243, 684, 873, [1018]
Samson, L.M.	From Handel	802, 993, 994 [1001]
Sandford, S.M.	J. Stephenson	704
Sandgate, 8s		79
Sarah, S.M.	William Arnold, 1768-1832	43
Sator, S.M.		739, 741
Saul, L.M.	From Handel	203, 992
Savannah, 4-7s	From "Foundery Tunes," 1742	515, 516, 517
Sawley, C.M.	J. Walch	360, 880
Scott, S.M.	From H. G. Nägeli. From "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship." By permission	410
Serenity, S.M.	C. Bryan. From the "Bristol Tune Book." By permission	832, 983
Sharon, C.M.	T. Wallhead	405, 406, 537, 551
Sharon, 4-7s	Dr. Boyce, 1710-1779	514
Shawmut, S.M.	Dr. L. Mason	152
Sherborne, 4-7s	Mendelssohn, 1809-1847	758
Sicilian Mariners', 4-7s	Italian Melody	518
Silchester, S.M.	Dr. Cæsar Malan	12
Simeon, L.M.	S. Stanley, 1767-1822	386
Sion, 8s	Benjamin Milgrove, 1731-1810	165
Sleepers, wake, P.M.	P. Nicolai, 1599	595
Solicitude, 4-7s	J. Daniell	29, 910, [914]
Solomon, C.M.	G. F. Handel, 1684-1759	662
Sorrento, 8-7s	J. H. Deane	921
Southampton, 6 6.6 6.8 8.	Dr. Arnold's Psalms, 1791	675
Spanish Chant, 6-7s		512, 876
Spes Celestis, D.C.M.	W. A. Smith	947
Spires, L.M.	Martin Luther	23, 564
Spohr, C.M.	Ludwig Spohr, 1783-1859	566, 567
St. Agnes, C.M.	Rev. Dr. Dykes	767
St. Agnes, 4-7s	Rev. S. J. P. Dunman	728
St. Alphege, 7 6.7 6	Dr. Gauntlett. By permission of Rev. W. J. Blew, from "Church Hymn and Tune Book"	943, 996
St. Anatolius, No. 1, 7 6.7 6.8 8	Rev. Dr. Dykes. By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope. From "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book."	968
St. Anatolius, No. 2, 7 6.7 6.8 8	A. H. Brown. By permission	968
St. Andrew, L.M.	Dr. Gauntlett. By permission of Rev. W. J. Blew, from "Church Hymn and Tune Book"	700
St. Ann, C.M.	Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1696	36, 256

Name of Tune and Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn.
St. Asaph, D.C.M.	Giornivichi	950
St. Bartholomew, C.M.	Rev. R. R. Chope. By permission. From the "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book."	558
St. Benedict, C.M.	T. G. Parry. By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope. From the "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book."	258, 259
St. Bernard, C.M.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book"	562
St. Bernard, L.M.		629
St. Bride, S.M.	Dr. Howard, d. 1782	137, 565
St. Catherine, 6-8s	Adapted by J. G. Walton	28, 30, 31, 201, 433
St. Christopher, 7s & 6s	W. Bell Bentley	449, 531
St. Clair, C.M.		811, 813
St. David, C.M.	Playford's Psalter, 1671. Or, Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621	501, 502, 503
St. Drostane, L.M.	Rev. Dr. Dykes. By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope, from the "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book"	254, 833, 836
St. Edmund, 6-8s, 2nd Metre	Day's Psalter, 1563	438, 439, 440
St. Edward, L.M.	Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely	408, [476]
St. Flavian, C.M.	Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1686	217, 361
St. Fulbert, C.M.	Dr. Gauntlett. By permission of Rev. W. J. Blew, from "Church Hymn and Tune Book"	865, 954, [1016]
St. George, S.M.	Dr. Gauntlett. By permission of Rev. W. J. Blew, from "Church Hymn and Tune Book"	277, 426, 831
St. George, 8-7s	Sir George J. Elvey	53, 218, 987
St. Godric, 6 6.6 6.8 8.	Rev. Dr. Dykes. By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope, from the "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book"	602
St. Hilary, 7s & 6s	Rev. Dr. Dykes	358, 506, 618
St. Hilda, 6-8s	A. H. Brown	955
St. Hilda, 6 6.7 7.7 7	Rev. S. J. P. Dunman	653, 735, 737, [1010]
St. James, C.M.	Raphael Courteville, 1660	63, 356
St. John, 6-7s	Rev. R. Cecil	183
St. Jude, 4-7s	J. V. Watts	538
St. Justin, 8 8 6.8 8 6.	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission of Burns & Oates	281, 282, 945
St. Leonard's, D.C.M.	Dr. Henry Hiles	624, 845, 863, 1005
St. Luke, L.M.		26, 397, 338, 339
St. Magnus, C.M.	Jeremiah Clarke, 1706	486, 650
St. Magnus, 10 10.11 11		19
St. Margaret, S.M.	Rev. S. J. P. Dunman	270, 315
St. Margaret, 6-8s	Rev. A. J. N. McDonald. From the "London Tune Book." By permission	330, 331, 332
St. Martin, 8 6.8 6.8 8 7	J. Hallett Sheppard	626
St. Mary, C.M.	Prys' Book of Psalms, 1621	797
St. Mary Redcliffe, S.M.	C. Bryan. From the "Bristol Tune Book." By permission	834, 892
St. Matthew, D.C.M.	Attributed to Dr. Croft, 1703	948, 949, 982
St. Michael, S.M.	G. Franc, 1543	478
St. Nathaniel, 6-8s	Edmund Rogers	272, 779, 780
St. Oswald, 8 7.8 7	Rev. Dr. Dykes	882
St. Paul, 6-8s	T. Worsley Staniforth	255, 261, 647, 648, 649
St. Peter, C.M.	A. R. Reinagle. By permission of Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick	679, 875
St. Peter's, S.M.	John Playford, 1613-1687	703
St. Petersburg, L.M.	Russian Air, by Lvoff	280
St. Philip, 6-8s	Author unknown	483
St. Philip, 7 6.7 6	A. Stone. From the "Bristol Tune Book." By permission	943

Name of Tune and Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn.
St. Raphael, S.M.	P. R. Sleeman. From the "Bristol Tune Book." By permission ..	930
St. Raphael, 8 7.8 7.4 7	E. J. Hopkins	791
St. Sepulchre, L.M.	George Cooper	341, 454, 455
St. Serf, D.L.M.	Henry Lahee	237
St. Stephen, C.M.	Rev. W. Jones, 1726-1800	83 [1003]
St. Vincent, L.M.	Adapted by C. E. Willing	505
St. Werbergh, 6-8s	Rev. Dr. Dykes. By permission of Rev. R. R. Chope. From the "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book"	298, 541
Stabat Mater, 7 7 7	.. ..	753
Stafford, C.M...	Dr. Howard, d. 1782	239
Stanley, D.L.M.	A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.	698
Stella, 6-8s	From "Crown of Jesus"	189, 206, [1023]
Stephanos, 8 5.8 3	Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. From "Hymns Ancient and Modern." By permission	793
Stockport, L.M.	.. ..	14, 16, 17
Stonehouse, 6-8s	Dr. Gauntlett, from "The Hallelujah"	89, 90
Stour Valley, 5 5 9.5 5 9	Dr. Gauntlett, from "The Hallelujah"	488
Strasburg, 6-8s	Attributed to Martin Luther ..	306, 511, 513
Stuttgard, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Dr. Faisst	650
Supplication, 4-7s	James Rhodes	628
Swabia, S.M.	German Melody	421, 705
Swabia, 6-8s	From Mozart	770
Swaffham, 6-8s	Rev. G. P. Merrick. From the "London Tune Book." By permission	858
Syria, 8-7s	.. ..	13, 676
Tabor, D.L.M.	J. H. Clough	698
Tabor, 8 7.8 7	John Huss, 1370-1415	922
Tallis, C.M.	T. Tallis. Parker's Psalter	415, 416
Tallis' Canon, L.M.	T. Tallis. Parker's Psalter	490, 974
Tantum ergo, 4.7s	Winter	766
Tarsus, 6-8s, 2nd Metre	Sir John Goss	365, 366
Taunton, 7s & 6s	Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott	359
Tettenhall, 8s	A. H. Mann, Mus. Bac.	73, 77, 78, 946
The foe behind, No. 1, P.M. ..	Rev. S. J. P. Dunman	715
The foe behind, No. 2, P.M. ..	Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott	715
Theodora, 4-7s	From Handel	639
Thorner, C.M...	From the "St. Albans' Tune Book." By permission	87, 820, 821, 822
Thou knowest, Lord, 11 10.11 10. 10 10	Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott	850
Thyatira, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Dr. Gauntlett, from "The Hallelujah"	497
Tichfield, 8-7s	From "Crown of Jesus"	142, 260, [1012]
Tiverton, C.M.	Rev. J. Grigg	908
Toplady, 6-7s...	American Baptist Collection ..	842
Toronto, 6-7s	From "The Hallelujah"	714
Tottenham, C.M.	T. Greatorex	428
Toulon, 10 10.10 10	Claude Goudimel, d. 1572	967
Trinity, C.M.	Howgate	725
Trinity, L.M.	Pierracini	577, 612, 658
Trinity, 11 12.12 10	A. Stone. From "Bristol Tune Book." By permission	646
Trinity Hymn, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Dr. Gauntlett, from "The Hallelujah"	738
Triumph, 8 7.8 7.4 7	Dr. Gauntlett. By permission of Rev. W. J. Blew, from "Church Hymn and Tune Book"	621
Troyte, No. 1, 10 10.10 10	A. H. D. Troyte	972
Troyte, No. 2, P.M...	A. H. D. Troyte	663
Truro, L.M.	Dr. Charles Burney, 1726-1814 ..	557
Turin, 6 6.6 6.8 8	Heinrich Roth	732
Twyford, 7s & 6s	Dr. Gauntlett	54, 61, 572, 605
Tytherton, S.M.	Rev. L. R. West, 1753-1826	450, 452, 453

Name of Tune and Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn.
Ulm, (Casterton) 66.66.88	From Haydn	981
University, C.M.	Dr. Randall or Dr. E. Harwood	637
Utrecht, C.M.	L. Beethoven, 1770-1827	370
Valentia, C.M.	Max Eberwein	138, 139
Valete, 6-8s	Dr. Arthur Sullivan	953
Venice, 66.66.88	Rev. J. Beaumont	65
Vesper Hymn, 87.87.87.87	Russian Melody. Bortnianski, d. 1826	899, 1007
Vienna, 4-7s	J. H. Knecht, 1797	355
Vigil, S.M.		318
Wainwright's Evening Hymn. L.M.	Dr. Wainwright, 1747-1782	879
Wakefield, 6-8s	F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809	134, 394
Walmer, 87.87.47		936
Walsall, C.M.	Henry Purcell, 1658-1699	41, 42
Wareham, L.M.	William Knapp, 1698-1768	285, 286, [884]
Warner, L.M.	American	997
Warrington, L.M.	Rev. R. Harrison	4, 585
Warwick, C.M.	S. Stanley, 1767-1822	783
Wastdale, 66.66.88	J. Wilson	533
Watchman, S.M.	James Leach, 1762-1798	21
Waterstock, 66.66.88	Sir John Goss	991
Wavertree, L.M.	W. Shore	82, 369, 891
Webbe, L.M.	Samuel Webbe, 1740-1817	190
Weber, 4-7s	From C. M. von Weber	434
Weimar, 66.66.88		761
Welcome, C.M.	Dr. T. Hastings	792
Weld, 7s & 6s		182
Wells, L.M.	Israel Holdroyd, 1700	749
Wellspring, 6-7s	D. Bortnianski, d. 1826	20, 885
Wesley, L.M.		363
Westminster, C.M.	James Turle	801
Weybridge, 66.86.68	From "The Hallelujah"	731
Whittington, 6-8s	T. Wallhead	319
Williams, L.M.	From "Templi Carmina"	803
Willowby, 886.886	American	404, 575
Wilton, L.M.	S. Stanley, 1767-1822	327
Wilts, C.M.	Sir George T. Smart	135, 136, 632, 786
Winchcombe, 55.5.11	Dr. Henry Hiles. From "Wesley Tune Book." By permission	47
Winchester, L.M.	From Freylinghäusen. Abridged from Crasselius, 1650	234, 592, 759
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